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FOREIGN

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ART. I.—*Reise in Chile, Peru, und auf dem Amazonenstrom, während der Jahre, 1827—1832.* Von Edward Poeppig. (Travels in Chili and Peru, and on the River Amazons, in the years 1827—1832.) 2 Vol. 4to. with Atlas of 16 plates.

AFTER the numerous volumes which have been published within these few years relative to the several countries of South America, the appearance of two quartos, containing between 900 and 1000 closely printed pages, might justly excite some doubts of the propriety of drawing so largely on the time and patience of the reader, perhaps we should say of the reviewer, as the reader *may*, but the reviewer *must*, peruse the books set before him. It is certainly true that, since those vast regions threw off their allegiance to the mother country, numerous European visitors have resorted to them, a few attracted, by curiosity and love of science, and more by hope of gain; and that many of them have published reports of their observations and discoveries. But, without discussing the greater or less degree of merit of these works, it may be observed that none of the authors made a long residence in the countries visited by Dr. Poeppig, in a purely scientific view, and that some, having passed only a few weeks there, could neither penetrate into the interior and the less frequented parts, nor even acquire a sufficient insight into what came more immediately under their notice. But longer experience, as our author justly remarks, often causes us to see things in a different point of view, and at the end of the year we might, perhaps, gladly disavow the opinion which we suffered to escape us at its commencement. Dr. Poeppig, therefore, having spent five successive years in those interesting countries, we felt that we could depend at least on his having given us the result of mature consideration, and accordingly opened his volumes with a tolerable degree of confidence that we should find them deserving of attention. Nor have we been disappointed. We have found the work replete with new and interesting information

communicated in an agreeable manner, and calculated to give a very favourable idea of the acquirements, perseverance, and impartiality of the author. Dr. Poeppig was besides not a novice in such enterprises. He had previously visited the fine island of Cuba, and was in the United States, where he had been long waiting for letters from Europe, which enabled him to set out on his intended voyage to South America.

This plan originated with a few zealous friends of natural history in Germany, who confided the execution of it to our author, and supplied him with funds for the purpose. The immediate object was to collect specimens of natural history in as great a number as possible; and the result, as stated by Dr. Poeppig, is highly creditable to his industry. Seventeen thousand specimens of dried plants, many hundred stuffed animals, and a great number of other natural productions, which were distributed among the patrons of the expedition; the introduction into our gardens of many very interesting plants before unknown; three thousand descriptions of plants made on the spot, especially with regard to such parts of the flowers as it would be more difficult to examine subsequently; thirty finished drawings of landscape scenery; forty drawings of Aroideæ, on the largest scale; thirty drawings of Orchideæ; numerous sketches; and a private botanical collection of extraordinary extent, are a portion of the fruits of that journey. Yet it may be affirmed that the sum allotted for it was the smallest with which such an undertaking ever was commenced and happily completed. But this narrowness of his means necessarily subjected the traveller to great hardships and privations; it did not allow him to take with him an attendant into the inmost recesses of the forest. Even this was less painful to him than the want of instruments for observation, after his own were lost at the commencement of his journey, and his pecuniary means would not allow him to purchase others. But, says he, "what personal industry and goodwill could contribute to success was done, when, in some remote Indian village of the primeval forests, month after month passed over the head of the lonely wanderer, who had not even a native servant with him, and often depended for his precarious subsistence on his own skill or good fortune in fishing or with his gun: who sometimes had to pass the night alone on the summits of the Andes, sometimes to steer his little bark on the gigantic streams of the New World, through the silent and solitary wilderness: and, at length, as a recompense for many dangers, happily returned to his native land, richly laden with the natural treasures of remote regions".

Dr. Poeppig was at Philadelphia in August 1826, when he received the letters from Europe, which determined him to set

out; and he immediately proceeded to Baltimore, where it was thought much easier to meet with a vessel bound to the South Seas than in any other port. He had however to wait six weeks, for the sailing of the *Gulnare*, of 300 tons, which happily proved to be a very strong ship and an excellent sailer. The description of long voyages, observes Dr. Poepig, is an equally difficult and ungrateful task, especially in our times, when so great a number of them have been described, and some in a masterly manner. But with respect to the greater part of them the uniformity of a life at sea seems to have affected the style and the imagination of the writers, and to have rendered them dull and tedious. He therefore dwells but little on his naval adventures, and we shall follow his example, extracting only a few passages.

"Thus the evening gradually approaches, and is announced by a slight diminution of the current of air. It is in vain for language to attempt a description of the splendour of a sunset in these latitudes. It is the only time of day when the groups of singularly formed, yet light and transparent, clouds range themselves on the horizon. Their transient existence favours the changing play of colours, because the refraction of the more oblique rays of the sun produces the most extraordinary effects. Even after we have repeatedly beheld the rising or setting of the sun from the summit of the Alps, or indeed from the top of the Andes, we are constrained to give unconditional preference to the same scene as viewed on the tropical ocean. While one side of the ship is still illumined with the last uncertain rays of the setting sun, the sea on the other side, darkened by the broad shadow of the sails, begins to sparkle. One fiery point after another appears; indistinct rays of light shine from a greater depth; and, as darkness sets in, a new creation seems to be called into life. Luminous creatures glance in every direction through the dark expanse of water; now shooting up like sparks—then rising in globules of fire, or passing away with the rapidity of lightning—a great part are probably real nocturnal animals, which conceal themselves in the sea from the light of the sun."

"We were now within four English miles of the celebrated Cape Horn, which has a twofold interest, as being the terminating point of an immense continent, and the witness of many of those vast enterprizes by which the daring European has carried his empire and civilization to the remotest regions. This promontory is indeed worthy to mark the utmost limits of so vast a portion of the globe: from whatever side it is viewed, it appears an isolated majestic mass, boldly standing out in the stormy Pacific, and by its calm grandeur attesting the victory of the solid over the fluid. The large and solitary rock of which the Cape is formed is not, like that of *Terra del Fuego* and of *Statenland*, split into various groups; the land, rising from the north-east, unites in one rounded, unbroken promontory, and, after attaining its greatest elevation, sinks almost perpendicularly into the sea, towards the south. The enormous mass of black rock, unenlivened by the slightest trace of vegetation,

whose summit has never afforded habitation to man, and is inaccessible even to the savage, boldly bids defiance to all the storms of the Antarctic. Even the countless flocks of sea-birds which swarm in these latitudes do not settle there, for they find more secure retreats in the lower islands, and among the prickly grasses and umbelliferous plants of the Antarctic Flora.

"It is pretty generally believed that, after reaching the western entrance of the Straits of Magellan, the doubling of Cape Horn may be considered as accomplished, and consequently all danger at an end. So far as it is scarcely possible for a ship to be driven back again to the meridian of that cape, or even to the eastward of it, the victory may be said to be achieved. But the navigation of the coast from Cape Horn to Chiloe is very dangerous; for this coast is in many places surrounded by undescribed rocks, and on the whole very imperfectly known. There is a very powerful current, at least periodically, in the direction of the Straits of Magellan to the land; and the many channels with which the archipelago of the coast is intersected, produce, in like manner, very irregular currents."

To the north of Cape Pilaes a change in the temperature both of the atmosphere and of the sea became very sensible. Besides the usual attendants, albatrosses and other animals peculiar to those regions, the author says,—

"We met with a very elegant porpoise, streaked black and pure white (*Delphinus Leucorampus*), and that in numbers which seemed to border on the incredible; for the end of the shoal, which was pretty broad, was frequently indiscernible from the topmast. . . . We were surrounded by them for several days. The observation that they were going in a south-westerly direction makes it difficult to divine the reason of their emigration, because the Antarctic winter must in a few weeks commence, in the seas lying in that quarter. But another phenomenon soon excited our attention in a much greater degree. On the 12th of March, precisely at noon, we were not a little alarmed by a considerable noise upon deck, and by the order immediately to lie to. The dirty red colour of the sea had produced the very reasonable suspicion that we were upon a shoal. However, upon sounding, there was no bottom with one hundred and thirty fathoms. From the topmast, the sea appeared, as far as the eye could reach, of a dark red colour, and this in a streak, the breadth of which was estimated at six English miles, and which here and there spread into short side branches. As we sailed slowly along, we found that the colour changed into brilliant purple, so that even the foam, which is always seen at the stern of a ship under sail, was of a rose colour. The sight was very striking, because this purple stream was marked by a very distinct line from the blue waters of the sea, a circumstance which we the more easily observed, because our course lay directly through the midst of this streak, which extended from south-east to north-west. The water, taken up in a bucket, appeared indeed quite transparent; but a faint purple tinge was visible when a few drops were placed upon a piece of white china and moved rapidly backwards and

forwards in the sunshine. A moderate magnifying glass proved that those little red dots, which with great attention could be perceived with the naked eye, consisted of *infusoria*, which were of a spherical form, entirely destitute of all external organs of motion. Their very lively motions were only upward and downward, and always in spiral lines. The want of a powerful microscope precluded a more minute examination; and all attempts to preserve some of the animals, by drying a drop of water on paper, failed, as they seemed to dissolve into nothing. They were extremely sensible to the effect of nitric acid; for a single drop, mixed in a glass of this animated water, put an end almost instantaneously to the life of the millions that it contained. We sailed for four hours, at a mean rate of six English miles an hour, through this streak, which was seven miles broad, before we reached the end of it; and its superficies must therefore have been about 168 English square miles. If we add that these animals may have been equally distributed in the upper stratum of the water to the depth of six feet, we must confess that their numbers infinitely surpassed the conception of the human understanding."

On the 15th of March, before daybreak, the coast of Chili was descried from the deck, and all waited in profound silence till the first beam of the morning should enable them to gain a view of the land, which was about fifteen miles distant. The weather being extremely favourable, the scene, when the sun rose above the highest summits of the Andes, was wonderfully striking and magnificent, and the author describes it in glowing colours. But when they approached the land, near the insignificant fishing village of San Antonio, so that they could examine it in detail, they were mortified to find that even their telescopes did not enable them to discover any of those objects which are most welcome to the eye of the navigator after a long voyage. Nowhere could they see any trace of man or his labours. The coast of Chili appeared nearly to resemble the desolate region of Terra del Fuego. Even the peculiar smell was wanting, which is usually perceived on approaching the coasts of countries between the tropics; and of which even animals are so sensible, that they become restless, appearing to have a presentiment of the termination of their long confinement, and often boldly leap overboard to reach the shore, which they suppose to be close at hand. On this passage the author says in a note,—

"Whoever has made a voyage to the tropical countries of South America, or the West Indies, will always remember with pleasure the sensation which he experienced on approaching the land. Perhaps no sense is then so strongly affected as the smell; especially if you approach the coast in the early hours of a fine summer's morning. On the coast of Cuba, the first land I saw in America, on the 30th of June, 1822, all on board were struck with the very strong smell, like that of violets, which, as the day grew more warm, either ceased, or was lost amidst a variety of

others, which were perceptible as we drew nearer the coast. During a long stay in the interior of the island, I became acquainted with the plant which emits such an intense perfume as to be perceived at the distance of ~~t~~ or three miles. It is of the species *Tetracera*, and remarkable for bearing leaves so hard that they are used by the native cabinet-makers, and other mechanics, for various kinds of work. It is a climbing plant, which reaches the tops of the loftiest trees of the forest, then spreads far around, and 'in the rainy season is covered with innumerable bunches of sweet-smelling flowers, which, however, dispense their perfume during the night only, and are almost without scent in the daytime."

The voyagers, after a passage of 110 days, entered the harbour of Valparaiso, where they cast anchor for the first time since leaving the Chesapeake, a voyage of 6000 miles.

Valparaiso itself, like the coast of the country, woefully disappointed the expectations which they had formed of it. In the course of their long voyage they had amused themselves with reading the books that have been written concerning Chili. Almost all of them represent it as the ever-verdant garden of America, as another Sicily, which they describe in the most glowing colours. The fancy readily yields to such pleasing illusions, and we may easily imagine that, in the dull uniformity of the dark blue ocean, on the dreary coast of Terra del Fuego, and amidst the sufferings and dangers of the Antarctic storms, they would fondly look forward to the promised land, as a new Cythera, rising in youthful beauty from the bosom of the deep.

"The first place at which we anchored was in the mouth of the bay, between the fine English ship of the line, the *Warspite*, and the Mexican ship *Asia*, of sixty-four guns. Before us, in close tiers, lay more than eighty ships of all sizes, whose crews were engaged in the various occupations which always make the interior of a port an agreeable scene of human activity. The cloudless blue sky was spread over us, and the powerful beams of the sun were tempered by a cool breeze from the mountains. But this foreground was the only agreeable part of the picture. . . . The novice from northern climes is usually struck, on his first arrival in a tropical country, with all the wonderful objects which surround him, now that he is far remote from his native home. But this is not the case in Valparaiso. We saunter down the only street in the city, towards the inconsiderable market-place. On both sides are shops filled with the productions of European industry, in some cases displayed with all the elegance of our large towns. They alternate with the spacious stores of the English merchants of the higher class, and with the taverns for the sailors, from which proceed sounds such as we hear only in London and Hamburg. Except at the sultry hours of noon, this busy mercantile street is thronged with people, the greater part of whom, however, are foreigners, and the language of England is almost more prevalent than the sonorous tones of the Spanish Peninsula. The

picturesque national costume is lost in the unmeaning fashions of the north of Europe, and even the booths of the peasants present nothing to remind us of the coasts of the Pacific. The market-place contains only such objects as we have seen from our youth up, growing in our own country, or which are at least common to all the southern parts of Europe. However excellent the grapes and oranges of the country may be, they want the attraction of novelty—even the expectation of finding some new productions in the neighbouring ravines (*quebradas*) is painfully disappointed. The few trees that grow on this rocky soil, which is covered with a very scanty layer of earth, are those of our hemisphere. No spreading tamarind, no lofty palm, no mango richly laden with fruit, remind us that we have traversed the wide expanse of the ocean—scarcely a few grey olives bespeak the mildness of the climate. Even the few ornamental plants are European, and the garden rue (*ruta hortensia*) has found this so congenial a soil, that it has spread far and near, over the arid mountains and lands, to remind us still more forcibly of the shores of the Mediterranean.”

Though there was so little to tempt the botanist in this dreary spot, yet the approach of the winter season, when he was assured that travelling in the interior would be equally difficult and unprofitable, induced him to stop for some months in Valparaiso. By the friendly intervention of some of his countrymen he obtained a small house in the suburb of Almendral, which had long been untenanted, and where he was soon settled, but suffered much from the incredible swarms of fleas, which are the plague of this country.

On the same day that he arrived in Valparaiso the Russian corvette Moller, Captain Stanikowich, came into the harbour, on her way to the Russian settlements on the north-west coast of America. The officers of this ship, most of them young men of the first families, well informed and full of enthusiasm, accompanied him in his first excursions in the environs. A few days later arrived another Russian corvette, the Simiavin, which had been in company with the Moller, but was separated from her in a storm off Cape Horn.

“I was not a little surprised to find in the naturalist of this ship not only a German, but an acquaintance. D. Mertens, son of the celebrated German botanist, accompanied the expedition as physician and botanist; and Baron Frederick von Kittlitz was on board as zoologist. There was a striking difference between the commanders of the two ships. The captain of the Moller, a native Russian, was anxious only for the immediate business of his voyage, and having taken in a supply of fresh provisions, soon put to sea. Captain Lütke, of the Simiavin, a very amiable and accomplished man, resolved, to the great joy of his officers and naturalists, to make a longer stay. A large house was hired in the suburb of Almendral, which the activity of the crew soon put in order, from the observatory to the kitchen, not forgetting

that indispensable part of a Russian establishment, a tent for vapour baths. Not a day passed without our making excursions together, which were rendered interesting by many little adventures. The Siniavin sailed after a fortnight's stay, accompanied by the good wishes of the many Europeans who had become acquainted with the officers."

Though our author's accounts of his botanical excursions, and his descriptions of the scenery of the country, are in general interesting and striking, we shall, for the most part, pass them over, in order to have room for his report of the state of society, which in Chili, at least, is so rapidly improving, that descriptions written only a few years earlier are become, in a great degree, inapplicable. Dr. Poeppig thinks very favourably of the future prospects of Chili, and we shall give different extracts bearing on the subject. His intercourse with some of the tribes of native Indians also furnishes new and striking details.

"The shaking off of the Spanish yoke, the rapid rise of commerce, and a sense of personal and national dignity, have not only influenced the moral character of the people of Chili, but have also extended their efforts to the external appearances and forms of ordinary life. Hence a greater change has taken place in the aspect of Valparaiso during the last ten or twenty years than in a whole century after the visit of Frezier and Feuillé. Since that time, the number of the houses and of the inhabitants has more than doubled. The wretched huts, in which even the rich were formerly contented to dwell, are gradually disappearing; and though it cannot be said that handsome buildings arise in their stead, yet the Chilian has learnt to relish the comfort of houses in the European fashion, and to imitate them; and it may be expected, that Valparaiso, in a few years, will not bear the most distant resemblance to the dirty, disagreeable place which presented itself to the stranger on his first arrival there after the beginning of the Revolution."

To this the author subjoins the following note:—

"This prediction, which was written in Valparaiso itself, was partly fulfilled before these pages left the press. He who undertakes to publish to the world information respecting a people such as that of Chili, under the present favourable circumstances, has to contend with very peculiar difficulties. A description of such a nation is seldom correct after the lapse of a few years, whatever attention and care the traveller may have bestowed upon it. Every year, nay, every month, brings visible changes and great improvements among this nation, which will soon leave its neighbours far behind. * * * * The state of Chili will soon be so changed that the elder generations will scarcely recognize their own country, and in a few years the European stranger will find an infinite number of things, quite different from the accounts of the travellers of our times—even of those who, by general knowledge, acquaintance with the language, and long residence, were qualified to give a competent opinion, and whose judgment of the country was not formed from

preconceived notions. * * * * Though Nature does not make her general operations dependent on a fluctuating influence of the human race, yet the activity and perseverance of the latter are often able to give a very different and improved character to the surrounding scenery. Those arid mountains which we have described will, at no very remote period, appear to the stranger in a less repulsive form; for cultivation has been commenced upon them since 1831, and small plantations now break the melancholy waste, which, under the influence of such a genial climate, will, for the most part, be adorned with verdant fields. The aspect of the town itself improves every summer; for almost all the straw huts have disappeared, and many large buildings have been erected, because the citizen, who was acquiring wealth, while consulting his own convenience, did not neglect the embellishment of the place. On the spot where an insecure shed formerly stood, where rain and inundations annually destroyed merchandise to the value of many thousand dollars, a handsome, solid custom-house, with sixteen large warehouses, has been built; the difficulty of landing goods during a heavy sea has been remedied by the erection of a mole; and the communication with the interior, at all seasons of the year, has been facilitated by the construction of good roads. There will soon be a broad and excellent road for carriages from Valparaiso, by way of Quillota and through the valley of Aconcagua, to the foot of the pass of the Andes of Santa Rosa."

"Chili, till within these few years, was a country in which there were only two occupations for persons inclined to work; namely, mining and agriculture. It was unfortunate for the people, that the possibility of exercising their industry in either of these two branches was very limited, for the working of mines required more resources than a man of the lower class ever could command; while very singular, one might almost say inhuman, laws forbade him to cultivate the ground in small portions, and as independent possessions. It was the Congress and the Constitution of 1828 that abolished entails, the source from which the misery, poverty, and ignorance of the peasantry are derived, as well as the cause of the great neglect of agriculture, even in very fertile provinces."

After describing at considerable length the former state of the lower classes, the improvement that has taken place, and the favourable hopes that may be entertained of the future prosperity of the country, the author proceeds to mention some instances.

"Thus, in 1827, the corn trade to New South Wales being very much encouraged by the English government, the value of the haciendas (farms) in Chili rose considerably, in the hope that the exportation would continue and increase, though it was in fact allowed by the government at Sydney only from necessity. It is therefore not possible to state correctly the average price of wheat in Chili, but it may probably be near the truth to reckon it at thirteen or fourteen reals per fanega. * * * * The corn trade was formerly much more limited for want of mills, which often were scarcely able to supply sufficient flour for the consumption of the country itself. But, in spite of the

obstacles which have been partly deemed almost insuperable, means have been found, as well in the central provinces, as about Concepcion, to make the rivers available, and mills of the best construction everywhere take the place of the rude machine described by Miers. The flour manufactured by them is considered in Lima to be fully equal in quality to the best from North America; and one mill, built in 1829, near Concepcion, by Mr. Liljevach, a very respectable merchant, now grinds one hundred barrels of flour in a day. Ship biscuit is baked in such quantities that the North Americans have lost this branch of their trade; for the foreign men of war, and even merchant-men, supply themselves from the depôts, which the Chilians have established in Valparaiso and Lima. Besides wheat, Chili possesses many other kinds of agricultural produce, which are of great importance for foreign trade. In addition to pulse, the consumption of which is very great, both at sea and in the countries to the north of Chili, where there is a very numerous population of Negroes, the northern provinces have hemp, an article which is not cultivated on any other part of the coasts of the South Sea, and promises to be of extraordinary importance to the country. This plant has been long grown in the valley of Quillota and about Santiago, but little attention was paid to it, because a very unfounded prejudice declared it to be of slight value. But it has lately been found, that the Chili hemp is far superior in quality to the Russian; and that the want of strength in the cordage made in the country was owing to the unskilful preparation, and not to the bad quality of the material."

After some further observations, the author proceeds to treat of the state of horticulture, which was in a far less advanced state than agriculture, but he thinks it most probable that, with a little encouragement, this branch of industry will become very flourishing, the climate being such that all the products of European gardens, which degenerate in the tropical countries of America, will succeed in Chili. Even the cauliflower, which it is difficult to raise in North America, and which no art or care can bring to perfection within the tropics, has found in Chili a soil perfectly adapted to it.

The cultivation of fruit-trees is, perhaps, still more neglected than that of the other kinds of garden produce, though the soil might grow very excellent fruit. From a general view of the present state of agriculture in Chili, and the improvements that have been made within these few years, the author has no doubt that it will in no great length of time become extremely prosperous, and that Chili will find in it a source of national wealth, which none of the neighbouring countries can dispute with her.

"In a great many parts of the republic the wealth of the land-owner consists chiefly in his cattle, which, however, he did not learn, till very recently, to turn to the best account. With the very fruitful valleys, and better watered plateaux where agriculture is carried on, or

is at least practicable, great part of the soil is of such a nature that cultivation would produce very little. All those bare mountains destitute of shade, which in endless ramifications traverse the country in the central provinces much more than in the south, are fit for scarcely any thing but pastures. * * * Those possessions are the most favoured which are in the interior of the country, especially at the foot of the Andes, for they do not suffer so much from want of water; and, besides this, large tracts of the wild mountain country within the uninhabited Andes (*La Cordillera brava*) belong to them. Thither the cattle are driven in the middle of summer; and, after two or three days' journey, they reach the fertile ravines, in which the animals remain about two months, under the care of half-savage herdsmen. The climate allows the cattle to roam at liberty in the open air all the year round, and their numbers render it necessary that they should be permitted to do so; and hence there is no trace on the estates of buildings which cost the European farmer such large sums. An inevitable consequence of letting the animals range about is that, especially in the more remote parts, they become excessively wild, and even dangerous. People are sometimes suddenly attacked by savage bulls, and compelled to seek safety by galloping at full speed on the roughest and most dangerous roads."

"The breeding of cattle is, for two reasons, the branch of rural economy which is preferred by the Chilian to every other; in the first place, it gratifies his inclination for a wild and independent life, and his love of everything that is adventurous and bold, and requires violent, not uniform, exertions. The best educated men of the larger towns, on an occasional visit to the country, take pleasure in pursuing the cattle, and participating in the occupation in which the mountain herdsman (*vaquero*) is engaged. * * * The Chilian, especially of the lower class, possesses a wild energy of character, which was misunderstood by the former government, or at least not duly employed, and which inclines him to such occupations as disqualify him, and probably will do for a long time to come, for a uniform and sedentary employment. A second perhaps still more important reason is, that, since the expulsion of the Spaniards and the introduction of a free system of trade, the breeding of cattle has proved more profitable than agriculture. * * * The number of animals which a single landowner possesses would often appear extravagant to a European ear. They speak with great indifference of herds of 1000 or 1500, and consider a man as by no means rich who has three times that number. The haciendas in the central provinces often have from 10,000 to 15,000, and many even 20,000, and the number of smaller estates which have from 4 to 5000 is very great. Since the revolution the value of this species of property has risen in an extraordinary degree; and the owners are very far from doing as they did in former times, killing the animal for the sake of the hide, and leaving the flesh to be devoured by the condors. * * * This branch of Chilian economy is however not without risks, which are not indeed frequent, but cause astonishing destruction. In the years 1829 to 1832, a vast number of cattle perished in consequence of an unexampled

drought, which extended over all the provinces of Central and Northern Chili. It appears from an official statement, that in the year 1831 alone 515,326 head of cattle died of hunger in the provinces of Coquimbó and Copiapo: of these about 77,000 were horned cattle, 10,000 horses, 23,000 sheep, 214,000 goats, &c. Though the number may be rather exaggerated, because the landowners wished to make their loss appear as considerable as possible, still the injury was very great."

The abundance of new or yet unseen objects in all the kingdoms of nature, observed after a few days residence in Concon, inspired that active zeal in which a travelling naturalist finds his chief enjoyment, and which renders him indifferent to many hardships. One excursion followed another, and though want of acquaintance with the country might have made them difficult—they were undertaken without a companion, and often to places which the natives themselves do not visit.

"It was very rarely that I made an excursion on horseback; experience soon proved that this was not a good mode, for many smaller plants were overlooked, and it is necessary to refrain from turning aside through almost impenetrable but inviting ravines, and on the brink of dangerous precipices. The naturalist who has once settled should never ride unless he wants to visit a distant point, and the intervening country is known to him. When he has arrived there, he may entrust his beast to anybody and proceed on foot."

So much importance has been attached to the question of the effect of earthquakes, as having occasionally produced an elevation of the coast of Chili, and so much, at times too acrimonious, controversy has arisen on this subject, that we have been induced carefully to look into the works of foreign travellers, in order to discover any statements tending to confirm or refute the theory. The question of the upheaving of part of the coast of Chili by the great earthquake of 1822 was, we believe, brought under discussion in consequence of the account given of it by Mrs. Graham, in her narrative of her visit to that country, and probably with no anticipation of the angry feelings to which her statement was to give rise. The opinions of the ablest geologists remained divided, and considerable sensation was excited by the confirmation of Mrs. Graham's account by the Prussian traveller, Dr. Meyen, of which we gave an extended notice in No. XXIX, of this Review. As Dr. Meyen, being well acquainted with the controversy that had arisen respecting the accuracy of Mrs. Graham's report, paid particular attention to the subject, it was to be expected that the facts stated by him would have their due weight. The extracts which we gave from Dr. Meyen's work were considered as so important that an eminent geologist, deeply interested in this question, in which he

defended the accuracy of the account of Mrs. Graham, called on the Reviewer, to inquire whether Dr. Meyen had any observations besides the extracts given by him, and to compare the translation with the original. One point appearing to be expressed in rather a loose manner, it was resolved to write to Dr. Meyen, who returned a very polite answer, which now lies before us, and in which he says, "I was acquainted with Mr. Grevnough's dispute with Mrs. Graham from its commencement, and received last year (1834) all the papers on the subject from Baron A. von Humboldt, to whom they had been sent by Mrs. Graham. You mention a passage in my work (p. 213) which you think seems to be expressed in a vague manner, as if I doubted the reality of the elevation. I cannot see it in this light, but you perhaps allude to the passage where I speak of the elevation of a tract of country 400,000 miles in extent, as affirmed by a late traveller. This statement certainly appears very strange, as there are no facts whatever to show that the interior of the continent has been elevated, and it is therefore impossible to estimate the superficial extent of the country so raised; it is only on the coast that the elevation can be observed. In a short paper in Berghaus' Journal for November 1834, to which I refer you, I touch on the essential points which you and Mr. L——I allude to, but I will add some particulars. The remains of animals and tang, which adhere to the rocks elevated in 1822, were certainly still to be seen in 1831, and this is easily accounted for by the very firm ligneous stem of the *Laminariæ*, (*Lessonia* of Bory de St. Vincent,) especially as the sea often rises so high as again to cover the rocks that have been elevated."

In the paper alluded to Dr. Meyen says that, the province of Tarapaca has received from nature a peculiar present, namely, *minas de Leña*, (i. e. wood-mines,) which the inhabitants use as fuel in their saltpetre works, though probably there is not a single tree in all the surrounding country. This substance is not coal, but is stated to be dry timber, easily cleft, immense forests of which are buried under the sand of that plain. The trees all lie prostrate, with their heads towards the coast, and are reported to be now covered with sand. This phenomenon, he adds, is one of the most remarkable of the west coast of America, and till the subject shall be accurately investigated it affords occasion for manifold conjectures. If those forests belong to the existing creation, the whole country must have been so changed by dreadful elevations of the Cordillera, that, instead of the damp plains of a tropical climate, there are now the most dreary sandy wastes. The buried timber is said to be dry, as easy to split as our timber, and to burn with an equally bright flame.

"What can be a stronger confirmation of the gradual elevation of the Cordillera in South America, than the terrace-like conformation of this chain, which I found to be quite decided at most of the points of Chili and Peru which I visited? And does not the overthrow of these forests prove, likewise, such an elevation of this country in recent times? I mention these remarkable facts, because many unfounded doubts have of late been expressed in England concerning the elevation of whole tracts of country in consequence of earthquakes or volcanic action in general, though they may be clearly observed on the coast of Chili."

Notwithstanding the observations of Dr. Meyen, confirming the elevation of the coast, doubts were still entertained of the fact, and at a meeting of the Geological Society in December last, two letters were read on the question whether the earthquake of 1822 had produced any change in the relative level of land and sea on the coast of Chili? One of these letters was from Lieutenant Bowers, R.N., the other from Mr. Cuming, an eminent conchologist, both of whom were at Valparaiso before and after the earthquake of 1822, (the latter, for several years afterwards, a resident,) who declared that they had not noticed any such change. Great importance was attached to Mr. Cuming's statement in particular, because he had collected shells on the rocks upon the coast, and it might be taken for granted, that if any change had occurred he must have perceived it.

Though Mr. Lyell, in the fourth edition of his *Principles of Geology*, speaks of the elevation of the coast of Chili as an undoubted fact,—“we know,” says he, “that an earthquake may raise the coast of Chili for 100 miles to the average height of about five feet,”—yet the difficulties with which the subject is still surrounded, caused him, after quoting the several statements of Mrs. Graham, Dr. Meyen, and Mr. Cuming, to express a wish that the scientific traveller and resident in Chili may institute more minute inquiries. We have, for this reason, thought fit to translate entire the following passage from Dr. Poeppig, confirming the fact of the elevation of the coast; all doubts of which are, we conceive, removed by the account of the dreadful earthquake which desolated Chili in February, 1835, transmitted by our friend and correspondent, Alexander Caldcleugh, Esq., resident in Chili, which was read before the Royal Society, Feb. 14, 1836, in which he states that the island of Santa Maria, south of the Bay of Concepcion, was permanently elevated ten feet. A similar change was found to have taken place in the bottom of the sea, immediately surrounding the island. The amount of this elevation was very accurately ascertained by the observations of Captain Fitzroy, who had made a perfect survey of the shores of

that island previously to the earthquake, thereby affording the most satisfactory and authentic testimony to this important fact.

"I have frequently waded, not without some danger, through the river to Concon, as there was a very interesting tract on the opposite bank. This attempt required some little caution, because the ford which traverses the deep and rapid river in a zigzag direction, changes its line after every inundation. Extensive sand-hills, resembling the downs of Holland and England, stretch along the sea-coast to the north of the river. They are composed of a fine white sand, in which we easily discover the original component particles of sienite, which is the predominant rock on this coast, and which foliates at its surface with a facility not usual in our parts of the world, and becomes a friable and very light kind of stone. Not having any certain direction (though it seems to be parallel with the more solid rocks further inward), these accumulations of light and shifting sand would be continually changing their place, were they not formed around solid nuclei, where they range themselves first on one side and then on the other, according as they are driven by the wind. Enormous beds of conchylia and shells are scattered along the north coast, imbedded in a ferruginous clay, or indurated sand; sometimes united like breccia, sometimes in nests, or in longer chains. But they not merely extend along the surface, or higher up the hilly banks, as we might infer from the communications of many careless observers, which may, perhaps, even have been copied from others; but in reality reach to an unknown depth, and their termination has not been discovered, even at twenty feet below the level of the sea: on the other hand, we find them at an elevation of forty feet above its surface, in perfectly compact strata, which are enclosed by the drift sand-hills. It is very remarkable, that these accumulations of marine animals consist entirely of species which are, indeed, found alive to this day in the same locality, but are by no means the exclusive inhabitants of the deep. Among such we must particularly mention the Loco (*Murex*. Mol.), which is easily recognized, and which the fishermen still take on this coast, but must formerly have existed here in almost incredible numbers, as the beds of shells, which to the north of Concon alone extend, in a distinctly marked ridge of hills, above three geographical miles in length, are in some parts wholly composed of this animal. We seldom find them mixed with other kinds, and least of all with bivalve shells, but which may always be traced to living and well-known species. It is difficult to say what causes can have produced such extraordinary accumulations of animals of the same species within a very small space; for they are altogether different from other conglomerations of shells, which, as in Southern Chili, for example, are often found at a great distance from the sea, and generally at a considerable elevation above it, and in which we discover genera and species of an antediluvian world, of the utmost variety; and in the interior of Peru, on the other side of the Andes, where entire hills of shells and other marine animals have been discovered (La Ventanilla) between the slate mountains of Cassapi in

the province of Huanuco, in which there is not the slightest trace of any of the very few kinds of crustacea that at present inhabit the seas along the Peruvian coast. The lost species of the singular tribe of the Pentacrinites, and beautifully formed coral plants, which bear some resemblance to those of the South Sea islands, can be plainly distinguished, although they are so closely imbedded in the more recent rock, that it is only by a very lucky fracture that any perfect specimen can be obtained. In a country which, like the north of Chili, has scarcely any other kinds of rock but the volcanic and granite, lime is an article of importance, and hence the possession of these otherwise unprofitable downs affords considerable gain. They belong to the proprietor of the hacienda of Quintero, who regularly digs for these shells, and thus supplies the greatest part of the lime used at Valparaiso. The poor peasant in the neighbourhood of Quintero avails himself of the same gift of nature, but it is only upon payment of a small sum that he can obtain permission to dig in one of these hills, and to load his mule with its never-failing produce.

"The sea-coast in this district, as well as further southward, probably consisted originally of perpendicular walls of rock, which, though more remote from the ocean, still mark the ancient boundaries. Between their foot and the sea run these hills of driftsand, upon which a more solid and promising soil has been very slowly formed, but only in a few spots. There can be no doubt that the origin of these hills is of comparatively modern date, and may be attributed to two causes: one, as being the most striking, has been repeatedly mentioned, though it would seem that too much stress has been laid on it as a foundation for general conclusions. It consists in the rapid and unconnected rising and elevation of whole districts along the coast, which has been observed to take place in all the greater earthquakes in Chili, and was particularly striking during the great earthquakes of 1822. I have, myself, frequently searched at low tide for marine animals, especially for the beautiful Chitoneæ, on a chain of cliffs, in the middle of the little bay of Concon, where only six years ago the fishermen were unable to obtain a footing even at very low water—proof sufficient that an elevation of at least six feet in a perpendicular direction must have taken place here. But the formation of the broad and very uniformly flat coast district, on which only sea-sand lies, cannot be attributed in the same exclusive manner to this undeniable phenomenon. The less striking fact, of the gradual recession of the sea from the coast of Chili, has hitherto been very much overlooked, though it is well known to many of the older inhabitants of the coast. We shall see, in the sequel, that, in the southern parts of the republic, even entire plains (la Vega de Concepcion) have arisen through the retreat of the sea, since the first arrival of the Europeans, which are, therefore, facts that may be ascertained with historical certainty. On the rocks which run parallel with the ocean to the north of Concon, but are separated from it by sand hills and a broad barren beach, we easily perceive the traces of the beating of the waves in stratifications very near to each other, which is a proof of a very gradual subsiding of the waters but not of

an elevation of the ground by fits, of which this latter appears scarcely acceptable, because it consists, to a great depth, of loose sand. The formation of firm land is particularly striking in all those places where ranges of cliffs rise at some distance from the coast, and it is evident that many a cape was formerly an island, which has been united with the continent by low tracts of land, produced by alluvion and the retiring of the sea. The accumulation of sand in the mouths of the larger rivers—for instance, of the Biobio—and the constantly increasing difficulty of access to many harbours, for instance, of the Maule and of the smaller entrance (*boca chica*) of the port of Talcahuano, likewise indicate what we have just mentioned. But I do not mean to deny, on that account, that an extraordinary collection of volcanic power slumbers in the depths of the great ocean, which manifests itself occasionally, but then in a truly terrific manner, and may have the effect, even in our days, of raising large islands. Volcanic islands of a very recent date were observed in the South Sea by Captain Beechy, and others were discovered and examined, almost at the very moment of their origin.

“The information which was given me of the numerous animals to be met with in the environs of the hacienda of Quintero, induced me to make many excursions after my arrival in Concon, which always procured me something new, and amply rewarded the fatigue which generally attended them. The white downs reflect the light so strongly that you soon feel your eyes very painfully affected; and the sand is so heated by the sun, that even the countryman, who is inured to the inconvenience, is obliged to protect the soles of his feet by pieces of leather. Thermometers, the correctness of which had been proved, were often put into the sand, thirteen inches below the surface, in the afternoon, and though the experiments were made with the greatest care, they indicated the heat of the sun as varying from 40° to 58° (of the Centigrade thermometer), accordingly as the morning had been bright or cloudy, or a slight rain had fallen in the night, &c.; and this hot soil of the Chilean downs, which in summer is twice as warm as the atmosphere, nourishes in the more shallow spots a great number of interesting plants, among which the botanist is much surprised by the sight of a *Mesembryanthemum*, a singularly formed representative of the Flora of Africa, and the only species of that very numerous genus that occurs in the New World. * * *. The beach, composed of very fine sand, being moistened by the sea and become hard, is equal to the best gravel walks in a garden. But the incautious wanderer is exposed to great embarrassment, if not acquainted with the state of the moon he sets out just when the sea again begins to swell, and every fresh wave rolls some fathoms further over the flat coast, when even with the utmost speed no hope of escape remains. Though there is not the same danger of inevitable destruction as on the treacherous sand-banks of the Scottish coast, yet the only alternative here is to ascend the downs, and to pursue his painful journey, while at every step he sinks knee-deep into the burning sand. Such expeditions, however, often unexpectedly lead us upon rare animals, which amply compensate for all our troubles.

The beach is animated by many remarkable birds : little dwarf barkers, (*scolapax totanus*), brown as the sand on which they run in a straight line, always assembled in small coveys, which move sociably near each other in the same direction, and would escape the eye of the fowler did not their rapid motion draw his attention, when an approaching wave, which they dexterously avoid, compels them to flight. An *Himantopus* (*H. nigricollis*, Vieil.), very like that of Europe, stands quite solitary, but keeping a sharp look-out after the little marine animals which every wave leaves behind, and which the active gulls often snap up before he, moving slowly and apparently with difficulty, can reach his intended prey. Innumerable small crabs live in cylindrical excavations in the sand, and, as the tide approaches, watch for their share of the booty brought by the waves, while they themselves are threatened by the long-legged cranes, which, on the coast of Chili, pursue with extraordinary eagerness the crustacea, and in general all marine animals. But the bird cannot get one of these crabs except by rapid flight, and even the diligent naturalist does not obtain them without digging in the sand; for the smallest trembling of the ground under the foot, even the shadow of a person approaching, warns the little animal of its danger, and with the rapidity of lightning it retreats into its hole. Swarms of little fish purposely suffer themselves to be brought by every wave far upon the beach, and seem to take pleasure in the sport, for they are so quick and so attentive, that you may attempt in vain to catch a single one, or to intercept a number in their retreat with the receding wave. The grave herons alone contrive to deceive them by their fixed attitude, which, at a favourable moment, is interrupted by an almost convulsive motion, and brings death to one of the poor dupes. Between the high sand-hills there is a remarkable bird of prey, an owl which pursues its victims only in the day-time, and builds nests under ground with no inconsiderable skill. It has a most singular look in the bright mid-day sun, for its large semi-globular eyes seem scarcely calculated to bear such intense rays of light. It looks stedfastly at the fowler who attempts to approach, and remains quietly sitting on the ground, for it is never seen upon a tree; even when closely pursued, as if teasing and inviting, it utters a whistling cry and flies but a few steps; but the pursuer soon perceives the error of his supposition, that it cannot see by day. In vain he attempts to approach; it vigilantly watches the enemy, and is often scarcely distinguishable from the ground which is of the same colour as itself, till at length, tired of the sport, it suddenly disappears in one of the hollows with which it has filled the sandy declivity. The many kinds of mice, which the Chilean peasant calls *lauchas*, and the *dégu*, a pretty animal, resembling a North American dwarf squirrel, seem frequently to be the food of the extraordinary number of birds of prey on the coasts of Chili. * * * There are doubtless many unknown small quadrupeds in these lonely tracts on the shore. An animal of this kind, the *cucurrito* of the Chileans, has hitherto escaped the inquirers, who have often visited the more accessible parts of Chili. I was obliged to have a little dog many hours watching by night on the solitary downs, and wading through a broad

river at midnight, in order to obtain some specimens. The cucurrito, so-called on account of its grunting, which resembles that of a hedgehog, very nearly resembles the African species of *bathyergus*, and tends to confirm the observation which every where forces itself upon you in Chili, that there is an undeniable affinity, a kind of family likeness, between the animal and vegetable kingdoms of the southern point of Africa and Chili, and even of New Holland. The body measures little more than six inches, but, though of such diminutive size, it is extremely quarrelsome. Perhaps these animals are as desperate in their combats under ground as the European mole, for half of those which were taken with so much trouble, were mutilated—one wanted a foot, and the shining black silky coat of another was covered with scarcely healed scars, caused by bites, inflicted by two ill-shaped projecting ivory-like fore-teeth, which distinguish the animal at first sight.

“Between the downs, which extend beyond the promontory of Quintero, there are, along the sea-coast, many low lagoons, some of which are of very considerable extent. Even at a distance, you see an immense number of marsh and water-fowl, but, above all, the noble swan, countless flocks of which cover these brackish waters. It is snow-white, excepting the head and neck, of a brilliant black. It is no exaggeration to say that on one of these lagoons, a quarter of a square league in extent, more than two thousand of them were proudly swimming about, which I could easily calculate by counting some hundreds of the nearest.”

The favourable season on the coast having passed over rapidly in uninterrupted, but well rewarded, exertions, Dr. Poeppig ventured on a visit to the Andes of Santa Rosa, the relation of which, though interesting as a whole, does not present any thing that can be conveniently detached, unless it were an account of Christmas-day at Aconcagua, one of the most flourishing country towns in the interior of Chili. In the beginning of the year 1828, our traveller set out with the intention of going to Mendoza: in crossing a narrow and very rapid river, two of the mules lost their footing and were carried away by the current; the author himself escaped by leaping on a rock in the middle of the stream: but with the mules that were drowned he lost a small but select travelling library, his instruments, many little articles very indispensable to a naturalist, numerous designs and drawings, and part of his collections. This unfortunate accident defeated the plan of going to Mendoza, and the traveller returned to Valparaiso, where he arrived on the 1st of January; and, the whole plan of the journey having been thwarted by the loss, there remained no alternative but to wait, at not too great a distance from the coast, for the arrival of other instruments, &c. from Europe, to replace those which were lost. Having no inducement to remain in Valparaiso, our author resolved to visit the southern part of Chili, and sailed on the 30th of January for Talcahuano, where he spent the winter,

only making occasional excursions into the surrounding country. The indications of the return of spring, which in these southern provinces resembles the finest months in Europe, summoned him to extend his researches; and the unknown interior of the province of Concepcion appeared to promise an ample, though dangerous, harvest. A war was at that time raging with horrors unknown in Europe. He left Talcahuano on the 30th of October, intending to fix his head-quarters during the second summer in the village of Antuco, the furthest inhabited place towards the East; and the following is the author's animated description of the approach to that village, of his first meeting with the Indians, and his account of the volcano of the same name.

"During a fine close rain, which added to the gloom of the scenery, we descended the last mountain and approached the small fortified village of Yumbel, which is at the beginning of a boundless plain, and was the goal of our third day's journey. A very strange sight presented itself as soon as we had passed the gate, which had no doors to it. Hundreds of half naked coppercoloured Pehuenche Indians surrounded my little party with savage yells, and seemed inclined to consider my baggage as fair booty. Many demands were made in a language I had never heard, and the courage to commit violence, which, under other circumstances might have failed them, in the centre of a Chilian village, was compensated by a degree of intoxication bordering on frenzy. This attack might easily have been attended by serious consequences, as my resolute guides during the skirmish took to their arms. A couple of dragoons fortunately came up at this moment and rescued us from the hands of the savage mob. The commander of the fortress, as it is called, received us with great politeness, and procured us quarters in an empty house, an attention for which we were grateful, as the following day, being the festival of All Saints, we were obliged to remain at Yumbel.

"Towards evening I visited, in company with some Chilian officers, the caziques of the Pehuenche Indians, whose first reception of us was so alarming. They were lying at some distance from the rest of the crowd, under the projecting roof of the old guard-house, but not on that account free from the importunity of their dependents, to whom they were but little inferior in drunkenness. One part of them were lying almost naked, stretched round the fire, and sleeping away the effects of their brutish excesses, while the others were endeavouring to reduce themselves to the same state. They had as little need of drinking vessels as of any other preparation, to make this what they considered a festive banquet. In the centre of their circle they had scooped out shallow holes in the ground, put a sheepskin into them and filled them with wine. There were always some at these wells of delight, lying at full length on the ground, and drinking till they were seized with the wished-for stupefaction. Only one cazique, who in the sequel was of great service to me at Antuco, seemed to have been more moderate, and received us with the rude haughtiness of a savage,

because the republic had been obliged to solicit his assistance. We could make nothing of this obstinate and stupid being, till one of the Chilean officers reminded him of the warlike deeds of his youth. Upon this the blood-thirsty nature of the rude and revengeful nomade instantly took fire—he threw off the restraint imposed on him by his imperfect knowledge of the Spanish language, and entered upon a long recital of his murders, in the rude-sounding tones of his own language. The interpreter was no longer able to follow him, and I willingly spared him the translation of such details. The favour of the chief was purchased by a present of tobacco, indigo, and salt; and he probably considered it as a token of his good-will that he promised, if I would accompany him on one of his excursions, to afford me an opportunity of shooting Moluches, a hated Indian tribe, to my heart's content. A glance at him and his associates, who had just killed a horse, and, before partaking of it, daubed themselves with its warm blood, gave no very pleasing prospects of a summer which I should have to pass among such barbarians, and in a great measure in dependence on their will. These were not the heroes of Ercilla, and though we would allow ample scope for the poetic licence of the Spanish poet, the originals fell disgustingly short of the portrait. Yet the friendship which the chief showed to the Huinca (an equivocal word for a European, and used as a term of reproach by the mob of Chili,) had this one advantage,—that the Indians ever afterwards treated me with a degree of respect. This body of Pehuenches, which consisted of some hundreds, had come from Antuco to Yumbel, to receive the customary presents of the republic, previously to the commencement of a new expedition against Pincheira, and had been entertained at the public expense with a drinking-bout, which lasted two days. No confidence however can be placed in such allies, on which account the inhabitants of Yumbel were under arms, and a detachment of the small army had been stationed here. As soon as the money had been paid down, and all the wine drunk, the savage horde took their departure.

“Yumbel is one of the oldest of the Spanish settlements, and is mentioned by Ercilla. As a fortified place, it is one of the chain of forts by which the Spanish government endeavoured to protect the country against the predatory attacks of the savages, after all the white colonies in the country of the Indians had been destroyed, and a barrier became absolutely necessary. Situate at the commencement of a wide plain, it does not seem calculated to arrest the progress of an enemy; but the Indians, it appears, never leave a fort on the flank or in their rear.

“At noon the houses were filled with provisions, which were sent to us from all quarters, though every visiter brought presents of poultry, eggs, and fruit. However, this abundance was not unwelcome, for the caciques of the Pehuenches likewise paid us a visit, and their assurance of continued friendship and faithful protection, while we remained on the frontiers, was well worth a liberal distribution of our stores. The borachios were concealed by the advice of the Chileans,

and if anything might have displeased our brown guests it was the caution that was observed in the distribution of a considerable quantity of brandy. They left us towards evening, with the peculiar savage howl, without which they neither take the field nor set out on a journey. The inhabitants of Yumbel urged us to proceed to the frontier of the Andes. The circumstances were not very inviting, for many fugitive families had arrived, and the warlike spirit and common hatred of the Indians to their white neighbours had already been manifested in no equivocal manner. The southern frontier was defenceless, and though the Chilean army was assembling about Chillan, such a spirit prevailed in it, that it was as likely to march to Santiago, in order to effect a new revolution, as to turn against the Indians. Such conflicting reports had been spread for some months that it seemed useless to pay any regard to them. The journey could not be delayed, and though the danger was great, yet I could not but be tempted by the hope of a rich reward in the extraordinary regions of the loftiest Andes. A naturalist who, in travelling in the interior of South America, would suffer himself to be deterred by the probability of danger, would, in fact, have a very narrow field for his exertions."

"Late in the evening we reached the end of the dreary plain of Antuco, and suddenly found ourselves in a fertile spot overgrown with high grass. The moon had risen above the snowy plains of the Andes; the streams of lava shone brilliantly on the shady side of the volcano; and all was still, till the noise of a great multitude made us all at once aware that we were in the vicinity of Tucapel and indicated that some unusual event had taken place there. In fact we found the inhabitants in the utmost despair, as they were in momentary expectation of an attack from the marauding tribe of the Moluches, who were said to have advanced as far as the upper Biobio—women and children were lamenting, while the men were hastily loading their horses with their little property, to seek safety in flight, though with the certain prospect of finding their village reduced to ashes on their return. Only a few men, confident in the fleetness of their steeds, resolved to wait till the last moment and not follow their families till the blood-thirsty horde had actually made their appearance. It seemed more advisable to imitate their example, than to go back all the way to Yumbel. Under cover of a neighbouring wood, we succeeded in getting off our mules and baggage, and I was fortunate enough to obtain a fresh horse. The Chileans encamped in the centre of the village—for none ventured to remain in their dwellings, where they could not so soon be aware of the approaching danger: It was indeed a melancholy encampment—little was said, and the cheerful guitar was for once laid aside—the peasants sat in gloomy despondency round the small watchfire, the reflection of which showed, in their careworn features, the traces of the misery which this destructive war has for many years inflicted on all the inhabitants of the frontiers. The midnight stillness was suddenly broken by a dismal song, in a harsh voice, which was succeeded by an expressive silence. At a short distance from us there was an encampment of about twenty Pehuénches,

who had hitherto remained unobserved. Near the fire, and supported against the old trunk of a weeping *mayte*, reclined a captive Indian, painted with white streaks, which had been traced upon his dark skin with horrid fidelity, in imitation of a human skeleton. The rest were seated in a circle in gloomy silence; with their horses ready saddled behind them, and their long lances fixed in the ground by their side. The prisoner re-commenced his song, but none replied, for it was his farewell to life—his death-song—as he had been doomed to die the next morning by the hand of his guards. During a fit of intoxication he had killed a member of another family, and, being the last descendant of an extirpated race, and too poor to pay the fine in arms and cattle, his life was irrecoverably forfeited to the vengeance of the relations, according to the inexorable laws of this people. I left the camp of these Indians, whose vicinity could only excite unpleasant feelings; and ascended a hill which rose close to the unfortunate village. Here, on a level rock, I watched for some time, holding the reins of my horse in one hand and my gun in the other, as we might every instant expect the dreaded attack. About midnight, the wind bore along the distant sound of the trampling of horses, followed by loud yells, and, in a moment, the whole village was in motion. The Chilians and Indians fled into the dark woods,—but the war-cries soon announced them to be allied Pehuenches, who belonged to the troop that had left Yumbel on the preceding day, and who brought good tidings. The watch-fires instantly blazed up, and all thronged round the messengers, who reported with wild gestures that they had unexpectedly come upon the approaching Moluches, whom they had defeated, and that they were now hastening to Chillan to spread the news of victory and receive the customary presents. In confirmation of their statement, they rolled along at our feet some bloody heads, whose savage features fixed in death had a most terrific appearance. The horrid trophies were received with a loud yell of joy—the Chilians collected their concealed property, and a disgusting bacchanal ensued. Sick at heart from the repeated sight of these cruelties, I retired into the wood; the exhaustion both of mind and body rendered any convenient resting place superfluous, and I sought in the arms of sleep forgetfulness of the events of the past day."

The defeat of the Moluches had probably ensured the safety of the country for some weeks to come, and the travellers proceeded on their journey, after having been so fortunate as to procure a supply of provisions, which they should want during their stay in Antuco for the summer.

"The inhabitants of Antuco were in a state of general consternation, and had been through the summer in a suspense which made their state truly pitiable. Being situated on the extreme frontier, destitute of any public defence, they saw themselves exposed to the formidable attacks of the large predatory hordes, which, under the conduct of the brothers Pincheira, were spreading inconceivable desolation, at one time in the Pampas of Buenos Ayres, and then in the fertile plains of

the beautiful Chili. However scanty the property, it was sufficient to allure these ruthless hordes; but this loss was not to be compared to the slaughter of their victims, and the cruel slavery to which the women and children, whose lives alone they spared, were condemned. No one could tell what blood-thirsty bands were concealed in the uninhabited Cordillera on the other side of the volcano; and from the undefended, defiles there might pour down, at any time, torrents of brown Indians, and brutalized white criminals, who, as leaders of the hordes, by their malice, calculating cruelty, and thirst of revenge, aggravated in the most frightful manner the danger arising from the mere love of pillage of the Indians. The country-people carefully concealed their little property in the woods, and were obliged to observe two-fold caution when the moon was getting to the full; for at that season they were more liable to an attack from the Indians. Every evening they were obliged to leave their wretched huts, and pass the night on some neighbouring mountain, which was inaccessible to horsemen; and it was melancholy to see the procession of women, laden with heavy burdens, and leading their children by the hand, ascend the steep rocky wall, uncertain whether the morning sun might not rise over the smoking ruins of their peaceful village. The considerable garrison was unable to defend the place, and, when threatened by danger, shut itself up in the small wooden fortress; and the height of summer, and consequently of their danger, also, was close at hand before the government did any thing for their protection. Quite defenceless, and abandoned to all the horrors of an attack from lawless banditti and Indians, the people of Antuco were a prey to perpetual terror; and the frequent reports, and false alarms, embittered their existence to a degree which it is impossible for a European to conceive, who lives under the powerful protection of the laws, and knows these dangers only from hearsay. My occupations did not permit me to make these nocturnal migrations, and nothing remained for me but a vigorous self-defence in case of attack. My house was open on every side, and, being covered with tiles, could not be easily set on fire; we made embrasures in the walls, enclosed them with a light palisade, and, to our stock of ready loaded pistols the kind attentions of the general of the southern army added a dozen muskets and a box of cartridges. The Indian will not easily venture an attack where he expects a resolute defence; and, as two peasants, who were acquainted with the use of fire-arms, were ready to pass the night in our little fortress, and preferred fighting to an uncertain safety in flight, our garrison increased to four men, who, under such circumstances, would probably have been able to defend themselves during the few hours that an attack generally lasts. In times of particular danger, we kept alternate watch during the night; that, if apprized of their approach by the trampling of the enemy's horses, we might have time to take our posts. Providence, however, protected us, for while danger was everywhere approaching, and the hostile bands were within a few miles of us, circumstances apparently accidental induced them to turn back, and the little village of Antuco was this year happily spared.

"The valley of Antuco, which comprehends the highest point of the Southern Andes, extends from east to west, is about seven leagues long, not very broad in any part, and divided into two very nearly equal portions by the river Laya. At its lower extremity it is separated by a chain of hills from the plain of Yumbel and Los Angeles; towards the east it rises abruptly, contracts, and is in this direction almost entirely enclosed by the broad base of the volcano, there being barely space between it and the opposite ridge for a rapid stream and a narrow defile which leads into the country of the Indians. Many parts of the soil are not worth cultivating, as it is covered with volcanic rock, and resembles the dry bed of a river; but the sides of the mountains, and the plains at their foot, answer their high reputation for extraordinary fertility. In some places they exhibit terraces one above another, and present natural meadows in the midst of beautiful mountain-woods, where the most luxuriant vegetation proves the richness of the soil; streams everywhere rush down from the mountains, and above their verdant summits tower the lofty peaks covered with everlasting snow. In the immediate vicinity of the village, the mountains are so high that it takes several hours to ascend the bold rocky summit of the Pico de Pilque. Still further up the valley, their colossal height increases, till the indented glacier of the Silla Veluda and the black cone of the volcano close the wonderful picture. The village itself has a most picturesque appearance, for it leans against a lofty ridge, which is crested with a magnificent forest of beech trees. There is an indescribable pleasure in botanizing on a bright morning in summer on these trackless heights: the endless variety of beautiful Alpine plants fills the botanist with enthusiasm; the majestic prospect of the snow-crowned Andes refreshes the eye of the wearied traveller, who reposes beneath the shade of ~~trees~~ of extraordinary size; and the atmosphere has a purity which seems to render him more capable of enjoying the pleasures of life and despising its dangers. But the most splendid and ever-novel object in the landscape is the volcano, which is a few leagues from the village, and, not being concealed by any of the smaller hills by which it is surrounded, is perpetually in sight. We are never weary of observing the various phenomena which it presents, sometimes occasioned by the manifold refraction of light, at others by the mighty convulsions which agitate its interior. Sometimes a thick volume of smoke issues from its crater, like an enormous black column, which by an inconceivable force is impelled with greater rapidity than a cannon-ball into the blue sky; at others, a small white cloud gently curls upwards out of the crater, with scarcely any perceptible motion, which indicates the tranquillity that prevails within. At any time of the day, the appearance of this mountain is new and varied, but it is most interesting when the sun is rising behind it, and illumines its well-defined outline, or when enveloped in the radiance of the evening sun, long after it has left Antuco in shade. Even amid the storms which are often spread round its base, while the sky in the lower valley is serene and untroubled, it still remains grand and beautiful.

"At night, when shrouded with thick clouds, it is rendered visible by the brilliant fire which constantly issues from its mouth, and which seems to penetrate the lower strata of the atmosphere. The heat of summer, indeed, dissolves the snowy mantle with which winter has invested it, but a passing storm, which never extends to the lower grounds, covers it, even in the warm month of January, with a sheet of silver. We are never tired of watching the moment when the departing daylight renders the glowing streams of lava visible. A solitary speck of fiery red begins to sparkle; it is followed by others, and suddenly the light, like a running fire, communicates to the long streams, which, in some places singly, and in others variously intersected, carry down from the crater to the base new masses of lava, which continue their brilliant career till they are eclipsed by the more powerful light of the morning sun. In the months of November and December, when the air is quite free from the dry fog, we sometimes enjoy a very rare but truly magical spectacle. When a passing storm has covered the volcano with fresh pure snow, and the moon happens to be at the full, we observe at the sides of the cone, a four-fold light, in the most wonderful play of colours. While the moon is still low in the horizon, and, hid behind the mountain, strongly marks the outlines of its snow-capped summit, and the extreme point is still tinged with the last beams of the setting sun, a calm splendour rises majestically from its interior, and streams of lava glow on the western side, which is enveloped in shade: if at this instant light clouds cross over the summit, the scene is such as no one would attempt to describe in words, and of which the greatest painter might despair of giving even a faint resemblance; for whatever grand effect the light of the moon, of the reflection of the snow, of the volcanic-fire, and of the evening sun, can produce singly, are here united in one magnificent and unequalled whole."

During the author's residence at the village of Antuco, which is not yet marked upon any map, he made many excursions in this hitherto unvisited Alpine country, in which, though there was difficulty enough in penetrating through the forest, you may at least set your foot to the ground without fear; for no poisonous serpent, no gigantic stinging ants, no concealed enemy of the animal kingdom, inhabits this happy region. It would be useless to enumerate all the plants that extend to the highest summits of the mountains. No one, he observes, could ever imagine the Alpine Flora of Southern Chili to be so beautiful to the eye, and so tempting to the connoisseur, as it really is. All the flowers of the Cape of Good Hope and New Holland, which, without attaining the gigantic size of the tropical climates, are extremely pleasing, are happily united in the vegetation of this part of the Andes.

The Indians, driven from their country, had settled partly in the neighbourhood of Antuco, and partly in the most remote lateral

valleys: Though but a few understood some words of Spanish, the Araucanian dialect, which they use, was familiar to most of the country people and to my servant; and hence my intercourse with the caciques was not interrupted. Prudence counselled us to seek the favour of these demi-savages, who might at any moment become our enemies, and, being a people whom no traveller has yet described, they deserved that attention; the result of which I will here add. The Pehuenche is a nomade, differing therein very much from the Araucanians, who, however, like him, belong to the same branch of the great copper-coloured or Patagonian race of America. Constantly roaming about among the Andes, he appears sometimes as a herdsman, with no property but his cattle—sometimes as a bold robber, who in time of war leaves domestic cares to the women, descends into the plains, and often extends his destructive excursions to the very gates of Buenos Ayres, where he is better known by the name of the *Indian of the Pampas*."

The author gives minute details of their mode of life, which resembles that of other nomade tribes, and especially in Northern Asia. Their manners are like those of most savage people. The women are treated like slaves, and frequently with much cruelty. The Pehuenches are always at war with one or other of the neighbouring tribes. They consider it as the greatest proof of military skill to attack the enemy in some unguarded point, to penetrate into the open country, and to inflict upon the people all the horrors of an Indian war. They manage to arrive by night near the frontier place which they have doomed to destruction. As soon as morning dawns, they rush tumultuously, and with dreadful yells, into the defenceless village, and the inhabitants rarely have time to fly. The scene of barbarity and destruction which then begins baffles description. Whatever appears to be of any value is seized, the rest destroyed, the herds driven away, the men and youths murdered without pity; the old women, though not killed, are barbarously treated; the younger women and girls carried away with little hope of ever seeing their country again. Lastly, they set fire to the wretched huts, and the fiend-like assailants hastily retreat amidst the flames, and over the bloody carcasses of their murdered victims. Less than two hours are sufficient to commence and finish this scene: they vanish as suddenly as they came, and the lamentations of the few inhabitants who have escaped alone bear witness to their destructive visit.

"It is very seldom that these Indians take any prisoners, and every one fights to the last moment, rather than expose himself to the more or less dreadful fate which may befall him, according to the humour of the victors. During my residence at Antuco, a military party, which returned from the Southern Andes, had succeeded in

capturing a chief of the detested tribe of the Moluches. The unfortunate prisoner was destined to be a victim to their vengeance, and the intervention of the Chilian commandant, and the offer of considerable presents, had no influence over the incensed Indians, who, impatiently waited for the next morning. The prisoner looked forward to his inevitable fate with that stupid indifference which has nothing in common with the courage of the hero. The man who, more than half degenerated, has never experienced the happiness of a softer feeling, resigns without emotion the cheerless boon of existence. The noise of the festival in honour of the triumph resounded throughout the night, and at daybreak a large circle of the men and all the women assembled before the fort. The prisoner stood in the centre of a smaller circle, composed of twenty warriors, each armed with his long lance. Three shallow pits had been dug at his feet, and a short stick was put into his hand. In a loud voice he related his deeds, and named the enemies who had fallen by his hand; and as he pronounced each name he broke off a piece of the stick, which he threw into one of the pits and contemptuously trampled under foot. The shouts of the indignant hearers became louder and louder, and the women, transformed into furies, answered with yells and screams to every new name. One lance after the other was lowered and pointed closer and closer at the breast of the scornful enemy. The last piece of the stick was dropped; the last and the greatest of all the names was pronounced; and at the same instant resounded from a hundred throats the fearful war-cry of the Chibotoo. Twenty lances pierced the prisoner, who was lifted high into the air, and then fell dead upon the ground."

In peace the Pehuenches are hospitable to strangers, and always give a good reception to their commercial friends; but they do not believe themselves bound to pay any regard to those who are not recommended to them. They consider the robbery of a stranger, often accompanied with murder, as honourable as Europeans do a war carried on according to the law of nations. In trade they are honest, and disapprove of cowardly theft and cheating. When a caravan from the Isla de la Laja arrived, after eight 'days' journey, in the land of the Pehuenches, it immediately repaired to the habitation of the most powerful cacique, who gave notice of it to his tribe. Those who had a mind to trade flocked from all the valleys, agreed upon the price, and took the goods with them. The day fixed for the departure of the Chilians was known, and there never was an instance that the debtors kept away or committed any fraud in their mode of payment.

From Antuco our traveller returned to the sea coast. The scenery appeared to him very poor and prosaic after several months' residence amidst the magnificence of the Andes. He therefore resolved to embark in the first vessel for Peru, for

which he had to wait some weeks. This time was well employed in copying out his botanical journals, and in packing up his collection, of which he kept duplicates, to be sent by a different ship, not choosing unnecessarily to trust the fruits of such a summer to a single vessel. Though, during his stay in the desolate and depopulated town of Concepcion, he often reflected with regret on the verdant plains and airy mountains of Antuco, he found a compensation in the company of Mr. Henry Rous, the British Consul, a very well informed man, who treated him with every mark of kindness and friendship. He sailed on the 29th of May, 1829, for Callao, on board the English brig Catherine, the captain of which trusting to his local knowledge ventured to pass through the Bocachica of Talcahuano; and he reached without accident the harbour of Callao; not much pleased with the barren and desolate appearance of the Peruvian coast.

“A flat country, gently rising towards the interior, is bounded by a whitish streak of sand along the coast, on which is situated the brown and inhospitable-looking port of Callao. As far as the eye can reach from this point of view, there is not a tree to enliven the dreary and stony surface, not a scanty patch of even the lowest kind of vegetation to indicate the vicinity of water, without a constant supply of which nothing flourishes here except succulent saline plants, or low and thorny shrubs, which at a distance have the appearance of small yellow patches. Round the little village of Bellavista are extensive tracts of dry gravel, interrupted here and there by reeds and a few other plants, which are cherished by the inhabitants with extraordinary care. Still further on, with a dreariness of aspect which even surpasses that of the foreground, runs the low rocky outline which marks the former boundary of the ocean. The towers of Lima, beyond which rises the gloomy ridge of the Andes, alone give some variety to this uninviting landscape, which is not rendered more attractive when the sun pours down his rays from an unclouded sky. All the glowing splendour of a tropical firmament is vain, when it illumines only a soil which is adorned by no plant, refreshed by no stream, which has been condemned by Nature herself to everlasting sterility, which even human industry cannot remedy, and where the appearance of a land bird is regarded as an event. The whole extent of country which stretches towards the north and south retains the same character with unchanging fidelity—only where a scanty stream trickles down from the clefts of the Andes and irrigates flat valleys, the thinly scattered inhabitants are able, with immense labour, to cultivate this ungrateful soil.”

“A general misfortune would be the drying up of the scanty streamlet which is fed by the mountain snow, and of which the very last drop is used for refreshing the stony fields. But we are scarcely out of the limits of the artificial irrigation which is necessarily confined to narrow stripes, when we are again upon the dreary waste, covered with boulders, or with hills composed of a very light white drift sand—

where the traveller cannot obtain a glass of fresh water for several days together, and where owing to the frequent changes even the native guide often loses his way. Only those singular succulent plants cactus and tillandsia are to be seen. Such is the extreme aridity of the soil, that after the lapse of three centuries we still find the mummies of the ancient Peruvians in a state of perfect preservation. They were interred in a sitting posture, and according to tradition are the remains of persons who caused themselves to be buried alive in the sand upon the conquest of Peru by the Spaniards. The fog which hangs for six months over the country is considered very beneficial, and though at the most it attaches itself as a fine mist to woollen clothing, the Limanese call it *aquaceros*, a torrent. If the tropical sun poured down its rays upon Peru with the same unclouded lustre as on the splendid Brazil, the thirsty land would long since have been converted into a desert, unfit for the habitation of man or of animals. But a heavy rain would be no less a national misfortune, for its long continuance would inevitably destroy even the largest houses in Lima; the roofs of which are, for the most part, composed of reeds. If in the course of a man's life such an event as a real fall of rain happens to take place on the coast of Peru, it produces an indescribable sensation. Processions parade the streets to implore the protection of Heaven for their endangered city, and the remembrance of such a misfortune is long preserved. Even with the utmost industry of the inhabitants, a country like this would be unable to maintain any considerable population, if there were not in its territory some more fertile district, from which it may supply its wants by mutual exchange. The Andes of Peru almost entirely support the inhabitants of the coast; for, though their mean height far exceeds that of the Chilian Cordilleras, they contain valleys or plateaux, which, in spite of their vicinity to the region of eternal snow, enjoy a moderate climate, and are very fertile. These are eagerly sought as an abode, especially by the Indians, the degenerate descendants of those mild and unwarlike people who once obeyed the sceptre of the Incas. There is a great variety of climate in the Andes, and the number of objects cultivated there might be still further increased; for many useful, hitherto unknown plants might be naturalized, if care were taken to ascertain the locality and the relative proportions of atmospheric heat which they require, previously to their being transplanted. But the most beautiful part of the country, in which a thousand sources of future wealth are still buried, commences on the eastern declivity of the second chain of the Andes. Here are plains traversed by lower hills, covered with an ocean of foliage, vying in beauty with the climate of Chili, but far surpassing it in the abundance and luxuriance of its productions. To these join, within the extensive frontiers, those boundless plains, where gigantic rivers, which roll their broad waves through solitary forests, are the only means of communication between the widely scattered dwellings of a very scanty population."

Lima has suffered much from the Revolution, besides losing

the monopoly of a considerable trade with Chili and Upper Peru, of which the author gives some interesting particulars. He thus proceeds :

“ The Revolution affected Lima also in another way. A great number of people were suddenly deprived of the means of subsistence, when political animosity had banished the most opulent nobles, or compelled them to live in retirement. They had given employment to many artists and mechanics, who were engaged exclusively on works of luxury ; and from this period too may be dated the decline of many branches of manufacture, which were formerly carried to great perfection ; for instance, very fine embossed work in gold and silver, at Guamanga and Lima. Many private fortunes were lost during the intrigues, for which the political state of the country afforded many opportunities. The persecutions and the legal confiscations, the heavy taxes, and, above all, the incapacity of a people addicted to luxury and pleasure to conform to the pressure of the times by judicious retrenchments,—have immensely diminished the national wealth. Tinsel splendour indeed still prevails everywhere in Lima, though poverty and decline are but too evident in both domestic and public arrangements. The times are now gone by when a Limanese lady of the higher rank was obliged, on gala days, to wear pearls and jewels to the value of more than thirty thousand dollars, in order to maintain her rank ; and the riches which are described with so much astonishment by the very credible Ulloa have disappeared with the exhaustion of its sources. It would be impossible for them now, as they once did, to pave a street with bars of silver, to give a new viceroy an idea of the treasures of the country, or to shoe their mules with silver. Nevertheless, luxury is still very prevalent ; and hence, after a short stay, we form ~~now~~ ^{very} favourable opinion of the domestic arrangements of Peruvian families. Creoles of all countries have the weakness to attach much importance to outward splendour, and even the English in the West Indies are not altogether exempt from this failing. But in Peru this has been carried to the utmost excess, in consequence of the unhappy predominance of the coloured races and the inbred effeminacy of the Whites. The contest for pre-eminence betrays the different castes into the most boundless extravagance—a propensity which commerce enables them to gratify, as every ship imports some new article of luxury, which they eagerly purchase, and then, like children, throw aside. The far celebrated women of Lima are said to exceed all limits in this respect, and thus to revenge themselves on their fathers and husbands, who, if such a feature were wanting to complete the picture of mismanagement, are the most passionate gamblers in America.

“ The discontent of the Whites, who would rather renounce many privileges than share them with the despised lower castes, for whom they entertain a traditional hatred—the dissatisfaction of a large party, who forfeited the highest object of the happiness of the white Peruvians, titles and orders, by the republican equalization—military oppression—poverty—increasing demoralization and weakness in the government,—

these have hitherto been in Peru the only perceptible consequences of its separation from the mother country. Whatever the blessings of freedom, which the rest of the Americans, and especially the people of Chili, are really beginning to enjoy, it is known to the Peruvian only from the paltry rhymes of his patriotic songs. The Revolution has overtaken him before he was ripe for it, and the moral immaturity of his whole life makes it difficult to foresee what generation will at length create new order from the ruins of a general dissolution."

When the author embarked for Peru, he intended to visit Guayaquil, and to make a long stay in Choro and Esmeraldas, but, on his arrival at Lima, he found this to be impracticable. As the coasts of Peru have little to engage the naturalist, to return to Chili did not appear to be of much use, and a voyage to the East Indies was necessarily renounced from pecuniary considerations: the interior of Peru appeared to offer the only asylum, where he might continue his old avocations without interruption, and at a small expense. It is difficult in America to obtain information respecting distant provinces, even of the same state. Mr. J. F. Scholtz, however, the head of one of the greatest houses on the west coast of America, gave him the most friendly aid.

"And if," says he, "contrary to the express wish of this worthy German, his name is here publicly mentioned, it is from a sense of the gratitude which he amply deserves, as the promoter of a difficult enterprise, and as the protector of a traveller, who, without recommendation from any government, and without any official character, commenced his long journey. To him I am indebted for the permission to visit the Amazons, which is very difficult to be obtained. He afterwards liberated me from an imprisonment, by which it was hoped to debar me from all further research; and, lastly, procured me many agreeable hours in the solitary wildernesses of Maynas, by furnishing me with letters and other supplies. Mr. Sebastian Martins, an Anglo-Portuguese, the proprietor of large estates on the Huallaga, spoke in high terms of that country, and invited me to make a long stay in Cassapi or Cuchero. The bare mention of these names, celebrated for the researches of the Spanish botanists, Ruiz, Pavon, and Tafalla, made me decide in a moment. The projected visit to the Peruvian Andes was changed to a long residence in the Cinchona forests of Huanuco, the navigation of the rapid Huallaga, and a voyage across the whole breadth of the continent upon the majestic Amazons."

We would most willingly dwell at some length on this part of the author's journey, but the space allotted to us will allow only some extracts, to which we confine ourselves with the less regret, as we cannot but hope that a work of such importance will appear in an English translation.

"A few leagues from Diezmo are the ruins of an ancient city of

the Incas, of considerable extent. They occupy the north eastern angle of the plain, separated by a low and stony chain of hills from the Pampa de Cochamarca, which is about five leagues broad. The road passes through it, and, long before our approach, we beheld with impatience the widely scattered monuments of a people who, in a moral sense, are wholly extinct. The Peruvians call it Tambobamba (the village of the plain), which, supposing it were the only one, would be insignificant enough. From the great extent of this scattered village, we may form some idea of its ancient consequence. Such of the houses as are still left, or of which we can trace the remains, lie scattered without any seeming regularity. We were unable to distinguish any roads or streets; for the high road, which has been carried through it, is probably of very recent date. The detached buildings are pretty equal in size, and are separated from each other by small intervals, which seem to indicate that each was surrounded by a court-yard. This very same style of building is still followed by the Indians of the Andes, and even the same mode of erecting the walls has continued unchanged, if we except from the comparison the greater negligence of the Peruvians of the present day. The walls are built in a circular form, are from thirty to forty paces in their outer circumference, and from six to ten feet in height. Even allowing something for the rubbish, the size of the old Peruvian habitations is very inconsiderable; for houses of ten to thirteen paces in the inner diameter, with a wall at the utmost fourteen feet high, are certainly no palaces. We must not, however, expect, at an elevation of 2500 fathoms above the level of the sea, to meet with buildings such as Palmyra presents to the eye of the astonished European. We stand amid the ruins of a people who were unacquainted with iron, who were therefore confined to the use of copper, and sought to compensate the want of mechanical aids by untiring perseverance. The materials of which the walls are composed are taken from the quarries of the neighbouring chain of hills, and, though by no means of a durable nature, the builders have been so careful in the selection, that the lapse of centuries has made but little impression on these walls. The different pieces are accurately fitted, and instead of mortar are cemented together by a very tough kind of earth, which has become so indurated, that nothing but the pick-axe of the superstitious treasure-hunter could have wrenched them asunder. The most remarkable features in the architecture of these ruins are the pointed or bell-shaped roofs, which are composed of smaller stones embedded in indurated clay. Ulloa says very decidedly, that nothing is known of the manner in which the Peruvians roofed their houses—but that it was most probable they were covered with flat wooden roofs, as no trace of vaults or arches has been discovered amid the ruins, and every thing indicated that the key-stone was altogether unknown in that age. The few remaining domes of the roofs of Tambobamba are in the form of a bell or twelve to fifteen feet high. In the detached roof of the moderns, we trace the exact imitation of these ancient buildings, and I was told that the use of cupolas for similar small Indian buildings is still

very common in the neighbourhood of Cusco. It is much to be regretted, that the only large building among these remains should have been partially destroyed; as the ignorant people imagined that it was a palace of King Inca, as the Peruvians express themselves, and therefore concluded that it contained hidden treasures. The mania of digging for treasures annually destroys in Peru many ancient and remarkable remains, which would probably have withstood both time and climate for a thousand years. Wherever the Peruvian beholds tumuli evidently formed by the hand of man, or an ancient building indicates the abode of an exterminated people, he immediately suspects the existence of the guacas, or caverns, which were filled by the Incas, at the time of the conquest, with gold and precious stones, and forgotten at the premature death of these chieftains, who had buried them from a sense of duty, and not chosen any persons as the depositaries of the secret. The most absurd fables have been invented, and, according to a tradition coeval with the conquest of this city, there is in a mountain lake near Cusco a gold chain, which went twice round the market-place, and of such large proportions that an Indian could with difficulty carry a single link of it. Many persons have ruined themselves by vain attempts to turn aside the waters of the lake. These failures did not however deter others from making similar attempts, and only three years ago a proposal was made to establish a company in Europe, for draining a lake in Columbia, in which immense treasures were said to have been buried. Electrical phenomena are frequent in the Andes of Peru, and even the better informed European traveller occasionally beholds strange sights, which have something awful about them, when seen at night in a solitary encampment, far removed from human habitation. But the Peruvian of the lower class, when he sees a silvery lustre glistening through the clouds at midnight from the summit of a lofty mountain, or a phosphorescent light shining in the wooden clefts of the lower Andes, which is a very common phenomenon in the Montana of Huanuco, is immediately persuaded that there are either rich veins of silver running along the surface, or that the buried treasures of the Incas invite the bold adventurer. To fit him for such an enterprize he requires long previous preparation, and the observance of a number of precautions, such as only a diseased imagination can invent. Amid innumerable ceremonies and customs, many of which border on criminality, the treasure-seeker begins to dig; if upon this he sees forms that seem to mock him, he turns back terrified, and is perhaps seized with illness. This may easily be accounted for, when we find that the Christian Peruvian, before the commencement of his nocturnal labour, throws himself into a state of delirium by drinking a strong infusion of the fruit of the scarlet thorn-apple, which from this circumstance bears the name of *herba de Guano* & de *Guano*. (*Brugmansia*, *Andea*, Peru.) Occasionally indeed objects of value may have been discovered in these tombs, but much more frequently, and certainly in all the guacas near Huanuco, they are of no use but only to the end and are rejected as useless by the covetous searcher for gold.

...ent to the searching for treasure, a false system of economy, or more properly a great dislike of labour, is often the cause of the destruction of many important ruins. Only a few years ago, the greater part of Huanuco Vieja was demolished, because it was proposed to erect two quite unimportant bridges in its neighbourhood. At this place was a fortress, built in the style of the Incas, in an excellent state of preservation, and the people, being too idle to prepare stones themselves, pulled down, with much trouble, the greater part of this beautiful edifice, for the sake of the large hewn stones of which it was composed. Even Garcilasso complains that, in the few years before his departure for Spain, the stupendous buildings at Cuzco had been very much injured, and that the enormous walls of the fortress were destroyed by the hands of the Spaniards, which, if left to the influence of time alone, might have stood for thousands of years.

"It is not till their voices betray the inhabitants of the forest, that the European sportsman, who has not the practice and the sharp sight of the Indians, is able to discover them amid the dark foliage of the trees. Sometimes, however, voices are heard, which throw us into doubt respecting the nature of the animal, or even lead the traveller to infer the vicinity of some dangerous beast of prey, and hastily prepare for his defence. Amid the inhospitable forests near the zone of Ceja, where sharp ridges of rocks and clefts impede every step between the dark and closely matted trees, we are all at once surprised by a loud piercing grunt; after a long search, we find to our great astonishment that it does not proceed from a quadruped, but from a bird, called *Tunqui*, of middling size and splendid cinnamon-coloured plumage, sitting among the intricately woven parasitic plants. Still more deceiving is the note of the very singular *Toropsis* (bull-bird), which justly deserves its name, for we can scarcely persuade ourselves, that this indistinct bellowing of an ox, which seems to be the agreeable indication of some neighbouring hacienda, should proceed from a little bird scarcely larger than a European crow, which is concealed in the adjoining thicket. The sound seems to proceed from a great distance, which makes it more difficult to trace him. When a shot has brought him to the ground, we can scarcely prevail upon ourselves to touch this formidable looking coal-black bird. His large bushy crest, which is above two inches high, falls back as if in defiance, and almost entirely conceals his head; he opens his bill wide, and from his blood-red throat issues a hissing like that of a serpent; his eyes, white as silver, flash amidst the ruffled plumage, and, surrounded by fallen trees and piled up mouldering fragments, the sight involuntarily reminds us of the dreadfully poisonous reptiles that inhabit similar places."

"This seems rather a formidable description of the death of a small bird."

"In the thickest gloom of the forests lives a solitary but singularly beautiful songster; we stand listening, flattered to the spot, while from the summit of the tree he pours forth his slow soft notes, which are variously modulated, but with the most correct observation of the in-

tervals, forming a regular melody, that altogether resembles the sound of an harmonicon. There is something indescribably soothing. I might almost say supernatural, in this chime, the charms of which are increased by the dreary silence of the forest and the concealment of the diminutive songster. When at last you discover it, you cannot find it in your heart to kill it, and it appears lost amid the multitude of brilliant and variously coloured *Tanagra* and creepers. The Peruvians call it the *organista* or *flauto*, and it is spoken of in Lima as one of the most remarkable inhabitants of the unexplored forests to the east. In size it is about one-third less than our common sparrow; it is never found except in the woods, where it selects the most thickly shaded places. I met with it as far as the mouth of the Huallaga, but not in Ega, or further down the Amazon. Its plumage is a uniform bright brown. I brought only one specimen to Europe, which was killed by an Indian, and presented to the Museum of the University of Leipsic.

The piercing cry of the *pteroglossus* is heard at a great distance, and the name *dieste de*, which is given to it by the people, is an imitation of its note. At every cry it throws its head awkwardly back, rapidly opens and shuts its gigantic bill, which is raised perpendicularly, with a balancing, ludicrous motion of the body. I found here not only the pincha (*Pteroglossus Aracari*), but the emerald green species, with a bill edged with white (*Pt. Sulcatus*, Swains.) Both may be tamed, as they feed on all kinds of food in their captivity, and the natives use the raspings of the bill and the long-fringed tongue as infallible remedies against heartburn and cramp. The great gold and green Araras of the Andes, (*Guacamayos*) settle in the morning on the highest trees of the forest, or light in flocks on the deep red erythrina and the yellow tacha, on the flowers of which they are very fond. Their scream is horrible, but they are cunning enough to know that it may betray them, when they begin to plunder a field of ripe maize—every one then checks his propensity to screaming, and only a suppressed murmuring noise is heard, while the work of destruction proceeds with amazing rapidity. It is very difficult for the sportsman or the angry Indian to surprise the cunning chievers, for a few are always stationed to watch upon the highest trees. The first low note of warning is answered by a general half-suppressed cry of the disturbed robbers. At the second warning, the whole fly away with deafening cries, to recommence their mischievous operations as soon as the enemy has retired. They are a constant object of pursuit to the Indians, for their flesh is considered as a delicacy, and they are much in demand, for the fantastic ornaments which they wear in solemn processions. In ancient times the Indian forest brought the feathers of this bird as a tribute to the decoration of their palaces; and the oldest historians of Peru say, that these and the coas were the only productions which directly led to the establishment of colonies in the much dreaded interior—*the Mountain birds of the Andes*. Garcilaso calls them *the*

The lower classes of the animal kingdom are far more numerous,

but also far more hostile, and this is particularly the case with the insects. You are annoyed and persecuted by them in every thing you do, and are daily obliged to exert your ingenuity to discover means of encountering them, but are too often obliged to acknowledge, with vexation, that the acuteness of the human understanding is no match for the instinct of these little animals. After some observation, I was confounded at the great number of the species of the ant, for instance; for there is no part of the level country of Maynas where the ants are so numerous as in the Lower Andes; and even the North of Brazil, though filled with them, is a paradise in this respect, when compared with the mountains of Cuchero. From the size of an inch to half a line in length, of all colours between yellow and black, infinitely differing in their activity, places of abode, and manners, the ants of this country alone would engage the whole attention of an active entomologist for years together. Merely in the huts, we distinguish without any difficulty seven different species, as the most troublesome inmates—animals that are seldom met with in the forest, far from the abodes of man, but, on the contrary, indefatigably pursue and accompany him and his works, like certain equally mischievous plants, which suddenly appear in a newly planted field in the midst of the wilderness, and hinder the cultivation, though they had never been seen there before. How many species there may be in the forest is a question, which any one who has visited a tropical country will not be bold enough to answer. If I state here, that, after a very careful enumeration, six and twenty-species of ants are found in the woods about Pampayaco, I will by no means affirm that this number is complete. Every group of plants has particular species, and many trees are even the exclusive abode of a kind that does not occur anywhere else. With the exception of a very few kinds, a superficial observation makes us acquainted with the ants merely as mischievous and troublesome animals; for, if on a longer residence, and daily wandering in the forests, we perceive that these countless animals are, in many respects, of service, still it is doubtful whether the advantage is not more than counter-balanced by the mischief which they do. One of the indubitably very useful kinds, and which does not attack man unless provoked, is the Peruvian wandering ant, called in the language of the Incas *guagna-mague*; a name which is commonly, and very justly, translated *Que hace llorar los ojos*,—"which makes the eyes water;" for, if their bite gives pain for a few minutes only, he who imprudently meddles with them is bitten by so many at once, that he finds it no joke. It is in the mountains where this courageous insect lives, for it comes in endless swarms from the wilderness, where it again vanishes. It is generally in the rainy season, and it can scarcely be guessed in what manner it will come; but it is not unwelcome, because it does not attack the plantations, and destroys innumerable pernicious insects of other kinds, and even amphibious animals and small quadrupeds. The broad columns go forward disregarding every obstacle, the millions march close together in a swarm that takes hours in passing; while, on both sides, the warriors distinguished by their size and

colour, move busily backward and forward, ready for defence, and likewise employed in looking for and attacking animals which are so unfortunate as to be unable to escape, either by force or by rapid flight. If they approach a house, the owner readily catches every part and goes out of their way; for all noxious vermin that may have taken up their abode in the roof of palm-leaves, the insects and larvae which do much more damage than one is aware of, are all destroyed or compelled to seek safety in flight. The most secret recesses of the huts do not escape their search, and the animal that waits for their arrival is infallibly lost. They even, as the natives affirm, overpower large snakes, for the warriors quickly form a circle round the reptile, while basking in the sun, which on perceiving its enemies endeavours to escape, but in vain; for six or more of the enemy have fixed themselves upon it, and, while the tortured animal endeavours to relieve itself by a single turn, the number of its foes is increased a hundred fold; thousands of the smaller ants from the main column hasten up, and, in spite of the writhings of the snake, wound it in innumerable places, and in a few hours nothing remains of it but a clean skeleton.

"To whatever side you turn your eyes about Pampayack, you see only a wilderness of thickly wooded mountains, where civilized man has never established himself, or has appeared only as a transitory passenger, leaving no trace behind. The soul of the observer is filled with a feeling of melancholy by the fact, that in the tropical countries the works of man disappear more completely and more rapidly than in any other habitable part of the globe, while Nature alone, vindicating her rights, flourishes unchanged in eternal youth and vigour. History speaks of colonies that once flourished in those mountains; but, did not scarcely perceptible traces in the forest indicate that trodden paths formerly connected the houses which have disappeared, we should be inclined to doubt the fact. Events that happened only a century ago are enveloped, in the wildernesses of the New World, in the veil of uncertain and obscure tradition; and what, to the inhabitant of the Eastern hemisphere, the theatre of a history embracing some thousand years, would appear like events of the last twelve-month, bears, in the equatorial countries of America, which are destitute of historical record, and amidst the overpowering energies of Nature, the character of venerable antiquity. Some decayed now uninhabited huts, and a plantation of coca, are the only remains of Cuchero, once the seat of a numerous population, and so highly extolled by the Spanish botanists. Of the missions, which once proceeded from the mountains of Cuchero, and extended over the desert where no white man has since set his foot, not the slightest trace remains."

The author, having mentioned the coca plantation, gives a very long account of that remarkable plant, which has now become an indispensable necessity of life among the Indians of the Andes, and, as an article very extensively cultivated, deserves great attention. The coca (*Erythroxylon Coca*, Lam.) is a bush

from six to eight feet high, somewhat like a blackthorn, which it resembles in its numerous small white blossoms, and the lively bright green of the leaves. These leaves, which are gathered and carefully dried, are an article of brisk trade, and the use of them is as old as the first knowledge of the history of Peru. It is a stimulant, which acts upon the nerves in the same manner as opium. Unhappily, the use of it has degenerated into a vice which seems incurable. The Indians of America, especially those of the Peruvian Andes, notwithstanding the civilization which surrounds them, have a vague sense of their own incurable deficiency, and hence they are eager to relieve themselves, by violent excitements, from such melancholy feelings. This accounts, not only for the use of the coca, but also for the boundless love of spirituous liquors, which possesses scarcely any other people in the world in an equal degree. To the Peruvian, the coca is the source of the highest gratification; for under its influence his usual melancholy leaves him, and his dull imagination presents him with images which he never enjoys in his usual state of mind. If it cannot entirely produce the terrible feeling of over-excitement, that opium does, yet it reduces the person who uses it to a similar state, which is doubly dangerous, because, though less in degree, it is of far longer duration. This effect is not perceived until after continued observation; for a new comer is surprised indeed at the many disorders to which the men of many classes of the people are subject in Peru, but is very far from ascribing them to the coca. A look at a determined coquero gives the solution of the phenomenon; unfit for all the serious concerns of life, such a one is a slave to his passion, even more than the drunkard, and exposes himself to far greater dangers to gratify his propensity. As the magic power of the herb cannot be entirely felt, till the usual concerns of daily life, or the interruptions of social intercourse, cease to employ the mental powers, the genuine coquero retires into solitary darkness or the wilderness, as soon as his longing for this intoxication becomes irresistible. When night, which is doubly awful in the gloomy forest, covers the earth, he remains stretched out under the tree which he has chosen; without the protection of a fire near him, he listens with indifference to the growling of the ounce; and when, amid peals of thunder, the clouds pour down torrents of rain, or the fury of the hurricane uproots the oldest trees, he regards it not. In two days he generally returns, pale, trembling, his eyes sunk, a fearful picture of unnatural indulgence. He who has once been seized with this passion, and is placed in a situation that favours its development, is a lost man.

The author heard in Peru truly deplorable accounts of young

men of good families, who, in an accidental visit to the woods, began to use coca to pass away the time, soon acquired a relish for it, and from that moment were lost to the civilized world, and, as if under some malignant spell, refused to return to the towns. We are told how the relations at length discovered the fugitive in some remote Indian village, and, in spite of his tears, dragged him back to his home. But these unhappy persons were as fond of living in the wilderness, as averse to the more orderly mode of life in the towns; for public opinion condemns the white coquero, as it does an incorrigible drunkard among us. They, therefore, take the earliest opportunity of escaping to the woods, where degraded, unworthy of the white complexion, the stamp of natural superiority, and become half savages, they fall victims to premature death, through the immoderate use of this intoxicating herb.

Dr. Poeppig passed more than five months in the solitude of Pampayaco, leading a very uniform life, solely occupied with the increase of his collections, in which he was very successful. Christmas was at hand, and some preparations were made, as well as circumstances would permit in that lonely spot, to keep the festival, even though alone. But fortune had otherwise determined, for, going out on the evening of the 23d of December, to cut down a tree that was in blossom, he suddenly felt a pain in his instep, like that caused by a drop of burning sealing wax, and, looking round, discovered a very large serpent close to him, coiled up with its head erect, seeming rather to be satisfied with what it had done, than to be meditating a second attack. From a sudden impulse, he attempted to kill the serpent, which he at length succeeded in doing, and then, recollecting his own danger, hastened to the house, which was about five hundred paces distant. But his foot had swelled considerably before he reached it. Happily, a creole inhabitant of Pampayaco, who was at hand, proceeded to the operation, though the Indians who were called in, after looking for the snake, declared the wound to be mortal, with the composure which is usual to them, and probably originates in their being accustomed to a nature, which daily threatens visible or supposed dangers. A blue spot, an inch broad, and two black points resembling the puncture of a needle, quite cold, and almost without feeling, showed where the bite had been inflicted. As being no instruments, the skin was pierced with a pin and cut away in a circle to the muscles, but the pain was so unlike that of a surgeon's, that it gave considerable pain. Black blood flowed copiously from it, for a large vein had, perhaps fortunately, been divided. The most painful part of the operation was, the application of a piece of gold chain

heated red hot, because, according to a superstitious notion of the Peruvians, silver or iron does harm. Meanwhile, the general pain increased so much, such frequent fainting fits ensued, and it was so probable that death would follow, that no time was to be lost. Our traveller wrote a few lines with a blacklead pencil to bid a last adieu to his friends in Lima and in his distant home. He urged those who surrounded him to send his collections and papers according to his directions, and promised them that they should have the rest of his effects. Having thus settled his worldly affairs, and reached, perhaps for the last time, his wretched bed, all around appeared to be involved in night, and, as he became insensible, the pain diminished. Long after midnight he recovered from his lethargy, and the vigour of youth obtained the victory; for a burning fever, a profuse perspiration, and a peculiar and severe shooting pain in the wounded limb, were indications of safety. But a storm howled in the forest, which an ill-secured place in the leaf thatch could not resist, and large drops fell upon the sufferer. With much difficulty, he succeeded in moving his burning head out of the way, but his body was so swelled that it was almost impossible to move. No friendly hand was near to present a cooling beverage, or to prevent the rain from entering. The Indian, who had been left by the others to watch, convinced that death had taken place, and seized with superstitious fear, had long before fled to his companions. It was not till morning that curiosity attracted some persons, and relieved him from his painful situation. The succeeding days passed in great agony, for a large wound had been formed, and indications of the poison long remained.

"A fortnight elapsed before I was able, with the assistance of an Indian, to leave my bed, and, stretched on the skin of an ounce before the door of my hut, again to enjoy the pure air and a more cheerful prospect. It was a lovely mild morning; several trees of the most beautiful kinds had blossomed during my imprisonment, and now looked invitingly from the neighbouring wood. The gay butterflies sported familiarly around, and the voices of the birds sounded cheerfully from the crowns of the trees. As if desirous to reconcile her faithful disciple, and to make him forget what he had suffered, Nature appeared in her most festive dress. Gratitude and emotion filled my heart, for certainly the goodness of the Supreme Power, in His care of man, is manifested in nothing so much as the faculty, originally bestowed upon every individual, of finding in the intercourse with the beautiful world of plants and animals, even under the pressure of severe suffering, a never-failing source of consolation and of joy."

Towards the end of January, 1830, preparations were made to prosecute the journey down the river into the interior of Peru;

but the effects of our traveller's wound, together with the great privations and hardships which he had endured, had so weakened his constitution, that he was attacked by an intermittent fever. This caused such delay, that he did not reach Huanuco till the end of March, whence he sent his collections to Lima—but he was detained there three weeks from the effects of the fever. He was obliged to go himself to Cerra de Pasco, in order to receive the goods and money which were to defray the expense of his stay in the missions, of his journey to the coast of the Atlantic, and of his voyage to Europe. He returned at the beginning of May to Cassapi, where he had the pleasure of finding the Indians with whom he was to navigate the upper part of the river Huallaga. The voyage down this river, and the occasional excursions into the country, were particularly interesting. At Uchiza, a village of the missions, he met with the priest, a worthy old Spaniard, the only one of his nation and profession who had not sunk in the storms of the revolution. Don Ramon Bazadrea, a Franciscan monk—a native of Galicia—had lived for more than forty years * in the missions of the Upper Huallaga—and, since the expulsion of the Spaniards, was the only European on the banks of that river. This friendly, though very poor, old man was not a little rejoiced at seeing a countryman in his desert, for, in the interior of America, the distinctions and prejudices of the several nations of our part of the world vanish, and it is sufficient to have crossed the ocean to be considered by the European settler in the forest as a relation. His next station was at Tocache, formerly a flourishing mission, where, by consent of the priest of Uchiza, he took possession of the most habitable part of the ancient mission-house, and remained two months, himself and his servant being the only inhabitants of the village. At the end of August, however, the priest of Uchiza came to Tocache, which was a sign for the scattered inhabitants of the mission to assemble, as they always do when the missionary is there. Perhaps an approaching holiday of the church was a still greater inducement to their assembling; for unhappily the Christian religion, though established among them above a hundred years, is valued by these Indians only because it gives them opportunities for drinking bouts in the numerous holidays which are observed.

On the 1st of September, Dr. Poeppig embarked from Tocache, and arrived on the 14th at the village of Huanuco, inhabited by Indians of the nation of the Xainta, and in the best state of preservation of any on the Upper Huallaga. Here he was obliged to stop for nearly three weeks, because the festival of San Roque, the patron of the village, was at hand, and the Indians could not be * to miss the opportunity of celebrating it in their usual

way. The collection of live animals was increased in Sion by acquisitions from the Indians who returned from the chase. That numbers of apes must live in the forests, appeared from the quantities of smoked monkeys which this party brought back. They had lived for eight days on the flesh of monkeys, and yet brought 260 with them, besides a great number that were alive, and, notwithstanding their short captivity, remarkably tame. Their mode of treating the old monkeys is original enough. They wound them with arrows steeped in weak poison, which only stupifies them; they suck the wound when the beast falls from the tree, bury him up to the neck in fresh mould, and cram his mouth with salt, by way of antidote. When the monkey has come to himself, they bind him in broad pieces of cloth, like a child in swaddling clothes, only so tight that it is impossible for him to move. So the prisoner remains a couple of days, and is drenched with salt water as long as he shows the least disposition to bite. Those that are very violent are hung up at intervals in the smoke over the fire. In a short time they are compelled to eat cooked provisions, seasoned with capsicum, as the mode of teaching them the ways of man; and in fact this method of cure, rough as it is, seldom fails.

Proceeding on the voyage, our traveller reached, on the 6th of December, the village of Yurimaguas, the first in the province of Maynas, where he remained till the month of July in the following year. An entire chapter is dedicated to the description of the province and its productions—the manners of the Indians of the missions—the present state of the natives, &c. The collections were here augmented by eight large chests filled with the skins of animals, and many pages of written descriptions and numerous drawings prove what may be done by industry in the forests, where the claims of European society, that take up so much time, are unknown. The last chapter in the work contains the account of the voyage down the Amazons to Pará. His progress down this mighty river as far as Ega, where he proposed to make some stay, was attended with numerous dangers. But the dull and uniform banks offered little matter for observation. At Ega he received great kindness from Señor Bernardino Cauper, a Portuguese, as much distinguished by his superior education as by the goodness of his heart. The necessary preparations for resuming his occupations as a naturalist were soon made, and, a rising of the river in the latter part of the year preventing excursions by land, the author made use of his boat. The lake, which is equal in size to that of Newfoundland, has numerous arms running into the interior, which, when the water is high, form navigable canals into the heart of the forests. His

boat was remarkable for its lightness and rapid sailing, but only large enough to hold himself, his Peruvian servant, and his faithful dog. They were often absent for days together, and ventured to the astonishment of the natives, into very distant canals, which none willingly visit, because they are supposed to be the haunts of gigantic water snakes and innumerable alligators, which, with the most fearless audacity, surround the frail bark.

Among the numerous plants, he was particularly struck with the aquatic, which almost equal in size the celebrated rafflesia, but far surpass it in the splendour of their colours. At Ega appeared the first symptoms of the frightful state of revolution which had already commenced in that part of Brazil. The troops of plundering and bloodthirsty Mestigos, Mulattoes, and Negroes had assembled in the environs of Pará, and had entered the Amazonas in numerous boats, having even been joined by part of the soldiers sent against them. They went from place to place, avoiding only the larger towns, murdered the Whites with incredible cruelty, and plundered and burnt the plantations.

Dr. Poeppig sailed from Ega on the 12th of February, in a boat of thirty tons belonging to M. Cauper, who lent it with a cargo of produce to Pará, and let out the cabin to our author. They were, however, obliged to turn back, in consequence of an official order which had been received, calling on the inhabitants to prepare to resist the anarchists, and forbidding any person to quit the place, so that they did not finally leave Ega till the 8th of March, 1832, after a residence of seven months.

With the exception of a few interruptions, the voyage to Pará resembled a flight, for the object was to reach that capital of the province, before the apprehended separation of the interior took place, and civil war broke out. The latter part of the voyage was attended with great danger. After leaving Santarem, they suffered from want of provisions, as the inhabitants of the villages had fled, or prudence induced them to pass by under cover of the night.

The natural consequences could not fail to result, for, while I, for the first time since my four-year travelling, was so severely exhausted that the will was almost annihilated by indigestion, dysentery, and colic attacked the poor doctor, who was then to conduct the heavy vessel to Pará, through a labyrinth of narrow channels. Our voyage amidst this Archipelago was so tedious, that the Indians were so infected by the small-pox, that they were unable to row the vessel, and thus they were obliged to wait for the ebb, or from the necessity of procuring provisions, to anchor at some suspicious place. With some apprehensions of danger, we entered the broad bay of Imbembé, which seemed to us no very unsafe pass, but which we were obliged to choose, because the Rio Negro, a much less dangerous

lateral branch, was in the possession of the rebels. Amidst these hardships we had advanced but slowly, and were scarcely able, on the 22d of April, to see the opposite shore of the basin. We soon entered into branches of the stream, between banks where the vegetation appeared more pleasing. Nothing yet indicated the vicinity of a great commercial city, for the majestic forests rose from the shores of the stream with the same virgin beauty and stillness as in the distant and uninhabited shores of the Peruvian Marañon. Morning at length dawned. The report of a cannon rolled over the surface of the water, others succeeded at regular intervals, and the melodious sound of many bells was added, and announced to us the long wished-for secure asylum of Pará, and the morning of Easter Sunday. The light mist sank into the water, and the beams of the rapidly rising sun illumined the long rows of houses of the well-built city. Some ships of war and numerous merchantmen formed the foreground of the beautiful picture; and the flags of my native Europe, as if to welcome her son on his escape from so many dangers, slowly unfolded their gay colours in the morning breeze. The anchor dropped, the broad continent was crossed; the goal was attained; and a look of gratitude was raised to Him, who, with a mighty hand, had guided the solitary wanderer, where human aid and human pity would have been sought in vain.

“Pará was in that state of excitement and party hatred which had already many times led to bloodshed, and was therefore very far from offering a quiet abode. The friendly care of Messrs. John Heaketh, Wilkinson, and Campbell, in conjunction with a more regular way of life, contributed so much to restore my strength, that I was able, at the expiration of ten days, to exchange the noisy city for the more agreeable abode in Colares, a little fishing village near the sea coast. Almost three months passed in waiting for a ship bound for the Netherlands. Though this last period was, for many reasons, less productive than the preceding, it furnished some additions to my collections, especially in live palms, which, however, were unfortunately partly destroyed in a storm during the voyage, and partly by a stray bomb of the French at Antwerp, where they had been left for the winter in the care of a gardener. Soon after my arrival in Colares, some painful hours were caused by the death of my faithful dog Pater, who had courageously accompanied me for five years, from Valparaiso to the coast of Brazil, through the storms of the ocean and the hardships of snow-covered mountains; had been always a faithful and cheerful companion on blooming hills and in dark forests; had faithfully shared joy and fatigue, abundance and poverty; and now, at the end of the journey, sunk under the effects of the last suffering. Nine years fell upon the grave, which an orange-tree overshadowed, and which received the faithful animal to whom, after the lapse of years, the emotion and gratitude of his former master here shed a precious monument.

“The Belgian brig *Clément*, sailing for Antwerp, bound for Antwerp, offered a favourable opportunity for returning home. Only a few days were spent in Pará, from which we sailed in the forenoon of the 7th of August. A few moments were the moments of retreating from

America, the land of wonders, which, as it had many years before received the novice on the shores of the West Indies, in the full splendour of the tropical morning, now dismissed him in friendly repose, in the evening twilight. The unclouded sun sunk with accelerated rapidity in the horizon, and his last beams fell on the distant lines of the primeval forest, which here covers the flat coast of Brazil even to the sea. Night at length drew over all 'her slow and gradual veil,' the continent had vanished, and reminiscences alone remained as the fairest fruits of past enjoyments."

Thus then we have accompanied our traveller in his long and often perilous wanderings; we have seen him bear, with uninterrupted equanimity, fatigues, hardships, dangers, and total seclusion from human society, supported by his admiration of the magnificent evidences of creative power, which, in those scenes of wonder and astonishment, so forcibly impel the contemplative mind "to look through nature up to nature's God." We have conceived his enthusiasm, for though we have not had the fortune to visit personally the scenes which he describes, we have listened with delight to a Humboldt, to a Martius, and other adventurous explorers of these continents, whose labours have made us better acquainted with the inmost recesses of these regions, than with some countries nearer home. We have at times indulged in Elysian dreams of some future age; when the hand of man shall have disarmed nature of her terrors, without despoiling her of her magnificence; when civilization shall have spread its blessings, without its evils, and the temples of a pure religion shall have taken the place of the hut of the savage and of the tiger's den. But these Utopian visions have been too soon dispelled by truth's unpitying beam, which has revealed to us a far different prospect. We behold with a conviction which no arguments can weaken, with a vividness of perception which no efforts of our own can soften, the certainty of an impending and tremendous conflict between the white, the negro, the coloured, and the Indian population, the fearful nature of which it is as easy to foresee as it is awful to contemplate. Such is also the opinion of Dr. Poeppig, who, in his account of Chili, has the following observations:

"No country in America enjoys, to such a degree as Chili, the advantages which a state derives from an homogeneous population and the absence of caste. If this young republic rose more speedily than any of the others from the anarchy of the revolutionary struggle, and has attained a high degree of civilization and order, with a rapidity of which there is no other example in this continent, it is chiefly indebted for these advantages to the circumstance, that there are extremely few people of colour among its citizens. These various transitions of one race into the other are here unknown, which

strangers find it so difficult to distinguish, and which, in countries like Brazil, must lead, sooner or later, to a dreadful war of extermination, and in Peru and Columbia will defer to a period indefinitely remote the establishment of general civilization, * * * If it is a great evil for a state to have two very different races of men for its citizens, the discord becomes general, and the most dangerous collisions ensue, when, by an unavoidable mixture, races arise which belong to neither party, and in general inherit all the vices of their parents, but very rarely any of their virtues. If the population of Peru consisted of only Whites and Indians, the situation of the country would be less hopeless than it must now appear to every calm observer. Destined, as they seem by Nature herself, to exist on the earth as a race, for a limited period only, the Indians, both in the north and south of this vast continent, in spite of all the measures which humanity dictates, are becoming extinct with equal rapidity, and in a few centuries will leave to the Whites the undisputed possession of the country. With the Negroes the case is different; they have found in America a country which is even more congenial to their nature than the land of their origin, so that their numbers are almost everywhere increasing, in a manner calculated to excite the most serious alarm. In the same proportion as they multiply, and the white population is no longer recruited by frequent supplies from the Spanish peninsula, the people of colour likewise become more numerous. Hated by the dark mother, distrusted by the white father, they look on the former with contempt, on the latter with an aversion, which circumstances only suppress, but which is insuperable, as it is founded on a high degree of innate pride. All measures suggested by experience and policy, if not to amalgamate the heterogeneous elements of the population, yet to order them so that they might subsist together without collision, and contribute in common to the preservation of the machine of the state, have proved fruitless. * * * The late revolutions have made no change in this respect. The hostility, the hatred, of the many coloured classes will continue a constant check to the advancement of the state, full of danger to the prosperity of the individual citizens, and perhaps the ground of the extinction of entire nations. The fate which must sooner or later befall the greater part of tropical America which is filled with negro slaves, which will deluge the fairest provinces of Brazil with blood, and convert them into a desert, where the civilized white man will never again be able to establish himself, may not indeed afflict Peru and Columbia to the same extent; but these countries will always suffer from the evils resulting from the presence of an alien race. If such a country as the United States feels itself checked and impeded by its proportionably less predominant black population; and if there, where the wisdom and power of the government are supported by public spirit, remedial measures are sought in vain; how much greater must be the evil in countries like Peru, where the supine character of the Whites favours incessant revolutions, where the temporary rulers are not distinguished either for prudence or real patriotism, and the infinitely rude Negro possesses

only brutal strength, which makes him doubly dangerous in such countries, where morality is at so low an ebb? He and his half descendant, the Mulatto, joined the white Peruvian, to expel the Spaniards, but would soon turn against their former allies, were they not at present kept back by want of moral energy and education. But the Negro and the man of colour, far more energetic than the white Creole, will in time acquire knowledge, and a way of thinking that will place them on a level with the Whites, who do not advance in the same proportion, so as to maintain their superiority."

When we consider all these circumstances, when we see Buenos Ayres even now harassed, by perpetual wars with the Indians, when we think of the frightful crimes that have already taken place at Pará, we cannot but anticipate the consequences that must ensue, if the Negroes should rise in a general insurrection, and be joined by the native Indians. We wonder at the blind infatuation of the Brazilians, who, in defiance of their own laws, still import 100,000 new slaves every year from Africa; and we feel our minds depressed by the melancholy persuasion, that the future fate of these fine countries will prove even more tremendous, than the awful denunciation which threatens to visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, even to the third and fourth generation.

We must not omit to mention, with due commendation, the sixteen striking views of the scenery of the Andes, which accompany this interesting work.

ART. II.—1. *Lex Romana Burgundionum: ex Jure Romano et Germanico illustravit* August. Frideric. Barkow, J. U. Doctor, et in Universitate Literaria Gryphiswaldensi Antecessor. Gryphiswaldiæ. 1826. 8vo.

2. *Corpus Legum, sive Brachylogus Juris Civilis: ad fidem quattuor codicum scriptorum et principum editionum emendavit, commentarios criticos, locorum similium annotationem, notitiam litterariam, indicesque adjecit, ineditam incerti scriptoris Epitomen Juris Civilis, medio duodecimo sæculo factam, ex codice Tubingensi edidit* Eduardus Böcking, Juris utriusque Doctor, et in Universitate Frider. Guil. Rhenana E. G. Professor Publicus. Berolini. 1829. 8vo.

3. *Lex Dei, sive Mosaicarum et Romanarum Legum Collatio: e codicibus manuscriptis Vindobonensi et Vercellensi, nuper repertis, auctam atque emendatam edidit, notis indicibusque illustravit* Fridericus Blume, Hamburgensis, in Academia Georgia

Augusta Antecessor, Magn. Brit. Hannoveræque Regi ab Aulæ Cons. Bonnæ. 1833. 8vo.

Dissensiones Dominorum, sive Controversiæ veterum Juris Romani Interpretum qui Glossatores vocantur: edidit et annotationibus illustravit Gustavus Haenel, Lipsiensis. Insunt anonymæ vetus Collectio, Rogerii Dissensiones Dominorum, Codicis Christiani Collectio, Hugolini Diversitates sive Dissensiones Dominorum super toto Corpore Juris Civilis; quibus adcedunt Excerpta e Rogerii Summa Codicis, Hugolini Distinctionibus et Questionum Collectionibus. Omnia præter Rogerii Dissensiones nunc primum e codicibus edita, et indicibus rerum, glossatorum, legum, glossarum instructa. Lipsiæ. 1834. 8vo.

OF the ardour and enthusiasm with which the study of the civil law is now prosecuted in Germany, these four publications afford a signal proof. In what other country would the same books find such able editors, or indeed any editors whatsoever; and in what other country would they have found publishers? Here we are not presented with the precious reliques of the classical civilians, of such writers as Caius, Ulpian, and Paulus, but with those of nameless writers of the lower and middle ages. Every scattered remnant of ancient jurisprudence, however mutilated or disfigured, attracts the eager attention of the learned jurists with whom that country so conspicuously abounds: they possess sufficient industry, as well as sufficient skill, to separate the gold from the dross; and, from the most unpromising materials, from what to less practised eyes might appear a heap of rubbish, they sometimes extricate fragments of no inconsiderable value. It is besides to be noted that men of erudition have their own peculiar recreations, in which the uninitiated cannot participate, and of which they cannot form an adequate conception; nor is it very hard to conceive that Haubold or Hänel may have been as much entertained with the *Dissensiones Dominorum*, as any slender damsel with the most bepuffed of all the novels that have issued from any metropolitan shop. We must certainly admit that the entertainment is neither identical nor similar; but different palates are gratified by dishes of the most dissimilar flavour.

The book here described as *Lex Romana Burgundionum* was originally printed under the perplexing and inappropriate title of "Papiani Liber Responsorum," and under that title it has generally been quoted and recognized. In the year 1566, it was first published by Cujacius, who subjoined it to his edition of the Theodosian Code. The name of Papianus was utterly unknown in the annals of jurisprudence; nor does the book contain the

opinions of a lawyer on particular cases, but a formal treatise on various titles of the law. It seems indeed to be ascertained beyond all doubt that the name of the author, as well as the title of the book, is only to be traced to an error of the copyist and inadvertency of the editor. Of the *Breviarium of Anianus*, all the complete manuscripts conclude with a minute fragment of an illustrious civilian, "Papiniani lib. 1. Responsorum;" but in this as well as in other passages where the name occurs, it is uniformly written *Papianus* instead of *Papinianus*.* As the error is thus repeated in different places, it may have originated from the use of a contraction in writing the name. Cujacius is supposed to have printed from a manuscript in which the fragment now mentioned was immediately succeeded by the *Lex Romana*, and to have mistaken the rubric of this fragment for that of the succeeding treatise. In the Vatican Library there is a manuscript which exhibits the very same contents and arrangement. In a subsequent edition, printed at Paris in 1586, he varied the title of the book, describing it as "Burgundionis J. C. qui Papiani Responsorum titulum præfert, liber." This description refers us to the true origin of the book, which appears very clearly to have been compiled for the use of the Roman subjects belonging to the ancient kingdom of Burgundy.

In the preamble to the *Lex Burgundionum*, we meet with the following passage: "Inter Romanos vero interdicto simili conditione venalitatis crimine, sicut a parentibus nostris statutum est, Romanis legibus præcipimus judicari: qui formam et expositionem legum conscriptam, qualiter judicent, se noverint accepturos, ut per ignorantiam se nullus excuset."† This passage was written in the second year of the reign of Gundebald, that is, in the year 517. His barbarian subjects were to be governed by one code of laws, and his Roman subjects by another. When the first code was completed, the second was promised: the Roman subjects, indulged with the privilege of being governed by their national laws, were to be furnished with such a form and exposition as should regulate the judicial proceedings in which they were solely concerned. Lindenbrog perceived that the work ascribed to Papianus was precisely such a compendium as might be supposed to suit this purpose; and Cujacius had evidently arrived at the same conclusion when he described it as the work of a Burgundian lawyer. Gottsfredus and other writers remarked that the order of arrangement was almost the very same in both works; and, as this order is not such as

* Conradi Parerga, p. 101. Savigny, Ed. ii. S. 24.

† Lindenbrogii Codex Legum Antiquarum, p. 267. edit. Francof. 1613, fol.

obviously presents itself, we naturally infer that, so far as relates to the distribution of the titles, the one book served as a model for the other. A strong presumption likewise arises from the barbarian regulations which this civilian borrows from the laws of the Burgundians. The second title, *De Homicidiis*, concludes with the subsequent passage: "Et quia de pretiis occisorum nihil evidenter lex Romana constituit, dominus noster statuit observandum, ut, si ingenuus ab ingenuo fuerit interemptus, et homicida ad ecclesiam confugerit, ipse qui homicidium admisit, cum medietate bonorum suorum occisi heredibus serviturus addicatur, reliqua medietas facultatis ejus heredibus relinquatur. Si vero servus cujuscunque occisus fuerit ab ingenuo, et ipse homicida ad ecclesiam convolaverit, secundum servi qualitatem infra scripta domino ejus pretia cogatur exsolvere, hoc est, pro actore c. sol., pro ministeriali lx., pro aratore, aut porcario, aut virvicario, aut aliis servis xxx., pro aurifice electo c., pro fabro ferrario l., pro carpentario xl. inferantur. Hoc ex præcepto domini regis convenit observari." The Roman laws had not, like the barbarian codes of the middle ages, regulated the price of blood; but the Roman subjects of this barbarian king were not to be left without a table of fees. The prices for the homicide of different classes of persons generally correspond with the regulations established by the code of the Burgundians.

This anonymous writer appears to have drawn his materials from the Institutes of Caius, the "*Sententiæ Receptæ*" of Paulus, the Gregorian, Hermogenian, and Theodosian Codes, and from the novels of several emperors. What he has derived from these different sources, is distinguished with great care and accuracy by the learned editor. The work, as now published, consists of forty-seven titles, which are generally very short and simple; nor is it to be supposed that all the leading objects of legal cognizance can be comprised within such narrow limits. As little is it to be expected that this civilian of Burgundy, writing during the sixth century, and at a distance from Constantinople and Berytus, can always be found a safe guide in questions of pure Roman law. The incidental value of his work has however been recognized by the most competent judges, and among the rest by Savigny, who remarks that it contains many passages of ancient jurisprudence, of which no other traces are now to be discovered.* The author had access to many pure sources, which have long been closed by the mouldering ruins of time. But he did not possess sufficient skill to preserve unsullied the valuable

* Savigny's *Geschichte des Römischen Rechts im Mittelalter*, Bd. ii. §. 32.

fragments which he incorporated in his motley fabric; and to render it available for the illustration of ancient jurisprudence, required no inconsiderable effort of learning, ingenuity, and industry. Such was the principal part of the task undertaken by Dr. Barkow; and this task he appears to have executed in a manner highly creditable to his professional character. The work, as appended to several early editions of the Theodosian Code, is without any commentary or notes. Schulting inserted it in his collection entitled "*Jurisprudentia vetus Ante-Justiniana*," which was first printed at Leyden in the year 1717, and he added some annotations which are not very elaborate. He was a man of great erudition, and of eminent knowledge of the civil law, but it was not consistent with his general plan to bestow much time and space upon this particular tract. After the lapse of half a century, the task of illustration was more ambitiously attempted than successfully performed by Amaduzzi. The text was next printed in the "*Jus Civile Antejustinianum*," which appeared at Berlin in the year 1815. This collection was published by an association of civilians; and the care of the *Lex Romana* devolved upon F. A. Biener, who has more recently distinguished himself by different works. He has subjoined various readings, but no commentary. Hitherto the book had never been published in a separate form; and this edition of Barkow is therefore recommended by many different circumstances. The volume commences with a preface, which extends to sixty-six pages, and embraces all the preliminary information that any reader could be supposed to require or wish for. A very elaborate commentary is placed under the text; after which follow the various readings, consisting of thirty-seven pages.

The work entitled *Lex Dei* is apparently a production of nearly the same age.* The author is supposed by Gothofredus to have been contemporary with Cassiodorus, who flourished about the middle of the sixth century. A conformity has been traced between the sentiments as well as the style of the two writers; and Blume has remarked that *quia*, instead of *quod*, and *incipit* governing an accusative, seem to indicate that the anonymous author could scarcely have written before the year 500. When his

* Various writers of a more recent age have instituted a formal comparison between the Jewish and Roman laws. One of these is William Wellwood, professor of law in the university of St. Andrews, who published a work bearing the following title: "*Juris Divini Judæorum ac Juris Civilis Romanorum Parallela; sive utriusque e suis undequaque sedibus ad verbum transcripti ocularis Collatio: auctore Gulielmo Velvod.*" Lugd. Bat. 1594, 4to. This work is followed by an appendix, with a regular title-page containing the same date: "*Ad expediendos Processus in Judiciis Ecclesiasticis, Appendix Parallelorum Juris divini humanique.*"

work was first discovered in the sixteenth century, Du Tillet, Charondas, Cujacius, and others, ascribed it to a certain Lucinius Rufinus; but upon what authority, or according to what conjecture, it appears extremely difficult to ascertain. They evidently could not confound him with an eminent lawyer of the same name, who was contemporary with Julius Paulus, and therefore belonged to a much earlier age. Zimmern, a recent and distinguished historian of the Roman law, is inclined to believe that he may have been a Jew; but we perceive no adequate reason for departing from the current opinion, which represents him as a Christian. Freherus and Otto suppose him to have been a monk: Blume replies that before the age of St. Benedict there were very few monks in the western parts of Europe, and still fewer who could have cultivated the study of letters. Cassiodorus, whom we have mentioned as the supposed contemporary of the anonymous writer, was himself the founder of a monastery in a remote part of Calabria, and in this retreat he closed a long life, which had been much devoted to profane as well as sacred literature. It is at least highly probable that the writer in question was an ecclesiastic of some denomination. The knowledge which he displays of the sacred writings renders this an obvious conjecture. From his mode of addressing the lawyers, "scitote jurisconsulti," it has been inferred that he was not himself of their number, for this is not like a man addressing a body to which he himself belonged. Blume, by some inadvertence, has stated that such an argument was first employed by Pinestres, in the prolegomena to his edition of Schulting's "*Jurisprudentia Ante-Justinianea*." Cernariæ, 1744, 12mo. In two different works, Gothofredus had anticipated this argument by an entire century.*

The chief value of such a work as this obviously lies in its preserving scattered fragments which might otherwise have been lost. The author had access to many treatises which have utterly perished, or of which we only possess the mutilated remains; and as he collected his materials with a considerable degree of industry, his labours have found due acceptance with the most learned of the modern civilians. Nor are they without some degree of interest to theologians.† The editor is inclined to believe that the passages of the Old Testament he must either have quoted by memory, or rendered from some Greek version. "*Quamobrem mea quidem sententia eo potissimum inclinât, col-*

* J. Gothofredi *Manuale Juris*, p. 63. *Prolegomena Codicis Theodosiani*, cap. iii.

† See Bishop Münter's *Fragmenta Versionis antiquæ Latinæ Antehieronimianæ*, in the *Miscellanea Hafniensia*, tom. ii. p. 89.

lectorem ea loca quæ adfert, vel memoria minus exacte tenuisse, vel ex Græca quadam interpretatione ipsum vertisse." Venema, a learned divine, was of opinion that he must either have employed a version of his own, or quoted from some version now unknown. The supposition of his relying to any extent upon his memory, in digesting so long a series of quotations, seems to fall considerably short of probability.

This relique of ancient jurisprudence has already appeared in about twenty different editions, of which the earliest was published by Pierre Pithou in the year 1573. Another was published by H. Stephanus in a small volume entitled "*Juris Civilis Fontes et Rivi*," which made its appearance in 1580. The tract was inserted in the collections of Van Leeuwen and Schulting. In the Berlin collection of 1815, it was printed under the superintendence of Biener. Notwithstanding the labours of so many precursors, Dr. Blume has found ample room for the exercise of his learning and industry. He has produced an elaborate and critical edition, which will be found of no inconsiderable value to those who prosecute similar studies with suitable ardour, with such ardour as is now displayed in the universities of Germany. His prolegomena, consisting of forty-four pages, exhibit a copious account of the book, of the manuscript copies which have hitherto been traced, and of the various editions and commentaries. One manuscript he himself discovered in the library of the chapter of Vercelli. His more brief notes, relating to the adjustment of the text, and containing references to the original sources from which it is derived, are placed at the bottom of each page; and, under the title of *Excursus critici*, he has subjoined some more extended annotations, which however are neither numerous nor diffuse. Several useful indices, prepared with due care and accuracy, close this curious volume.

The *Corpus Legum* evidently belongs to a more recent age. Senckenberg supposes it to have been written soon after the reign of Justinian, and he concludes that it must have been written by a native of Italy or Africa; but the arguments with which he supports these opinions are so extremely slender, that he appears to have made very few converts. A very different theory was proposed by Saxius; who conjectured that the real author of the work was no other than Apel, by whom he erroneously supposed it to have been originally published. Joannes Apellus, or Johann Apel, was born at Nürnberg in 1486, and died there in 1536. After completing his law studies, he became a canon of Würzburg, and councillor to the bishop; but, having been compelled to leave the diocese in consequence of marrying a nun, he was in 1524 appointed professor of law in the uni-

versity of Wittenberg, and for this office he was partly indebted to the friendship of Luther. In 1530 he became chancellor to the duke of Prussia; and it was during his residence at Königsberg that he found a manuscript of the work now under consideration. The manuscript he has described in his "*Isagoge per dialogum in iiii. lib. Institutionum.*" This work was subjoined to an edition of the ancient treatise, printed at Louvain in the year 1551; and, from his mention of such a manuscript being discovered on the remote shores of the Baltic, as well as from the similarity of his own method of expounding the law, Saxius, who imagined that this was the first edition, and that it was published by Apel himself, was led to suspect that he was the author of the work which he pretended to have rescued from oblivion. This opinion was adopted by Püttmann, Stockmann, and Hummel, but was sufficiently refuted by Cramer and Weis, and more recently by Savigny. Apel was never a professor at Louvain, and this edition appeared fifteen years after his death. The first edition of the *Brachylogus* was published in 1549, and several manuscripts of a much earlier date are still preserved. The fourth book, p. 131, contains a passage which furnishes us with some materials for chronology: "*Quod autem clericus adversus laicum testis esse non possit, vel contra, in capitulari legis Longobardicæ cautum est; in legibus autem Romanis non memini me invenisse; immo contrarium in multis locis constitutum esse cognovi.*" Here the author refers to a capitulary of Louis the Pious, who began his reign, in the year 814. Senckenberg, finding this note of time irreconcilable with his theory, rejects the passage as an interpolation; but, as it contains nothing to excite suspicion; and occurs in all the known manuscripts and editions, we think it impossible to approve of his trenchant mode of obviating a critical difficulty. From the passage lately quoted, Savigny infers that the book was written in Lombardy. He is disposed to refer its composition to the commencement of the twelfth century, and he even hazards a conjecture that it may have been the production of Irnerius.

None of the manuscripts, except that of Vienna, has any title prefixed, and the title which it exhibits is altogether inappropriate: "*Summa Novellarum Constitutionum Justiniani imp.*" The first two editions bear the inscription of "*Corpus Legum;*" and the third, published by Pesnot in 1553, is entitled "*Brachylogos totius Juris Civilis, sive Corpus Legum.*" Both titles have since been used in their turn. The plan of the work is nearly the same as that of the *Institutes of Justinian*, which the anonymous writer has partly abridged; and he has partly derived his materials from other sources, the *Pandects*, the *Code*, and the *Novels*. In his

quotations from the latter collection, he seems uniformly to have employed the epitome of Julianus, whom he has frequently copied word for word. Savigny is of opinion that he has made no use of the Breviarium of Anianus, but, with respect to this point, Böcking arrives at a different conclusion. As to the value of the work, they are sufficiently agreed. This value, it may easily be conceived, does not consist in any originality of discussion on the principles of the Roman law; but, in an historical point of view, the Brachylogus is of no small importance. It apparently belongs to the era immediately preceding that of the *glossatores*; and, as Savigny remarks, it serves to evince that some individuals then possessed a knowledge of the law by no means despicable.*

Dr. Böcking has enumerated twenty-two previous editions of the work. The first of these is appended to an edition of the Institutes, printed at Lyon in the year 1549, "apud Sennetonios Fratres." Several of the early editors have added notes. The edition of Reusner, Francofurti, 1585, 8vo. appeared "cum paratitlis ejusdem, ac notis perpetuis, quæ commentarii ~~vix~~ esse possunt." A more pompous edition was at length published by Senckenberg, a professor of law in the university of Giessen. Francofurti et Lipsiæ, 1743, 4to. In a long preface, which he is pleased to call *præfamen*, and which is written in a peculiar style of Latinity, the merits of his author are very highly estimated; and he there expresses his determination to adopt the Brachylogus as a text-book for his academical prelections. The choice cannot be considered as very judicious, nor is it to be supposed that his example found many imitators. Böcking has reprinted the prefaces of former editors, has subjoined an account of the different manuscripts and editions, and has discussed the age of the writer, as well as the merits of his work, and the sources of his knowledge. The preliminary matter occupies one hundred and twenty-eight pages, and contains very ample information. He has subjoined critical annotations, and, apart from these, perpetual references to the ancient texts; nor has he excluded the glosses and notes of the manuscripts and former editions. He seems to have been well qualified for the task which he undertook, and the book is now exhibited in a very satisfactory state. The Epitome inserted at the end of the volume had been previously noticed by Savigny and Schrader.

We now descend to the age of the *glossatores*, or those writers who used their best endeavour to elucidate the civil law soon after that study began to be prosecuted with renewed vigour.

* Savigny's Geschichte des Römischen Rechts im Mittelalter, Bd. ii. S. 255.

They laboured under many disadvantages, incident to a period of intellectual darkness. In the knowledge of philology and history, so requisite for understanding the scope and spirit of ancient jurisprudence, they were unavoidably deficient, and were therefore chargeable with mistakes and misconceptions into which no modern tiro could easily fall. But these peculiar faults must be imputed to the barbarous age in which they lived; their merits as acute and indefatigable expounders of the law were entirely their own. Some of the more recent and more elegant civilians, particularly Alciatus, Duarenus, Hotman, Govca, and Muretus, have treated them with undeserved contempt; but many others, and among these Cujacius, Gravina,* and Bynkershoek, have amply commended the sagacity and perseverance with which Accursius and the rest of that family have investigated the most intricate questions of law. Their merits were highly extolled by Wieling, in his "*Oratio pro Glossatoribus*;"† and Hänel has discussed their character with ability and discrimination.‡ Brunquell published a learned prolusion on their sects and controversies,§ which necessarily find a place in the general histories of the civil law; and, at a very recent period, the character and the works of the *glossatores* have been rendered more conspicuously known by the profound and masterly researches of Savigny.*

* Gravinae *Origines Juris Civilis*, p. 113.

† Wieling *Lectionum Juris Civilis libri duo*, p. 291. edit. Traj. ad Rhen. 1740, 8vo.

‡ "Quod vero glossatorum scripta edo," says Hänel, "neminem fore arbitror, qui in malam partem interpretetur. Etsi enim sunt, qui illos renascentis juris Romani auctores contemnunt, eosque meras ineptias protulisse audacter adfirmant, tamen isti glossatorum scripta non modo non legisse, verum ne inspexisse quidem videntur, quum si unius Azonis Summam et præcipue Lecturam Codicis leviter tantum gustassent, æquius fortasse judicium fecissent. Debemus enim in illis non solum acumen ingenii, verum etiam avimi constantiam admirari, qui omnibus fere subsidiis, quibus nostra ætate instructi sumus, destituti, ex ingentis molis voluminibus, sæpissime corrupte scriptis, disjecta doctrinæ membra conquirebant atque ordinabant, et quæ inter se pugnare viderentur, tam perite conciliabant, ut etiam nunc in jure controverso multas eorum opiniones, quanquam auctorum nomen reticentes, teneamus et in foro sequi non dedignemur. Omnino illi juris libros, quos possidebant, tam diligenter tractabant, ut eos memoria tenerent, tam docte et jucunde interpretabantur, ut incredibilis nobilissimorum ex omnibus Europæ partibus juvenum multitudo ad illorum scholas concurreret, quibus rebus tantam erant auctoritatem consecuti, ut de gravissimis causis, qui summam rerum illo tempore tenebant, ad eos referrent. Itaque glossatores semper colui, quum nitor et summa in excolendis operibus manus magis videri debeat temporibus quam ipsis defuisse, ut veteris quæ dicitur scholæ picturæ magni habeo, etsi nunc eadem res accuratius ad artis regulas pingi potest. Adjuvat præterea glossatorum lectio historię studium. Multæ enim opiniones multæque controversiæ etiam nunc agitatæ jam in glossatorum scriptis leguntur."

§ Brunquelli *Opuscula ad Historiam et Jurisprudentiam spectantia*, p. 305. Halæ Magd. 1774, 8vo.

* Savigny's *Geschichte des Römischen Rechts im Mittelalter*. Heidelberg, 1815-

The first and oldest tract which occurs in Dr. Hänel's collection, he conjectures to have been written in Italy about the middle of the twelfth century. The author, whose name has not been discovered, begins by stating that there are said to be four lilies of the law, yielding good and various odours: "*Quoniam quatuor esse legum dicuntur lilia, varios bonosque odores referentia.*" These fragrant lilies are Martinus, Bulgarus, Hugo a Porta Ravennate, and Jacobus Hugolinus, who were all professors of the civil law in the university of Bologna, and whose differences of opinion in expounding particular doctrines he undertakes to specify. But his attention is chiefly directed to the opinions of Martinus and Bulgarus.

The second tract, that of Rogerius Beneventanus "*De Dissensionibus Dominorum*," was first printed in the year 1537. An edition of it was published by Haubold,† to whose learned labours the students of ancient jurisprudence are so much indebted. Wenck, another very able professor in the same university, who has illustrated the history of the *glossatores*, is inclined to believe that the author wrote between 1127 and 1158; but Hänel fixes upon a period somewhat more recent, and places the composition of the work between 1150 and 1162. Of the materials supplied by his anonymous predecessor, Rogerius seems very freely to have availed himself.

Another work of a nameless author, described by a good alliteration as "*Codicis Chisiani Collectio*," follows in the order of arrangement. Hänel supposes it to have been written about the close of the twelfth century. The author mentions the names of many recent writers on the civil law, all of whom, so far as can be ascertained, were natives of Italy, and it is highly probable that he likewise belonged to that country. From the two previous collections he has transcribed entire paragraphs.

The "*Dissensiones Dominorum*" of Hugolinus form a work of much greater extent than the other three combined. It comprehends no fewer than 470 paragraphs. Savigny and Hänel are both of opinion that the author must have written about the beginning of the thirteenth century. He has to a great extent in-

31, 6 Bds. 8vo. How far the English lawyers are disposed or prepared to avail themselves of his researches, may partly be inferred from the following erudite passage, which occurs in a very recent publication: "*The Pandects were discovered at Amalfi in 1137, 2d Stephen. 3 Black. Com. 66.*" (Merewether and Stephens's History of the Boroughs and Municipal Corporations of the United Kingdom, vol. i. p. 6. Lond. 1835, 3 vols. 8vo.)

† Rogerii Beneventani de *Dissensionibus Dominorum*, sive de *Controversiis veterum Juris Romani Interpretum*, qui *Glossatores* vocantur, Opusculum: emendatius edidit D. Christianus Gottlieb Haubold, &c. Lipsiæ, 1821, 8vo.

corporated the collections of his three predecessors, and has made many additions of his own. He mentions most of the writers whose names occur in the third collection, together with several others, and among these Azo, Odericus, and Vacarius; of whom the latter is best known to our countrymen, as having been the first professor of the civil law in England. His history was however involved in much obscurity till the appearance of Wenck's very elaborate and accurate work.*

All these reliques of jurisprudence are published with the most scrupulous care and diligence; nor can it escape the observation of any one who inspects the volume, that the editor must have bestowed upon it no small portion of time and labour. He commences with a preface of sixty pages, and has illustrated his different authors with a double series of annotations, the one containing references to a variety of writers who have discussed the same subjects, and the other relating to the readings and emendation of the text. His references to manuscript authorities, and to other obscure sources of information, are very numerous. His style of annotation is concise, and he compresses much erudition within a narrow compass. Four different indices, very laboriously compiled, complete a volume of nearly eight hundred pages.

Dr. Hänel is a professor of law in the university of Leipzig, and is no unworthy successor of Haubold and Wenck. To his ardour in exploring the libraries of various countries, France, Switzerland, the Netherlands, Britain, Spain, and Portugal, we have elsewhere had occasion to allude. To this learned peregrination he devoted several years of his life, as well as some considerable share of his private fortune; and, returning to his native country with a very ample stock of materials, he speedily began to communicate to the public some portions of his literary wealth. The earliest of his works was his catalogue of manuscripts: the *Dissensiones Dominorum* followed after an interval of four years; and he now meditates editions of the Gregorian, Hermogenian, and Theodosian Codes, and of the *Breviarium* of Anianus. For such a task he is eminently qualified, not only by his learning and acuteness, but likewise by the previous course of his researches.

* 2. Magister Vacarius, primus Juris Romani in Anglia Professor, ex annalium monumentis et opere accurate descripto illustratus, Juris Romani in Bononiensis Scholæ initiis fortunam illustrans, emendationem, interpretationem hodiernam juvans, studiis Caroli Friderici Christiani Wenck, Jur. Doct. et Prof. Lips. Lipsiæ, 1820, 8vo.

- ART. III.—1. *Istoria d' Italia di Messer Francesco Guicciardini a miglior lezione ridotta*, dal Professore Giovanni Rosini. 6 vol. 8vo. Parigi, 1832.
2. *Storia d' Italia, continuata da quella del Guicciardini sino al 1789*, di Carlo Botta. 10 vol. 8vo. Parigi, 1833.
3. *Annali d' Italia dal 1750 al 1819, compilati da A. Coppi in continuazione di quelli del Muratori*. 4 vol. 8vo. Roma, 1827.

THE history of modern Italy, as essentially connected with the general history of the other European states, begins with the end of the fifteenth and the commencement of the sixteenth centuries. Before that time, and during that long preceding period called the middle ages, Italy, divided into numerous municipal republics and principalities, formed a political world of itself, the component parts of which were as much, if not more, divided and diversified in their social system, their interests, and their policy, as the other nations of Europe were among themselves. Accordingly, it is impossible to give a satisfactory single history of all Italy during the middle ages. Every republic, every principality, of that period has its own distinct annals or chronicles; which are like so many separate paintings, each occupying a frame of its own, so that, while we are looking into the history of Venice, of Florence, of Milan, of Genoa, of Rome, and of Sicily, we have a cosmoramic view of each of those States, but we can never embrace a panoramic outline of the whole of Italy. We find, it is true, the history of one state often connected with that of some of its neighbours, but the connection is merely temporary, and soon after we lose sight of it altogether. There was no preponderating power round which the other states moved in orbits; each formed a system of itself. From the time of the Lombard league, the Imperial authority in Italy had become merely nominal. The irruptions of the Angevins and the Aragonese had ended by establishing native dynasties in Southern Italy, independent of the countries whence they originally came. Venice was a maritime power more Oriental than Italian. The dominion of the popes, as temporal sovereigns, was very limited; their authority was contested by the barons and the municipalities, even in the territory nominally belonging to the See of Rome, and was restrained on every side by its neighbours,—Naples, Florence, and Venice. Some aspiring individuals,—the Visconti, Ladislaus of Naples, and Alfonso after him,—strove to create a preponderating power in Italy, but they failed. Wiser heads endeavoured to establish a balance of power between the Italian states, so as to secure the rights and independence of

each, resembling in principle the balance which the statesmen of Europe in after-ages conceived and strove to maintain, for the sake of guarding against the encroachments of the houses of Austria or of Bourbon. This equilibrium among the Italian states, between Florence and Milan, Venice and Naples, answered its purpose as long as the little world of Italy, insulated as it were from the rest of Europe, had to guard only against native ambition; but when there rose beyond the Alps other and much more formidable powers, who began to look upon Italy as an easy prey, then the Italian system of balance of power, instead of strengthening the country against the danger from abroad, weakened it by keeping alive old jealousies and animosities. A confederacy of all the Italian states would have been then more to the purpose. The great Lorenzo de' Medici perceived the want of such a bond of union, and he attempted to supply it by an alliance between Florence, Milan, and Naples, but his death frustrated his yet immature design. Private ambition, rival jealousies, and general dishonesty, opened Italy to the army of Charles VIII. and from that moment Italian independence was lost.

"So long as the three great nations of Europe (France, Germany, and Spain) were unable, through internal dissensions or foreign war, to put forth their natural strength, the Italians had so little to dread for their independence, that their policy was altogether directed to the regulation of the domestic balance of power among themselves. In the latter part of the 15th century a more enlarged view of Europe would have manifested the necessity of reconciling petty animosities, and sacrificing petty ambition in order to preserve the nationality of their governments, not by attempting to melt down Lombards and Neapolitans, principalities and republics, into a single monarchy, but by the more just and rational scheme of a common federation. The politicians of Italy were abundantly competent, as far as cool and clever understandings could render them, to perceive the interests of their country. But it is the will of Providence that the highest and surest wisdom, even in matters of policy, should never be unconnected with virtue."—*Hallam's Europe during the Middle Ages*, ch. iii.

Ludovico Sforza, in order to secure his usurpation of the duchy of Milan over his own nephew, invited the French to the conquest of Naples; Florence, under the weak Piero de Medici, abetted the invaders; and the Borgias at Rome, after repeatedly betraying both parties, sided with the stronger. The French went to Naples, were driven away, came again under Louis XII., and the Aragonese dynasty of Naples, who in their distress had applied to their relative, Ferdinand of Spain, for assistance, found themselves stripped of every thing by their own perfidious ally. The French and Spaniards then quarrelled about the spoils; the

French were worsted, and Spain remained in possession of Naples and Sicily. Lombardy, by means equally unjust, had fallen into the hands of Louis XII. and, to complete the total ruin of Italy, a pope, Julius II., allied himself with both French and Germans, to effect the destruction of Venice, the only Italian state that still maintained its independence. The same Julius, soon afterwards, feeling perhaps a return of Italian spirit and Italian sagacity, formed a fresh alliance with Venice and Spain to drive the French from Lombardy, and he succeeded, after having occasioned infinite mischief. The horrors of that war, 1509—12, the plunder of Vicenza, Padua, Legnago, and other towns, the storming and massacre of Brescia, are faithfully described by an eye-witness, Luigi da Porta in his *Lettere Storiche*, published for the first time in 1832. In the end, Louis XII. was obliged to give up Lombardy, which that prince, styled by French historians "the father of his people," had covered with blood and ruins, through his inordinate ambition. A third French king and a fresh army soon afterwards crossed the Alps to attempt the conquest of unfortunate Lombardy. The result was like that at Naples. The French conquered and again lost, and Charles V. remained in possession of the Milanese, as he was already of Southern Italy. The remaining Italian powers now thought of resistance, but it only served to rivet their chains. Rome was taken and horribly pillaged, 1527; and, soon after, 1530, Florence was obliged to submit to Charles and the Medici. All Italy lay prostrate at the foot of Spain.

This eventful period of 36 years, from the descent of Charles VIII. into Italy to the final subjugation of that country by Charles V., found a contemporary historian equal to the task of handing down its transactions to posterity. As this was the epoch in which the history of modern Italy first assumed a sort of unity of character, of condensation of interests, so was Guicciardini the first general historian of his country. The merits of his work are well known, and we need not here enlarge upon them. He was the friend of Machiavelli, from whom it seems very probable that he derived much information of which he availed himself for the earlier part of his work. It is well known that Machiavelli had collected materials for the continuation of his history of Florence, which breaks off at the death of Lorenzo in 1492. In the years that followed, Machiavelli was employed in several important missions, connected with the politics of Florence and of Italy in general, while Guicciardini was still little more than a boy, and it was only in 1512 that Guicciardini, then 30 years of age, was first employed on a political mission. Machiavelli was then a veteran in diplomacy. They afterwards

became intimately acquainted, and Machiavelli was twice sent on a mission to Guicciardini, who was then papal lieutenant, first at Modena in 1526, and afterwards at Parma in 1527. The conversation of such a man as Machiavelli could not but be singularly instructive to his junior brother diplomatist. For the rest, the tone of both historians is the same; they are both matter of fact narrators: they consider men such as they found them to be, and not such as they might or ought to have been, and they relate with the same imperturbability an act of atrocity as a generous deed. They expose weakness, errors of understanding, bad policy, but care little about the morality of actions. They seem to have thought, like some statesmen of our own days, that an error is worse than a crime. They appear biassed by no passion, either good or bad, but proceed straightforward with their sententious narrative, unmoved and inexorable. They account for the acts of men either from self-interest or ambition, lust or revenge, violence or pusillanimity, but seldom if ever from virtue. But where was virtue to be found among public men in Italy at that time? Was it to be met with among the Borgias, or in the ~~militant~~ Julius II., or among the Medicis? Was it to be found in Sforza, who betrayed his own country and poisoned his nephew; or in Trivulzio, who fought in the ranks of the invaders of his native land; or in Pescara, who revealed to Charles V. the secret of his brother conspirators; or in the weak, discordant, pusillanimous councillors of Florence? The policy of that republic, like that of all the Italian republics of the middle ages, was founded upon night and not upon right. Or, did virtue exhibit itself among the foreign kings and their generals who were desolating the fair fields of Italy—in a Ferdinand of Aragon or his general the great Gonzalo, who broke the promise he had given on the consecrated host; or in a Maximilian, ever faithless to his treaties; in Louis XII., who ground the unfortunate Milanese with taxes, and plundered their cities, and ransacked their libraries; or his nephew Gaston de Foix, who sent to the scaffold the brave defender of Brescia, Count Avogadro; in a Bourbon, who led the army of a Catholic and Apostolic Sovereign to attack the Pontiff in his own capital; or lastly, in those multitudes of foreign soldiers of all nations, between whom the only difference recorded is, that the French were the most insolent and licentious, the Germans the most brutal, the Swiss the most avaricious, and the Spaniards the most coldly and ingeniously cruel? Such were the scenes among which Guicciardini lived, such the period, the history of which he undertook to describe, and which he has sketched in all its fearful reality. In times of triumphant vice, historians are apt to be either misanthropists or

sceptics. In our own days, similar causes have produced in France the school of fatalist historians.

The editions of Guicciardini's history were generally incorrect or mutilated, until Professor Rosini of Pisa published his edition of 1820. He has corrected numerous passages, and has also, by a new and judicious distribution of the material arrangement of sentences and punctuation, imparted fluency to some of the more intricate and prolix periods of the text. Professor Rosini has added in the last volume an important "Essay on the Life and Works of Guicciardini," in which he gives a complete and impartial moral portrait of that great historian.

A continuation of Guicciardini's history had long been a desideratum in Italian literature. Botta, already known for his work on the contemporary history of Italy, was applied to, and he undertook the task in 1826. A hundred persons, mostly Italians, of various conditions and opinions, who admired Botta's now universally acknowledged abilities and honest frankness, subscribed together for the purpose of enabling him to devote himself to this laborious task, and to secure him some remuneration; as he had been only a loser by the publication of his former history. After five years, the work was completed in 1830.

Botta takes up the continuation of Guicciardini's history, from the year 1534, and brings it down to 1789, where it meets his previously published history of the revolutionary conquest of Italy by the French, and of the reign of Napoleon, which was reviewed in No. I. of this Journal.

The calamities of the sixteenth century were not altogether unattended by any compensation for Italy, with regard to its future political strength and independence. After the abdication of Charles V. in 1556, those Italian states which had retained, if not civil liberty, at least their own native government, recovered in some degree from their stupor, and exhibited less subserviency to the will of Spain. Cosmo I. Grand Duke of Tuscany, showed a determination to be the master in his own dominions; he baffled the intrigues of French and Spaniards, who both aimed at the possession of Siena, and at last succeeded in adding that city and its territory to the rest of Tuscany. The popes likewise made several important additions to their state. Several fiefs of the Colonna and other baronial families were incorporated. The duchy of Urbino became likewise united to the papal territory by the extinction of the House of La Rovere in 1632. A still more important acquisition was that of Ferrara, which had been for centuries under the D'Este, and which, after the death of Alfonso II. without issue in 1597, was united to the Roman state, which thus extended from the frontiers of Naples to the Po.

Parma and Piacenza were detached from the Milanese and given to the House of Farnese.

But the most important event in favour of Italian nationality, was the rapid rise of a warlike and independent monarchy at the foot of the Alps, which has ever since contributed more than any other in preserving the North of Italy from total subjugation, and which may yet be destined to render further services to the cause of Italian independence. By the peace of Chateau-Cambrésis between France and Spain in 1559, Emmanuel Philibert, Duke of Savoy and Prince of Piedmont, recovered possession of his dominions, which had been for a quarter of a century in the hands of the French. He was the real founder of the power of the House of Savoy in Italy, which under a succession of clever and brave princes increased with every subsequent reign. His son, Charles Emmanuel I., made the important acquisition of the marquisate of Saluzzo, which constitutes one of the finest provinces of Piedmont. Charles Emmanuel was an extraordinary character. A man of unconquerable spirit, undismayed by reverses, deep and secret in his resolves, he was compared to a spring, which, the more it is pressed, the more strongly it rises again. But he had a restless temper and a most unruly imagination, which the Venetians used to call "his madness," and which led him to conceive the most vast and impracticable projects. At one time he had secretly allied himself to Henry IV. of France for the overthrow of the House of Austria, with the understanding that he was to have Milan and Montferrat, and assume the title of King of Lombardy. The French, however, were to retain two fortified places in his dominions. After Henry's assassination, Charles aspired to marry his widow, Marie de Medici, and to become Regent of France. Having incurred the displeasure of Spain, he widened the breach by claiming Montferrat, on the death of Francis Gonzaga, Duke of Mantua, who was his son-in-law, and without waiting for negotiations he invaded the country. This brought on a war with the Spanish governors of Milan, which lasted for nearly ten years without any definite result. He then endeavoured to gain possession of Genoa, but in vain. He had before attempted to take Geneva by surprise. He next allied himself to Spain, on occasion of the death of Vincenzo, Duke of Mantua, the last of the elder branch of the Gonzagas, in order to oppose the succession of the Duke of Nevers, the next heir. Charles Emmanuel again invaded Montferrat, while the Spaniards besieged Casale. The French came to the relief of the Duke of Nevers, but Charles Emmanuel defeated them at the battle of Verrita. Meanwhile a German army entered Lombardy as auxiliary to

Spain, besieged and took Mantua, where they committed all sorts of horrors, in 1630. This is the German army which brought the plague so eloquently described by Manzoni in his *Promessi Sposi*. Charles Emmanuel died soon afterwards, and his son, Victor Amadeus I., obtained, by the peace of Ratisbon, the greater part of the so-much contested Montferrat: the chief town, Casale, however, was restored to Nevers, Duke of Mantua.

The sixteenth century, and the first part of the seventeenth, may, therefore, be considered as the epoch of the fusion of many petty states, the relics of the middle ages, into great divisions, such as the Papal State, Tuscany, and the dominions of the House of Savoy. This was so far an improvement in a national point of view, although obtained in several instances through war and injustice. The history of Italy, which during the middle ages was a most perplexing labyrinth, becomes henceforth less intricate and more intelligible.

In the latter part of the sixteenth century, Venice lost the island of Cyprus. A numerous Turkish force invaded it in 1570, took Nicosia by storm, and beleaguered the capital, Famagosta. After an obstinate siege, the garrison being reduced to 700 men, and the town suffering by famine, the Venetian governor, Bragadino, though against his will, listened to the terms of Mustapha Pasha. The garrison, and such of the inhabitants as chose to withdraw, were allowed to do so. But on a sudden Bragadino and his officers were arrested, and the latter, after being first tortured, were put to death along with 300 soldiers. Bragadino himself was led naked to the square, tied to a pillar, scourged, and then flayed alive in presence of the barbarous Pasha. The Turk had offered him his life, rank, and emolument, if he would turn Mussulman. Bragadino nobly rejected the impious offer, and expired with the name of the Saviour on his lips. His skin was filled with straw, suspended to the yard-arm of a Turkish galliot, and sent to Constantinople. All the Venetians and the Greeks who were left alive were carried into slavery. Such were Ottoman faith and Ottoman generosity towards a gallant foe. This horrible tragedy took place in August, 1571. Venice raised a monument to the martyr Bragadino.

In October of the same year the battle of the Curzolari, called also the battle of Lepanto, again raised the spirits of the Christian world. Don Juan of Austria, and the Venetian provveditor, Barbarigo, completely routed the great Turkish fleet, sinking most of their ships, and taking others. Barbarigo lost his life in the combat. The Genoese admiral, Gian Andrea Doria, did not contribute to the victory as he might and ought to have done.

The seventeenth century was for Italy a period of comparative peace, if by peace is meant the absence of foreign war and

invasion. The south of the Peninsula was disturbed by popular revolts at Naples and in Sicily, which only served to aggravate the miseries of the people. The famous revolt of Masaniello, and the subsequent attempt of the Duke of Guise to possess himself of the sovereignty of Naples, are well known, and formed the subject of an interesting article by Sir Walter Scott in the eighth Number of this Journal. In the north a petty, desultory kind of warfare was revived, and carried on for many years, between the French, the Duke of Savoy, and the Spanish governors of Milan, on account of the eternal disputes about Mantua and Montferrat, which we have already alluded to, and which were only terminated by the treaty called the Peace of the Pyrenees, concluded between France and Spain in 1659. Thirty years of peace followed, the benefit of which was chiefly felt by those Italian states which were under native rulers. Charles Emmanuel II. Duke of Savoy, applied himself to heal the wounds which had been inflicted on Piedmont during the past contest, and, at the same time, to embellish his capital. The royal palace of Turin, the chapel of the Sudario, with its marble dome and pillars, the Carignano palace, the college of the nobles, the royal country mansion of Rivoli, and the other villa of La Veneria, are all monuments of his reign. A still more creditable, because more useful, undertaking was the road which he cut through the rocks of Les Echelles in Savoy, by which he first opened an easy and direct communication between Chambery and Lyons, which constitutes even at present the high road from France to Italy, and which may be compared with the great modern roads of the Simplon and of Mont Cenis. Charles Emmanuel established at Turin a literary society and an academy of painting.

Ferdinand II. Grand Duke of Tuscany, called "the Friend of Letters," and his brother Leopold, encouraged the sciences; they founded the academy called *Del Cimento*, one of the few Italian academies which have not thrown away their time in trifles. Torricelli, Redi, Magalotti, Marsili, Viviani, and other eminent men, especially in mathematics and the natural sciences, adorned Florence and the court of Ferdinand. Young men from all countries of Europe resorted to that capital as to a new Athens. The reign of Ferdinand II. was to Tuscany a renewal of the age of her great ancestor Lorenzo. Nor was Rome then inclined to disturb the investigations of science as in the time of Galileo. Alexander VII. (Cardinal Chigi) was, unlike his predecessors, Urban VIII. and Innocent X., a pontiff of a mild, virtuous character, and of an enlightened mind, and a great patron of literature and of the arts. It was under him that Cardinal Palavicino wrote his History of the Council of Trent. Alexander

died in 1667, after a twelve years' pontificate, and was succeeded by Clement IX. (Rospigliosi), another virtuous pope, and still more temperate than Alexander in the exercise of his authority. He conciliated France, disturbed by the feuds of the Jansenists. He reigned too short a time for the welfare of Rome and of the Catholic world; dying in 1669, and leaving behind him the memory of having been one of the most deserving occupants of the Romish see. He was succeeded by Clement X. (Altieri), a quiet, good old man, who was himself succeeded, in 1676, by Innocent XI. This was also a pontiff of irreproachable character, disinterested and averse to nepotism, a lover of justice, and firm in asserting it. He had a dispute with the haughty Louis XIV. on account of the *immunities*, as they were called, which the foreign ambassadors had long enjoyed at Rome; and by which, not only their palaces, but the houses in the adjoining streets, could not be entered by the officers of justice; affording thereby so many sanctuaries to all the bad characters in the Holy City, who sallied out by night to commit depredations and other misdeeds, and then returned to their haunts, where the police could not follow them. Innocent XI. determined to put an end to this abuse; he did not, however, touch the rights of the then resident ambassadors, but he notified to the various courts that he would not admit in future any new ambassador who did not renounce the immunities. Louis XIV. sent the Marquis of Lavardin, who came accompanied by several hundred French half-pay officers, in order to support by force, if necessary, his pretended immunities. Innocent XI., thinking he had a right to be master in his own capital, refused to give audience to Lavardin, and even excommunicated him. The ambassador placarded his protest at the corners of the streets. The pope, however, stood firm; and Louis XIV. then seized upon Avignon, and would have sent a fleet against the Roman territories, had not other and more weighty matters engrossed all his attention. This strange controversy was not set at rest until after the death of Innocent, who was succeeded by Alexander VIII. He was followed by Innocent XII., also a disinterested and moral pontiff.

It may safely be asserted, that the seventeenth century exhibits a series of popes which is upon examination far more satisfactory than that registered in the annals of the sixteenth. It was in the seventeenth century that Rome first began to accommodate itself to the change of the times; it then first adopted a tone of wise and dignified moderation, which became it better than its former assumption of supremacy in temporal concerns, and which it has maintained with little interruption ever since. In saying this, we are of course speaking of the tone and demeanour of the

court of Rome towards Catholic states. In point of morals, the change was still greater. From the end of the sixteenth century, the popes have been, with very few exceptions indeed, men whose personal character has been above scandal. There have been no more Borgias, Roveres, Medicis, Caraffas, or Farneses. In the eighteenth century this happy improvement has been still more marked. Those politicians, or inflexible religionists, who think that the Papal power, both spiritual and temporal, ought to be swept away *instante, vi et armis*, from the face of the globe, will of course overlook these shades of character in the history of that Church, as not worth their attention; but we, who are not yet quite persuaded of either the probability or the expediency of such a sudden and total revolution, we congratulate mankind that an office so influential as that of the papal dignity has passed during the last two hundred years through a succession of generally estimable, reasonable, humane men, who shared the sympathies of their fellow-creatures, instead of frightening them by stern fanaticism, or revolting them by their profligacy.

The republic of Venice was, during the second part of the seventeenth century, chiefly engaged in its wars beyond the sea against the Ottomans. The Turks invaded the island of Candia, in 1645, with a large force, took Canea and Retimo by storm, and began to lay siege to Candia, the capital of the island, which was regularly fortified. The war of Candia lasted more than twenty years, and is one of the most memorable in history for perseverance and desperate valour on one side, and the gallant defence on the other. The Venetian fleet meanwhile scoured the sea; the Captain-General, Grimani, defeated the Turks near Negroponte, and drove them into the port of Nauplia. In the following year, 1648, he sailed for the Dardanelles, when a terrible storm dispersed his fleet, and sunk the admiral's ship with Grimani on board. Luigi Mocenigo was appointed his successor. He repelled the first assaults of the Turks upon Candia, and obliged them to convert the siege into a blockade. In 1651, he sailed to attack the Turkish fleet, which was bringing reinforcements to their countrymen in Candia, and fell in with it between Paros and Naxos. The Captain Pasha's ship was taken, others were sunk, and several burnt. The Venetian flag rode triumphant over the Archipelago. Mocenigo died in 1653, and was succeeded by Lorenzo Marcello, who completely defeated the Turkish fleet before the entrance of the Dardanelles in July, 1656, taking 80 ships, sinking others, killing 14,000 of the enemy, and making 5000 prisoners. But Marcello himself was slain by a cannon shot. Lazaro Mocenigo, who brought to Venice the news of the victory of the Dardanelles, was appointed

Captain-General. He sailed for the Levant, with the full determination of forcing the passage of the Dardanelles, and burning the Turkish ships in the harbour of Constantinople. The famous Mehemet Coproutgli was then Grand Vizir, and he had fortified the castles, and manned a new fleet, which came out to meet the Venetians. Mocenigo routed the Turks, and, notwithstanding a violent storm, entered the Straits, passed the first batteries, and was on the point of entering the sea of Marmora, when his ship caught fire and blew up, in July, 1657. After a succession of other commanders, the senate appointed Francesco Morosini, a name which has become deservedly illustrious in the annals of Venice. Volunteers from France, Savoy, Rome, and Malta, crowded to the defence of Candia. On the other side, Achmet Coproutgli, son of Mehemet, and equal to his father in abilities, arrived, in 1666, to take the command of the Turkish forces in the island. He brought with him strong reinforcements, which increased his troops to 70,000 men, with an immense train of artillery. The close siege was resumed in 1667. The Turks were very expert in the art of making trenches and digging mines, but the Venetians were not less quick with their countermines. After furiously battering the place, the Turks made repeated assaults, but were repulsed in all, until the rainy season came to interrupt the operations of the siege, which was resumed in the following year with great loss on both sides, but without any decisive result. At last the Turks succeeded, after an immense loss, in making a lodgment in one of the bastions, where they fixed a battery. Morosini, foreseeing this, had undermined the work; he set fire to a mine which contained 9000 pounds of gunpowder, and which blew up that part of the bastion, with the Turks and their cannon. The besiegers, nothing appalled, set about in the ditch deliberately to sap the remaining part of the bastion, which was still in the power of the Venetians, and amidst a shower of balls they succeeded in levelling the whole bastion to the ground; in consequence of which the town remained exposed on that side. Candia was now in imminent danger, when a squadron arrived from Toulon with 5000 men under the Duke of Noailles, whom Louis XIV. had sent to the relief of the place. Pope Clement IX. also sent his galleys with some troops. Noailles found the town in a miserable plight. The whole line of fortifications was in a ruinous state, and broken in many places, and within neither a house nor a church was left entire. Everywhere lay men either dead or dying, wounded or mutilated; and the streets were encumbered with ruins, and with heaps of shot and shells thrown from the Turkish batteries. Noailles decided upon making an immediate *sortie*,

as he was confident of beating the Turks in the open field. He accordingly went out (against the advice of Morosini and other veteran officers) in the night of the 24th of June, with about 6000 men and 600 horse. They formed in silence outside the walls, and rushed, at break of day, upon the Turkish entrenchments, carrying all before them, took several redoubts, and entering the trenches killed all the Turks they met with. The Turks in the camp, and Coprougli himself, surprised by this furious onset, withdrew to a hill in the rear; and the French were proceeding to seize the batteries, when the accidental explosion of some barrels of powder made the soldiers, who had heard much of the wonderful use of mines in the siege, fancy that the whole ground upon which they stood was undermined. A cry of "*Gare la mine!*" ran through the ranks, and they fled in disorder towards the town, notwithstanding all the efforts of their officers to rally them. Coprougli, seizing the moment, fell upon them, and would have destroyed them all, had not Morosini sallied from the town, with a body of his own Venetians, to cover their retreat, and to divert the attention of the enemy. The French lost 500 men, including the Duke of Beaufort and many other of the principal officers, whose heads were carried to the Vizir, and afterwards paraded on spikes round the walls of the beleaguered city. Soon afterwards, Noailles embarked with his remaining men, in spite of all the entreaties of Morosini, leaving Candia to its fate. The Maltese and Papal galleys followed his example.

Morosini had now no hopes of being able to defend the place any longer. His endeavours were therefore directed to save 4000 citizens and about as many soldiers, who were all that remained alive. He assembled a council of war on the 27th of August, when it was resolved to capitulate. The Vizir granted honourable terms. Not only the garrison, but all the citizens who chose to depart, were allowed time to do so, and to carry away all their moveables; and, in order to guard against a repetition of the atrocious treachery of Cyprus, Morosini demanded hostages and Coprougli gave them. But Morosini did more: upon his own responsibility, he availed himself of the eagerness which the Turks felt for the possession of Candia, to convert the capitulation into a permanent treaty of peace between the Republic and the Porte. The terms were more advantageous to Venice than those generally granted under similar circumstances. The republic retained, on the coasts of Candia, the possession of Suda, Carabusa, and Spinalonga, besides Clissa and several other districts in Dalmatia, which the Venetians had conquered during the war. All prisoners and slaves taken during

the war were liberated. Morosini, on his return to Venice, was tried for having exceeded his powers, but was honourably acquitted.

In September, 1649, Candia was evacuated, all the inhabitants choosing to follow Morosini, trusting to the generosity of Venice for their future support. The senate afterwards gave them lands and houses in the province of Istria, at and near Parenzo. Many noble Candiot families chose the Ionian islands for their residence. Morosini sailed with the first division, Grimaldi and Montbrun with the last, leaving the serjeant-major, Pozzo di Borgo, and two or three other subalterns, to deliver the keys. The Vizir entered the deserted town through the breach of the demolished bastions, which was lined by his janizaries. Coprugli behaved on this occasion as an honourable and even generous conqueror. The war of Candia cost the Senate twenty-five millions of ducats, and increased the debt of the republic to sixty-four millions. In the last three years of the siege 29,088 Christians of all ranks and nations, and of both sexes, were killed, as well as 70,000 Turks, besides 38,000 country people and slaves. The Turks made sixty-nine assaults, the Christians eighty *sorties*, and the number of mines exploded on both sides was 1364. The siege of Candia is a theme worthy of the noblest pens.

"Even Daru," observes Botta, "prejudiced as he is against Venice, has shown himself, in relating the Candian war, a sincere and just historian, and more swayed by truth than by certain partialities which seem to influence him both when he speaks and when he is silent on other occasions."—B. xxvii.

In 1684, war having again broken out between Venice and the Porte, Morosini was appointed Generalissimo of the republic by sea and by land. He sailed from Venice with a powerful fleet, and was joined at Corfu by several Maltese, Papal, and Tuscan galleys. He took Santa Maura and afterwards Preveza. He then landed in the Morea, from which the Venetians had been expelled ever since the time of Solymán the Great, took Coron by storm, marched to join the Mainotes, took Calamata, and defeated a Turkish army sent to its succour. Next year he opened the campaign with 10,000 men, took Navarino and Modon, defeated the seraskier's army, besieged Napoli and took it after an obstinate defence. In 1687, he defeated in a pitched battle the seraskier near Patras, taking his standard, reduced Patras and Lepanto, Corinth, and finally the whole of the Morea. Morosini then landed at the Piræus, and attacked the Acropolis of Athens. It was in this siege that a shell, thrown by the Vene-

tians, fell on the Parthenon, where the Turks had deposited their powder, and partly laid it in ruins. The Turks then surrendered. In 1688, Morosini made an attack on Eubœa, but did not succeed, owing chiefly to the malaria fever having spread in his camp. The same year the doge, Giustiniani, having died, Morosini, although absent, was elected his successor, retaining his command in the Levant,—a thing unusual in that jealous republic. In 1689, Morosini returned to Venice; he was met at sea by the senate, and led in triumph to the landing place in the square of St. Mark, amidst the acclamations of the whole population. It was a proud day for Venice. A statue of bronze was erected to him in the great hall of the Council of Ten, with the surname of Peloponnesiacus. A few years afterwards, Morosini, old and infirm, was sent again to the Morea, where illness terminated his glorious career at Napoli di Romania in 1693. He has been called “the last of the Venetians;” he was certainly the last of their successful generals. After his death a cautious policy seemed to pervade the councils of the republic, and few traces of its former bold determination remained. However, by the peace of Carlowitz in 1699, the republic retained the Morea, the island of Egina, Santa Maura, as well as several places conquered in Dalmatia. The Morea was finally retaken in 1715 by the Turks, who were repulsed with great loss in their attack upon Corfu in the following year. By the peace of Passarowitz in 1718, the Venetians renounced the Morea and Egina, as well as the fortresses on the coast of Candia. They retained the Ionian islands, including Cerigo; and Prevezza, Vonizza, and the fortresses on the coast of Albania. This was the last war between Venice and the Porte. The Venetian flag continued, however, to make itself respected at sea, especially in the Levant and on the Barbary coasts, where the recollection of its former victories kept up the magic of its name for nearly a century longer, and the senate did not neglect its navy. During the war between the Russians and the Turks under the Empress Catherine, a Venetian fleet under the captain-general, Angelo Emo, kept in respect the fleets of the two belligerents, and, by cruising in the seas of the Levant, protected not only the Venetian but the other Christian neutral vessels. At the fall of the republic, Venice had a fleet of 50 ships of war of different sizes, and 700 large merchant vessels. The weak point of Venice was not on the side of the sea.

Genoa, the other Italian republic, had long since lost its maritime power. Its flag was no security against the Barbary corsairs, and the island of Corsica, its only remaining possession beyond the sea, was in an almost continual state of insurrection.

In the city of Genoa itself frequent conspiracies were hatched, owing to the eternal dissensions between the democrats and the nobles, and among these, between the *portico vecchio*, or old families, and the *portico nuovo* or new nobility. Genoa had no Council of Ten to repress the inordinate ambition of daring individuals; yet, by good luck, all the conspiracies were discovered in time. And to prove the sincerity of the pretended assertors of Genoese popular liberty, it is enough to state, that most of these conspirators were abetted by either France, Spain, or the Dukes of Savoy, to whom they would have sold the independence of their country, for the object of a momentary triumph and revenge upon the envied patricians. Fieschi, in 1547, aspired to be ruler of Genoa, under the protection of France, and with the assistance of the execrable Pier Luigi Farnese, Duke of Parma. Cibo, soon after, attempted a similar revolution with the assistance of the French, who were then masters of Mondovì. Coronato, in 1576, after creating great disturbances between the two orders of nobility, and then between the new nobility and the citizens, being disappointed by the reconciliation of the two parties, hatched another conspiracy, but was discovered, tried, and executed. Giulio Cesare Vachero, another demagogue, a man of the most flagitious character, joined with Ausaldo, a noble of a similar disposition, and agreed, in 1628, with Charles Emmanuel I., Duke of Savoy, to introduce Piedmontese troops into the city. Vachero's friends were at the same time to issue from their haunts, shouting "Liberty!" to seize the palace, and throw the senators out of windows, to open the prisons, to slaughter all the nobles without distinction of age or sex, to plunder their houses, as well as the public magazines, and keep part of the booty to propitiate Prince Vittorio of Savoy, who was to appear under the walls with a body of 5000 men. Luckily, one of the conspirators revealed the whole plot to Rodino, his father-in-law, who, having been once banished for murder, had served in the Piedmontese troops, but had recently been pardoned, and even entrusted with the command of a body of men in the service of the republic. Rodino was terrified at the scheme, and he immediately revealed the whole to the doge. The leaders were taken, and expiated their crime on the scaffold; and Charles Emmanuel was not ashamed to interfere in behalf of his agent Vachero, threatening the republic with open war if he were put to death. This, however, did not save the culprit. —(*Botta*, book xix.) In 1650, Gianpaolo Balbi, one of the new or *portico nuovo* nobility, solicited first the French and then the Spaniards to assist him in overturning the government of his country. Being discovered in both instances, his companions were executed, but he escaped, and wandered in exile in various

countries of Europe. He then wrote against the government of Genoa, and the usurped power of the nobles; but "supposing even that all he says were true, this would never excuse a citizen who, in order to settle the government of his country according to his ideas, calls in foreigners and the soldiers of absolute powers to assist him."—*Botta*, book xxv.

In 1671, Raffaele della Torre, a young man of a noble Genoese family, after having spent his patrimony in debauchery, took to the sea, and seized, in sight of his native city, a ship bound to Leghorn, with a large amount in specie, belonging to Genoese merchants. He fled to France, while his trial was instituted at Genoa, and he was condemned to death for piracy. He then repaired to Turin, where he proposed to the cabinet of Savoy the conquest of Genoa. The oldest advisers of the duke exclaimed against the proposal, but the duke himself resolved to attack Genoa, with which he was at peace, while Della Torre endeavoured to excite a revolt by means of his friends: this was in 1673. The Piedmontese marched in the direction of Savona, while Della Torre, concealed in the neighbourhood of Genoa, with a number of desperate characters, concerted with his friends in the city means for taking possession of one of the gates. The plan of operations, when once within the city, was exactly the same as that of Vachero. Murder, plunder, and fire, were to be let loose within the walls of Genoa. But here, again, a happy chance saved the state. One of Della Torre's confidants revealed the whole to the senate. Measures were taken to defeat the plot, and Della Torre had just time to escape. With the money he had received from the duke he wandered about in various countries, and was at last killed at Venice in 1681, while he was sauntering about masked, in company with several courtizans.

But the duke, although disappointed by the failure of Della Torre, prosecuted the war against Genoa, for which he had not even a pretence. The whole transaction was a serious stain on the life of Charles Emmanuel II. The war lasted the whole of 1672, along the western Riviera, with the loss of many brave soldiers on both sides, but in the end with no advantage to the Piedmontese. Peace was made in the following year, through the intervention of France. The haughty Louis XIV., who already aspired to the protectorate of Italy, forced his mediation, and dictated in some measure to both belligerents. He afterwards obliged the Duke of Savoy to prosecute and exile the Waldenses, as he had himself treated his own Protestant subjects. He next picked a quarrel with Genoa: he demanded, among other things, that the sentence against the family of Fieschi should be reversed, alleging as a reason that Gian Luigi Fieschi

had not deserved it, because his object was to restore Genoa to the former legitimate dominion of France! He also insisted that four galleys, which Genoa had recently put in commission, should be disarmed. In reading of these pretensions and political manœuvres of Louis XIV., and observing the tone assumed by him towards other states, one becomes more and more convinced that Napoleon in our days did little more than follow up, with greater energy and skill, and under more favourable circumstances, the plans already concocted during the reign of the *Grand Monarque*, and which had become hereditary in the French cabinet, tending to make France the arbitress of Europe. Both Louis and Napoleon, however, failed in the end, and he must be a bold man indeed who would renew the attempt after the failure of those two.

Upon the above plea, with which he coupled some pretended insults offered to his intriguing envoy, Louis XIV. sent his admiral, Duquesne, to bombard Genoa, "to punish it if it did not repent"—such were the words of the French minister, Seignelay, the son of Colbert, to the senate of an independent state! Duquesne's fleet, in May 1684, threw 13,000 shells into the city, one half of which was thereby reduced to ruins. The French officers acknowledged that the bombardment of Genoa was more severe and destructive than that which they had inflicted upon Algiers the year before. The senate, however, stood firm, and the French fleet, after having done all the mischief it could, returned to Toulon. In the following year, the doge and four senators, in order to avoid further annoyance from so formidable a neighbour, repaired to Versailles, and there made an humble apology to Louis in the name of the republic for the offence of which his majesty complained. Thus the Genoese were allowed to rebuild their houses in peace.

Louis, not content with the possession of the stronghold of Pignerol, on the Italian side of the Alps, had partly coaxed and partly frightened Charles Gonzaga, Duke of Mantua, to admit a French garrison into the fortress of Casale in Montferrat. Piedmont was consequently at his mercy, and his troops marched backward and forward from Casale to Pignerol, as if they had been in their own country. The war of Louis against the German empire, which he began with the barbarous devastation of the Palatinate, brought on also a war with Spain, whose king was allied by blood and policy to the Emperor Leopold; and, as the possessions of Spain in Italy were more vulnerable than Spain itself, and Italy afforded more resources to an invader, Louis ordered his armies to march through Piedmont to the invasion of the duchy of Milan. Austria, on the other hand, assembled an army under

Prince Eugene for the defence of Milan. Victor Amadeus II., Duke of Savoy, being placed between the two contending parties, perceived that for him neutrality was out of the question, and, as he was tired of the overbearing conduct of Louis, he decided in favour of Austria and Spain. In 1690 the French, under Catinat, began pouring over the Alps. Louvois, King Louis's minister, gave orders to Catinat to devastate Piedmont, and, although against Catinat's feelings, his orders were but too well obeyed by the soldiers. The Piedmontese, seeing their fields ravaged and their houses in flames, retaliated upon the French detached parties and stragglers. After the battle of Staffarda, in which the Austrians and Piedmontese lost 7000 men, the French spread over the fine plain of Turin, plundering, violating, burning, and slaughtering. They sacked Rivoli, and burnt Lucerna and Bibiana. Catinat wrote to Louvois, saying, "We ought to have mercy on the unfortunate inhabitants. What is to be done?" "Burn, devastate and burn," was the answer. "Had the Furies issued from Tartarus," observes Botta, "with their lighted torches, they could not have done worse than the soldiers, I will not say of Catinat, but of Louvois, did in Piedmont."—Book xxxii.

Turin and the other fortified places remained in the hands of Victor Amadeus. In the following year, 1691, the French attacked Cuneo, but were repulsed by Prince Eugene, and in their retreat were followed by the peasantry, who killed all the stragglers. They lost 4000 men in this affair. Another French corps ravaged the province of Aoste. Fresh Austrian troops came under Schomberg to the assistance of the Piedmontese, and in the spring of 1692, Victor Amadeus resumed the offensive. He suddenly crossed the Alps above Pignerol, and carried the war into France. Here the Germans retaliated upon the innocent inhabitants of Dauphiné the cruelties that French soldiers had committed in the Palatinate two years before; and the Piedmontese likewise revenged themselves for the devastation of their own country. Embrun and Gap were sacked, and the latter burnt. The banks of the Durance paid for the ravages committed the year before on the banks of the Po. In 1693 Catinat again entered Piedmont by the valley of Susa, and his light troops appeared before Turin. Victor Amadeus hastened to the defence of his capital. He fought the battle of Marsaglia on the 4th of October, and was defeated with the loss of 10,000 men. The French, after the battle, gave no quarter to the German soldiers, being enraged at the devastations committed by the latter in Dauphiné the year before. Thus one atrocity serves as a pretext for another, until all parties become steeped in crime, and it is impossible to decide which is the guiltiest. But the French

were not satisfied with killing their enemies; they fell upon the country-people, whom they tormented in every way to extort money from them. Lust, as usual, added to the horrors of cruelty. The celebrated Villars, who was present in this campaign, bears witness in his *Mémoires* to the enormities of his countrymen. "Very great disorders," he says, "were committed by our soldiers; several small towns were given up to the flames. Revello, where was a monastery, with fifty young ladies, boarders, of the first families of Piedmont, experienced all the horrors that the lust and insolence of the soldiery can inflict. After these disgraceful incursions, and having ruined a country, the resources of which, well managed, might have proved of great service to our army, our troops recrossed the Alps for the winter." Our blood boils at such a narrative, and yet what is this but a stray leaf of the enormous register of foreign outrages upon Italy? Another pest which followed the track of the French in these campaigns in Piedmont was the cupidity of the commissaries and contractors for the supply of the army. They plundered the Piedmontese, while at the same time they stinted the French soldiers of their allowance. Catinat, seeing his men perishing with hunger, became furious: he hung several of the culprits, but to little purpose; for one that was hung came another, as great a knave, only perhaps more adroit in concealing his roguery. This plague has generally attended most continental armies, but the French in particular. Buonaparte himself, in his Italian campaigns, complained bitterly of it to the Directory. The principle of making an army live at discretion upon the inhabitants is an infamous principle, and must bear corresponding fruit. The fatal expression of Turenne in the Palatinate, "My soldiers must live," being eagerly adopted with an outrageous latitude of meaning, has been the cause of infinite misery to Europe. No! the soldiers of an invading army have no right to live at discretion upon the inhabitants, and to plunder them of their substance; if they do, the inhabitants have a right to destroy them whenever they can, like beasts of prey. Those who send an army into a foreign country ought to provide for its subsistence; their commissaries ought to enter into an understanding with the local authorities, and give bonds for whatever supplies they receive, the whole to be paid by the Treasury. If one of the belligerents is to pay the whole expenses of the war, this must be settled at the peace, and in a legal manner. If this were done, wars would become too expensive to be undertaken upon slight grounds. Unless all civilized nations, by common consent, agree to these natural principles of justice, there can be no safety for either states or individuals.

After two years more of a desultory warfare in Piedmont,

Victor Amadeus, who had been secretly negotiating with Louis in order to save his states from total ruin, concluded a separate peace in June, 1696. The French agreed to give up to him Casale and Pignerol, after destroying the fortifications, and to evacuate Piedmont and Savoy, on condition that the Austrians should also on their part respect the neutrality of his territories. This convention was cleverly managed on the part of the Duke of Savoy, who availed himself of the importance of his adhesion to either party, to obtain permission to remain neutral, as each party would rather see him neutral than hostile. Thus Italy was allowed to breathe again in peace, until the treaty of Ryswick, in 1697, put an end to the general war. The peace, however, was of short duration. The death of Charles II. of Spain was the signal for another and a more dreadful storm, which this time spread over the whole of Italy: the possession of Naples and Sicily, Milan and Sardinia, as part and parcel of the great Spanish succession, became the bone of contention between the Bourbons on the one side and the House of Austria on the other. As this war contributed mainly to the political settlement of Italy which has continued since, and the leading features of which still subsist, we shall enter at some length into the details of the great contest as given by Botta.

Two fears agitated Europe on occasion of the Spanish succession. One was, that the House of Austria, by adding to its great power in Germany the dominion of Spain, America, and the Spanish possessions in Italy, would renew the scheme of universal monarchy, which was nearly realized by Charles V. The other danger was, that Louis XIV., whose ambition was already sufficiently manifest, and who had succeeded in giving to the great military resources of France an impulse before unknown, would, by placing one of his relatives on the Spanish throne, become the arbiter of Europe. These fears, although perhaps exaggerated, were not altogether visionary—we say exaggerated, because, so long as the institutions and the national character of a country, and especially of a country like Spain, remained unaltered, a mere change of dynasty could have no lasting effect on its politics, as it was proved in the case of Philip V., who a few years after he had, through the arms of France, been seated on the throne of Spain, made war against his own Bourbon relatives. When, as in the case of Napoleon, changes of dynasty in various countries are accompanied by revolutions in their institutions,—when every thing is newly fashioned according to the mind and will of one great military arbiter,—when the kings appointed by him are guarded by his own soldiers, and act merely as his prefects,—then, truly, the danger is infinitely greater to all remaining

independent states,—then the foundations of universal monarchy are laid. But such a thing could in modern Europe be effected only by revolutionary power craftily wielded by a great military chief. The old monarchies, from their aversion to change, are deprived of that mighty but dangerous lever.

Pope Innocent XII., foreseeing the calamities to which Italy would be exposed in consequence of the disputed Spanish succession, had been endeavouring to form a league of the Italian states to preserve the neutrality of the Peninsula, and to prevent the irruption of foreigners under any pretext. He might as well have been employed in seeking for the philosopher's stone, or the quadrature of the circle. How was it possible to form an effectual league, whilst Naples and Lombardy, situated at the opposite extremities of the Peninsula, were both Spanish provinces, and as such in the hands of one of the two belligerents? Innocent died in the mean time, and Clement XI. (Albani), a man of elegant learning and taste, but timid and parsimonious, gave up the project. He tried, however, and in good earnest, to preserve peace among the sovereigns; he spoke to them the language of the common pastor of Christendom; he sent ambassadors to the various courts for the purpose of adjusting amicably the knotty affair of the succession. His endeavours, although vain, reflected far more honour upon him, and upon the Roman court, than the intrigues of many of his predecessors, who had so often sowed dissension among nations, and called foreigners into Italy. This confirms what we have said before, that Rome was much altered, and for the better, since the middle of the seventeenth century. Spain, that is to say, its authorities, its grandees, clergy, and magistrates, had acknowledged Philip V., the grandson of Louis XIV. Catalonia and Aragon alone were not hearty in their acknowledgment, but they dissembled for the present. The Spanish viceroys in Italy followed the dictates of the mother-country, and thus the authorities of Naples, Sicily, Sardinia, and Milan swore allegiance to the Bourbon king. The populations of those dependencies cared but little whether an Austrian or a Bourbon resided at Madrid, while they themselves continued to be ruled by Spaniards. Now came the intrigues with regard to Naples. Both Philip and his rival, the Archduke Charles of Austria, insisted on the pope's decision of their respective claims. The See of Rome had claimed of old the right of bestowing the investiture of the crown of the Two Sicilies at every new accession, receiving as a fee a white hackney and a purse of 9000 ducats. This claim had been often contested and rejected, but now each of the contending parties was eager to acknowledge it. Each offered its white hackney and its purse, and much more in secret; nay France

and Philip even offered to the pope the cession of the Abruzzi, to be annexed for ever to the Papal State! Clement, to his honour, refused, and in this showed himself superior to those who thus tempted him. Uceda, Philip's ambassador at Rome, endeavoured to carry his point by a puerile and indecorous stratagem. He contrived to introduce, unobserved, an old white horse, covered with a rich embroidered cloth, into one of the courts of the Vatican on the eve of St. Peter's, when the pope, after vespers, was coming out of the pontifical chapel. Uceda's messenger then presented the horse and the purse with 9000 ducats, and, without waiting for an explanation, ran away. A great bustle and confusion took place among the papal attendants at the sight of the poor hack, as if it had been the wooden horse of Troy. The pope, who had already positively refused to declare himself for the present in favour of either pretender, was offended at this impertinence. He ordered the horse to be turned out, and the forlorn animal was driven the whole of that night and next day about the streets of Rome, followed by the mob with hisses and blows, until it fell dead. This was a farce that preceded the tragedy.

The first clashing of arms took place as usual in North Italy. The Emperor Leopold, besides his pretensions to the Spanish succession in the name of his son, the Archduke Charles, preferred a particular claim to the duchy of Milan, as an imperial fief, which had been granted by former emperors to the Visconti and the Sforza, and which, by the extinction of the descendants of Philip II., to whom Charles V. had grafted the last investiture, had now reverted to the empire. Meanwhile he assembled a large force in the Tyrol. Pope Clement, seeing the storm approaching, made a last though ineffectual endeavour to avert it. He addressed himself to the Venetian senate, to induce it to stop the passage of the Austrians through the territory of the republic. But Venice was exhausted by its Turkish wars; the senators reflected that, by refusing a passage to the emperor's troops, which had been granted on former occasions in consideration of the imperial dignity as connected with the title of King of the Romans, they would in fact place themselves in a state of hostility against that power, and would be thereby driven to an alliance with France and Spain, which might prove fatal to them in the end. How could Venice refuse a passage to the emperor, while the Duke of Savoy allowed the French to traverse Piedmont, and the Pope and the Duke of Modena permitted the Spaniards to pass through their territories in proceeding from Naples to Lombardy and vice versa? The neutrality of Venice on this, as on all other similar occasions before and after, consisted in merely allowing

the German troops to pass by the shortest road to the duchy of Milan, without entering any of the walled towns, or stationing and fortifying themselves upon the Venetian territories.

Before the Austrians had time to descend from the Tyrol, the French contrived to gain possession of the important fortress of Mantua. Ferdinand Gonzaga, Duke of Mantua, a man not deficient in natural abilities or information, had given himself up entirely to a life of effeminacy. His court was the resort of loose handsome women, especially singers and dancers, from various countries. He entertained them sumptuously, both in town and at his country-seats; and he kept fine barges on the Mincio and the Po for their diversion. He himself never travelled unattended by a number of them. He was no jealous sultan either; for he left them at perfect liberty to go or stay and do as they liked. Those who went away were immediately replaced by fresh arrivals. In the midst of this dreamy sort of existence, the uproar of arms awakened the duke. Both France and the emperor insisted upon being allowed to garrison Mantua. The Venetians proposed that the place should be guarded by soldiers of the pope and the republic until the peace. But the emperor, considering Mantua as a fief of the empire, would not listen to the proposal. The duke, bewildered, and almost regretting his princely station, was at last persuaded by a French agent to allow the troops of France and Spain to enter the fortress in April, 1701. For this Ferdinand was put to the ban of the empire, and denounced as a base traitor, and he ultimately forfeited his duchy, which reverted to Austria. In him ended the line of Gonzaga, which had reigned over Mantua, not without some lustre, especially for their patronage of the arts and literature, for more than three centuries.

Victor Amadeus, Duke of Savoy, a man of a very different stamp from Ferdinand Gonzaga, was all the time watching, according to the old policy of his house, in order to make the most advantageous bargain for himself in the approaching contest. He loved neither France nor Austria; he wished that both could have been fairly kept out of Italy, but, as this was out of the question, he of two evils chose rather to have Austria in possession of Milan, which could only be a detached member of the Austrian monarchy as long as Venice lay between, than to see Milan in the possession of Spain, which was then synonymous with that of France; for in this case he should be surrounded by the arms of the latter power and lie completely at its mercy. He dissembled, however, his real thoughts for the present, for the French were at his gates and the Austrian forces yet far away. Neutrality being impossible, he resolved to join

France in the first instance, in order to let the first fury of the French, always most formidable in their onset, spend itself and pass by without hurting him, determined in his mind to watch the course of events, and avail himself of any favourable turn, come from whatever side it would. He followed in this the example of his ancestor, Charles Emmanuel I.

"This policy of the House of Savoy," observes Botta, "has been called perfidious; it certainly was not faithful or loyal, but we ought to reflect that a petty Italian prince, placed between two great overbearing powers, could not act otherwise if he wished to preserve the independence of his states. The original injustice was on the part of those foreign powers, who ever since the time of Francis I. and Charles V. sought each to hold sway over Italy and to treat the native Italian governments as their humble dependents."

Catinat was again invested with the command of the French in Italy, and Victor Amadeus sent him his own contingent. Prince Eugene commanded the Austrian troops, who came down from the Tyrol in 1701. Eugene's first campaign has been much admired. His sudden march across the mountains, by which, avoiding the defiles of Chiusa, between the Adige and the lake of Garda, where the French had posted themselves, he suddenly appeared on their right flank in the valleys of the Veronese; his unexpected passage of the Adige at Castelbaldo, below Legnago; and the battle of Carpi, in which he deceived Catinat a third time, and drove the French beyond Mantua and as far as the river Oglio; these exhibit a skill and quickness in tactics seldom surpassed even by Frederic or Napoleon. Nor is all the blame to be laid upon Catinat, who was one of the best generals of his time, but whose judgment was neutralized by the rashness of the other officers and by orders from Versailles. Catinat demanded his recall, and was succeeded by Villeroy, a pompous court-favourite, who lost the battle of Chiari and ended his generalship by allowing himself to be surprised by Eugene within the walls of Cremona and taken prisoner in February, 1702. Eugene laid siege to Mantua, whence the poor duke had hastily decamped, with his train of singers and dancers, and withdrawn to his other territory of Casale and Monferrat. Vendome was sent to Italy to replace Villeroy; he fought the battle of Luzzara against Eugene, in August, 1702, in which the French had the advantage.

Victor Amadeus was by this time heartily sick of his French alliance. The French generals had slighted him; Philip V. himself on his passage through Piedmont had offended him: he saw that the Austrians were strong and tenacious, and he resolved to make the best terms he could with Austria. In this design he was encouraged and favoured by his kinsman, Prince Eugene.

who had not forgotten his Savoy descent and connections. Louis XIV. heard of these negotiations; he sent orders to Vendôme to disarm and secure the Piedmontese troops, to the number of 5000, who were serving under him. Victor now threw off the mask, declared war against France, and strenuously fortified his fortresses, and especially his capital, Turin. This was towards the close of 1703. He was soon afterwards joined by a body of Austrians under Stahremberg, who, by a skilful circuitous march along the southern bank of the Po, arrived in Piedmont without being interrupted by Vendôme. The war now raged simultaneously in two parts of North Italy; in Piedmont between the French and the Piedmontese, and in the Mantuan State between the Austrians and the French. In the following year, 1704, Vendôme himself marched from Milan into Piedmont with a strong body of troops, whilst fresh French forces poured in from the opposite side over the Alps to overwhelm Victor. Piedmont was overrun by the invaders on every side, and all the horrors of 1693 were renewed. The Piedmontese, however, were not cast down; they rose at the call of their sovereign; the nobility joined their regiments; the peasants left the plough and the artisans their shops, to enrol themselves in the militia. No complaint was heard, no sacrifice was deemed too great. The fortresses were well provided. Victor himself, at the head of a select body of troops, was marching and countermarching through the country, with which he was perfectly acquainted, avoiding a general engagement, but attacking and overpowering all the French detached corps he met with. The people were all for him, and gave him every assistance and information. The subsidies he received from England and Holland (80,000 ducats a month) enabled him to support his troops in default of the ordinary revenue, which could not be collected under such circumstances. The French took Susa and Vercelli, and laid siege to Verrua, which surrendered after an obstinate defence in April, 1705. Ivrea fell next and Montmelian afterwards. The whole of Savoy was now lost to Victor. The country of Nice was also invaded by the French. Chivasso surrendered, and the banners of the conquerors were within sight of Turin. Victor was now reduced to the last extremity: he had not a square league of territory that he could call his own; his only court and residence were within his camp; and he was reduced to the condition of a nomadic chief. But his subjects adhered faithfully to him; they flocked to his standard from the places already occupied by the enemy; they felt that it was better to run the risk of being killed with arms in their hands, than to be first outraged and then tormented and slaughtered in their own houses by an insolent conqueror. Pied-

mont was then in the same predicament as Spain has been in our down time during the war against Napoleon.

The Emperor Leopold died in May, 1705, and his successor, Joseph I., continued the war against France. The victories of Eugene and Marlborough, on the side of Germany, enabled Austria to make greater efforts in Italy. Eugene came to the assistance of his cousin of Savoy. He descended along the lake of Garda, and drove the French as far as the Adda. Vendome hastened to oppose his progress. Eugene was wounded at the battle of Cassano, where, after an obstinate struggle, he could not force the passage of the river.

In the following year, in consequence of the defeat of Ramillies, Louis XIV. recalled Vendome from Italy, as the only general able to face Marlborough. The Duke of Orleans was sent to Italy to replace Vendome, and La Feuillade was charged with the siege of Turin, almost the only town still in the possession of the Duke of Savoy. The siege of Turin is the most famous event of the war of the Spanish succession in Italy. It decided the turn of affairs in the Peninsula. Botta has described it with all the warmth of national feelings, but, at the same time, with perfect truth. The siege and its results were glorious to Piedmont, and honourable to Italian valour and perseverance. It began in May, 1706. Victor Amadeus had fortified and provisioned Turin with great care; he left in it 8500 Piedmontese troops, and 1500 Austrian auxiliaries, the whole under the command of General Daun. The citizens enrolled themselves into a militia, forming eight more battalions. The duke, with a chosen body of troops, hovered about the country, waiting for the arrival of Prince Eugene, and meanwhile annoying the French, and intercepting their supplies. The French besieged Turin with 40,000 men, 128 pieces of ordnance, and 50 mortars. On the 27th of August, a wide breach having been made, the besiegers marched twice to the assault, but were repulsed each time. In the night of the 29th they were near taking the town by surprise. A hundred French grenadiers, favoured by the darkness, descended into the ditch without being perceived by the sentries, overpowered the guard of a sally-port, forced the outer gate, entered the subterraneous passage, and were on the point of breaking through the inner gate, which opened into the place. This part of the ground was undermined; the mine was loaded, but the Piedmontese had not yet had time to lay the train. An officer and a private of the miners were alone in the mine, when they heard the noise above their heads, and guessed its import. Not a moment was to be lost. The soldier, Pietro Micca by name, whispered to the officer: "You hasten out of

this place, and I will set fire to the mine, and save my town and country. Tell the governor to remember my wife and children." The officer, dumb with surprise, left the place. As soon as he was out, Micca set fire to the powder, which blew up the French grenadiers, and alarmed the garrison. The body of Micca was found under the ruins. An humble private soldier saved that night the city of Turin from all the horrors of a storm, and, at the same time, secured the crown on the head of Victor. Botta complains, and with reason, that the heroism of Micca was not properly rewarded. Two rations of bread were allowed to his family in perpetuity—a niggardly reward for such a service. Of late years, however, the neglect has been felt, and the descendants of Micca have been sought after. An old man, the last remaining of the family, was found living in the mountains; he was brought to Turin, was dressed as a serjeant of artillery, and allowed pay as such. The corps of engineers have had a medal struck to the memory of Pietro Micca.

On the following day, 30th of August, the French made a general assault; they succeeded in making a lodgment in the outer works, but the explosion of another mine blew up part of the works, together with those who had taken possession of them. After this the French soldiers would not return to the charge. Prince Eugene was now approaching with the Austrian army. He had forced the passes of the Adige, the Mincio, and the Po, and, marching along the southern bank of the latter river, arrived in Piedmont. Victor hastened to meet him. The two chiefs ascended together the hill of Superga, on the right bank of the Po, opposite to Turin. They saw the miserable state of the fortifications, and, having reconnoitred the position of the French entrenchments, determined to attack them. Victor Amadeus, on that day, made a solemn vow that, should the battle turn in his favour, he would raise on the elevated spot where he then stood a sanctuary, as a perpetual token of gratitude to Heaven.

On the morning of the 7th of September, the Austrians and Piedmontese marched from La Veneria and Pianezza to the attack of the French entrenchments, which were placed on the north-east of Turin, between the Don, the Stura, and the Po. The Duke of Orleans wished to come out and meet the allies in the open country, but Marshal Marsin, who held the supreme command, preferred waiting for the attack. The Germans and Piedmontese advanced with shouldered arms, and in the best order, amidst a shower of musketry and grape-shot. The Prussians, several battalions of whom served under Eugene, were the first to scale the parapet, which they immediately set about level-

ling, to give entrance to the cavalry. The French made a stout resistance, but at last gave way. On another point, Victor had likewise effected an entrance, and the Duke of Orleans, who opposed him, was wounded, and removed from the field. The castle of Lucento, which stood on the left of the French position, and in which they had placed their powder, caught fire. The confusion and rout now became general. The French ran from the entrenchments. The garrison of Turin sallied out against the fugitives, and the carnage was great. Between 5 and 6000 were killed and wounded, and 6000 taken prisoners. The allies lost 2000 killed, and 1500 wounded. The booty was very considerable; 200 pieces of artillery were left behind by the French, with the tents, baggage, most of the banners, horses, cattle, &c. The defeated troops fled towards Pignerol, harassed by the peasantry; scarcely 20,000 men recrossed the Alps.

Victor and Eugene entered Turin in triumph. The citizens, after four months' privations, dangers, and continual alarm, crowded around them with marks of sincere joy at their deliverance. Soldiers and citizens repaired to the churches to offer a solemn thanksgiving. No *Te Deum* was ever chanted with more sincere devotion. Victor fulfilled his vow; he raised the splendid church on Mount Superga, the dome of which is the first object discerned by the traveller who approaches Turin: there are the tombs of the Princes of the House of Savoy, and, on the 7th of September, every year, a solemn procession takes place, to which thousands of the population of Turin and its neighbourhood still continue to resort.

The Italian campaign now hastened to a close. Milan opened its gates to the Austrians; the citizens, weary of the Spanish dominion, received Eugene with joy; they swore allegiance to the emperor, in whose name the prince promised them the maintenance of the privileges granted by Charles V. to their forefathers. The remaining French and Spanish troops shut themselves up in Cremona. Victor recovered all his towns in Piedmont. By a convention between the French commanders and Prince Eugene, the whole of North Italy was evacuated by the French and Spaniards. Louis XIV. gave up Mantua to the Emperor, without any attention to the rights of the Duke Gonzaga, who had voluntarily admitted the French troops into the town. The duke, who was at Venice, was overwhelmed with what he called the treachery of Louis XIV.; he peremptorily refused a pension offered him by France, and died a few months afterwards broken-hearted at Padua. He left no issue. Thus it was that the duchy of Mantua came into the power of

Austria, in addition to that of Milan. Mantua was dealt with pretty much in the manner in which Venice has been disposed of in our days.

The Austrians next proceeded to the conquest of Naples. General Daun in 1707 marched through the papal state, and entered the kingdom without opposition. Capua surrendered without firing a shot, and Daun encamped outside of Naples. The Spanish Viceroy, Marquis Villena, had no means of averting the blow. The Neapolitans were evidently tired of Spanish delegated dominion, which had weighed on them for two centuries like an incubus, and had reduced their country to misery. Many among the nobility, offended at the haughtiness of their Spanish rulers, were favourable to Austria. The *eletti*, or representatives of the nobility and people of the city of Naples, repaired to the Austrian camp, presented the keys, and swore allegiance to the Archduke Charles, as King of Spain and of the Two Sicilies. The rest of the kingdom followed. The island of Sicily, however, remained in possession of Philip V. In 1708 the Austrians took the island of Sardinia from the Spaniards. Nothing of any importance occurred in Italy after this, until the peace of Utrecht in 1713; and the treaty of Rastadt in the following year settled all the disputes about the Spanish succession. The Archduke Charles, having succeeded Joseph I. on the imperial throne, resigned all his claims to Spain and the Indies, but retained Naples and the island of Sardinia as well as Lombardy. Sicily was given up by Spain to Victor Amadeus, with the title of King, at the particular request of Queen Anne of England. Victor also received some additions of territory in Montferrat and the Val di Sesia. The House of Savoy ranked at last among the kings of Europe. The princes of that house had fought hard and bravely for the distinction, and Victor especially had risked every thing on the issue of the contest. He repaired to Palermo, where he was solemnly crowned. A few years afterwards an unexpected ~~salutary~~ ^{salutary} of Cardinal Alberoni, minister of Philip V., who in time of profound peace sent a fleet and an army to conquer both Sicily and Sardinia, terminated in an exchange by which Sicily was ceded to Austria, and Sardinia was finally given, with the title of Kingdom, to the House of Savoy, under whom it has remained ever since. Victor Amadeus was crowned at Cagliari first King of Sardinia. Don Antonio, the last prince of the Farnese dynasty, died in January, 1731, without issue, and left his duchy of Parma to Don Carlos, son of Philip V. and of Elizabeth Farnese.

The peace of the Peninsula was maintained till the year 1733, when, strange as it may sound, Italy became involved in the war for the Polish succession between Stanislaus Leczinsky, protected

by France and Augustus III. of Saxony, supported by Russia and Austria. The Polish succession, however, was merely a pretence; the real object of France was to weaken Austria, while Spain wished to recover Naples and Sicily. Victor Amadeus having abdicated the crown in a fit of *ennui*, his son Charles Emmanuel III. had succeeded to the throne in 1730. Following the hereditary policy of his house, he saw in the approaching contest between France and Austria an opportunity of enlarging his territory and perhaps of gaining Milan. France made no scruple in offering it to him, as soon as it should be conquered, and Charles Emmanuel joined his army to that of France for the purpose, pretending in his manifesto that he made war for the independence of the Polish election! The French and Piedmontese now overran Lombardy and took Milan. The Austrians came down slowly as usual, crossed the Po, fought the battle of Parma, in which 15,000 men lost their lives, without any decisive result, and that of Guastalla, in which 12,000 men fell on both sides. The Austrians retired in good order to another position.

Meanwhile Don Carlos of Spain had conquered the kingdom of Naples from the Austrians. A large Spanish force landed on the coast of Tuscany in November, 1733, and Don Carlos, who had just completed his eighteenth year, came from Parma to put himself at the head of the expedition, the direction of which however was entrusted to the Count de Montemar, an officer of experience. The Spanish soldiers, in passing through the friendly states of Tuscany and Rome, committed the usual outrages for which their ancestors had rendered themselves famous in the time of Charles V. The town of Orvieto was especially ill treated by them. The pope obtained as a favour that they should not pass through Rome. They entered the kingdom by the way of Frosinone and San Germano. The Austrian viceroy, Visconti, had not sufficient force to oppose their progress, and the Neapolitans themselves were ready to turn in favour of the Spaniards. We remember having seen once a book styled "*An Account of the numerous Revolutions of the most faithful City of Naples*," for such is the title assumed by that city in its municipal deeds and records. Something of this facility to rise in favour of every new invader, German, Spanish, or French, Angevin or Aragonese, must be ascribed to national versatility of character inherited from their Greek ancestors, but much of it to the manner in which the various conquerors treated the country, forgetting the promises they had made on their entering it. The people were sanguine in believing that change of masters would bring improvement in their condition; and afterwards, finding themselves disappointed,

turned with all their native vivacity to opposite feelings. Botta gives extracts from several of the addresses delivered by the magistrates, nobles, and bishops of Naples and Palermo, at every change of rulers, and they are certainly curious specimens of southern flattery and hyperbole; but he observes at the same time that, after the specimens of the same sort which we have seen in our days addressed to republics, consuls, emperors, and kings, we have no right to be very critical on the adulatory strains of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The addresses to Buonaparte alone by French and Italians form a most mortifying evidence of human servility, hardly ever surpassed since the time of Tiberius Cæsar.

The conquest of Naples by Don Carlos, unlike former conquests, proved in the end a real benefit to the Neapolitans. It closed for ever the disastrous rule of the viceroys. Philip V. instituted his son King of Naples and Sicily, giving up to him all his claims to those two kingdoms. This was the beginning of a new era for those fine countries, for Charles used his authority with wisdom and liberality. The offices of the state were now filled by Neapolitans; the revenue of the country was spent within and for the state itself. From the epoch of Charles's accession to the throne till the French revolutionary invasion of Italy, Naples enjoyed sixty years of peace, internal and external, the longest period of tranquillity it had known for centuries. Nor was this peace the peace of the grave. Commerce, industry, sciences, and literature, revived; splendid buildings were raised; numerous reforms were made in the economical and judicial departments; the feudal power was gradually curtailed; superfluous monasteries were suppressed, not in the unjust and sweeping manner adopted since by mock-republicans, but with proper regard for the rights of the existing inmates; the pretensions of Rome were strenuously resisted. Botta points out in his 50th Book some of the improvements effected during the reigns of Charles and his son Ferdinand. There are men still living at Naples, who well remember the happy times which the country enjoyed before the great revolutionary avatar of 1799.

The treaty of Vienna, in November 1795, concluded between Cardinal Fleury and the emperor's minister, Count Zinzendorf, recognized Charles Bourbon and his descendants as kings of the Two Sicilies. It restored to Austria the duchy of Milan and the states of Parma. Charles Emmanuel, King of Sardinia, lost therefore the hope of retaining the Milanese, but he received the provinces of Novara and Tortona, as far as the river Ticino. And it was agreed that, in case of the death, without offspring, of Giovan Gastone, the last of the Medici, Tuscany should devolve

upon Francis, Duke of Lorraine and Bar, who had married Maria Theresa, the presumptive heiress of the Austrian dominions. Lorraine was given in exchange to Stanislaus Leczinski, to be incorporated with France after his death. Soon after this, Giovan Gastone died, and Francis and Maria Theresa came in 1739 to take possession of the duchy of Tuscany, which their successors govern to this day.

Thus, the House of Medici, after three centuries of a sovereignty, at first real though not nominal, and afterwards both nominal and real, became extinct. They had risen from the democracy, or plebeian ranks; they were first demagogues, then protectors, then usurpers, and lastly despots. The Medici have been great, both for their illustrious qualities and for their crimes. The first house of Medici, the princely citizens, Cosmo and Lorenzo, were the most distinguished for the former. Their descendants degenerated and were driven away. Leo X., Lorenzo's son, was seated in the papal chair, and mainly contributed to the fame of his family. His successor, Clement VII., a less amiable man, called in the imperial power of Charles V. Florence was taken and given to Alessandro, the spurious offspring of Lorenzo, Duke of Urbino, grandson of Lorenzo the Magnificent. Alexander was murdered by a relative as wicked as himself. There were now no more male descendants of the great Cosmo, *Pater Patriæ*, except the pope himself; the collateral branch of the Medici, the descendants of the older Lorenzo, Cosmo's brother, were called to rule Tuscany. Young Cosmo, son of Giovanni di Medici, the celebrated captain of the black bands, was elected first Duke of Florence. Cosmo was stern and merciless, but more cautious and clever than Alexander had been.

"No one was more skilful than Cosmo in the art of taming people; he was indeed a terrible man, who might be held up as a model to those who delight in that diabolical art. His descendants inherited his principles with their mother's milk; a fearful race, descended from Giovanni di Medici, the Condottiere of the black bands, who was the terror of the Germans, and from his son Cosmo, the dread of the Florentines. They were all bad except one, Ferdinand; bad for liberty, bad for public morality, which they tended to corrupt by their profligate example."—Book xli.

Still, however, this second or ducal house of Medici, like their citizen ancestors, deserved well of Italy and of Europe in one particular; they were the patrons of arts, letters, and sciences. This is the magic halo that encircles and will continue to encircle the memory of the Medici down to the farthest generations. Another commendation, merited by the second or ducal house of

Medici, beginning with the fierce Cosmo, is that they effectually resisted the pretensions of the Court of Rome in matters of temporal jurisdiction. Cosmo would be master at home, and his successors followed his example.

The war of the Austrian Succession, 1741-48, although it raged in Italy as well as in Germany, produced no final alteration in the political settlement of Italy as arranged by the treaty of Vienna of 1735. The duchy of Parma alone changed masters; it was given up by Austria to Don Filippo, Infant of Spain and brother of Charles, King of Naples. In this war, Charles Emmanuel III., King of Sardinia, sided with Maria Theresa; Genoa and Modena with France and Spain. The consequence was, that, after the battle of Piacenza, 16 June, 1746, won by the Austrians, and the subsequent retreat of the French and Spaniards through the Genoese Riviera, Genoa found itself exposed alone to the wrath of the pursuing Austrians, who loaded the city with intolerable contributions, exacted in the most overbearing manner. The insurrection of the Genoese people on the 5th December, 1746, on occasion of a mortar which a party of Austrian soldiers were dragging through the narrow streets of Genoa, and which they wanted to oblige the citizens to lift up, put an end to this oppression. The Austrians were driven by the people out of the walls, a glorious event, of which the Genoese continue to be justly proud to this day. Botta describes truly and with great animation this transaction in his 45th Book.

In Piedmont, the battle of the Col d'Assieta on the Alps of Fenestrelle, which the Piedmontese won against the French and Spaniards in July 1747, and in which the French general, Chevalier de Belleisle, lost his life, put an end to all the attempts of France on that side.

The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748 confirmed the political system of Italy as it was before the war, with the exception, as we have said, of Parma. This system continued for half a century afterwards, without being disturbed by any more wars, until the French revolutionary invasion of 1796.

We have dwelt at length on these wars and treaties of the first part of the eighteenth century, because a knowledge of them is required in order to understand the political settlement of Italy, which has been the result of them. These wars, although begun by the ambition of foreign powers, were not altogether mere games of kings, for the Italians had a vital interest in them. It was the interest of the Italians not to have any longer among them a foreign preponderating power, possessed of the finest provinces of the peninsula. Two hundred years' rule of Spanish

viceroy had shown what must be the condition of the foreign subjects of a distant monarchy. The question for Italy was, whether Naples, Sicily, Sardinia, Lombardy, and Parma, were to have their own governments or be Spanish, French, or Austrian, as they had been till then? This question, of course, materially affected also the independence of the other Italian states which had retained their native governments, such as Piedmont, Genoa, Venice, Tuscany, Modena, and Rome. Luckily, the mutual jealousy of foreign powers favoured the emancipation of Italy. Naples and Sicily again became a nation, the crown of which could never more be united with that of Spain. Sardinia was given to an Italian prince, with the rank of king, and with a considerable increase of territory on the side of Lombardy. Parma had its own resident duke. Tuscany was secured to the younger son of Maria Theresa, not to be united with the Austrian dominions. The other Italian states, Genoa, Venice, Lucca, Modena, and Rome, retained their independence. Milan and Mantua alone remained under a foreign power, and that power Austria. But the Austrian influence in Italy was thereby much more circumscribed than it has been since the overthrow of the Venetian republic by Buonaparte. The sweeping policy of the Revolution removed the landmarks of Italian nationality, and destroyed the two North-Italian powers, Piedmont and Venice. The work of the treaties of Utrecht and of Aix-la-Chapelle was undone. By the Congress of Vienna in 1815, the first only of those two powers has been restored and even enlarged. But another of the great advantages gained by Italy in the first part of the eighteenth century has been preserved, Naples and Sicily having retained their national independence.

Upon the whole, the first half of the eighteenth century was for Italy an epoch of emancipation from foreign thralldom, and of national consolidation. One loss only was incurred; Corsica was detached from Italy, and became a province of France. That island, rugged and poor, inhabited by a wild but spirited race, had long baffled the declining power of Genoa. The Genoëse engaged French auxiliary troops to reduce it to subjection, and at last, rather than consent to see Corsica independent, they made it over to France by the treaty of Versailles, in May, 1768. Such was the narrow policy of the Genoese republic. The Corsicans, headed by De Paoli, fought bravely against the numerous and disciplined troops of France, but the odds against them were too great. The more ardent patriots emigrated, and Corsica submitted to France in June, 1769. In the following August, Napoleon Buonaparte was born at Ajaccio: he was, therefore, by birth, a subject of the crown of France.—*Botta*, book xlv.

The next two books of Botta's *History* chiefly relate to the state of ecclesiastical discipline in Italy; the reforms made in most of the Italian states, Naples, Venice, Parma, Tuscany and Lombardy; the suppression of superfluous convents; the restrictions laid on the immunities claimed by the clergy; on the asylums, &c.; the disputes about the jurisdiction claimed by the court of Rome in foreign states; and lastly, the suppression of the famous order of the Jesuits. All these matters are extremely interesting, and in general very imperfectly known. The result of these controversies was that a more distinct line of separation was traced between the temporal and the spiritual authorities; that the latter was restricted within its proper limits; the ecclesiastical courts no longer exercised their authority over laymen; and the temporalities of the church, and the regulations concerning matters of discipline or affecting public morality, were subjected to the sovereign authority of each respective state. The great distinction between matters of faith and regulations of church discipline began to be clearly understood and enforced. The two brothers, Joseph II. and Leopold, one in Lombardy and the other in Tuscany, were foremost in these reforms.

The forty-ninth book contains an impressive account of the destructive earthquakes of Calabria and Sicily in 1783. The fiftieth, or concluding book, gives a sketch of the social and intellectual state of Italy just before the great moral convulsion caused by the French revolution. The author notices the principal men of science living in Italy at that epoch—Spallanzani, Father Beccaria, Volta, Galvani, Guglielmini, Galiani, Genovesi, Fabbroni, &c.

“With regard to the moral sciences, the inquisitive and free spirit of the age manifested itself in Italy as elsewhere, with this difference, that those who were most intent on reforming the abuses which men had engrafted upon the stem of the Church, remained firm in the faith of that Church, and kept aloof from the sarcasms and indecencies of foreign infidels. The Italians wished to correct, but not to destroy.”

And here is the great distinction between the revolution in France and the abortive attempt to force the same upon Italy, where the public mind was in a different and more healthy condition,—where ample reforms had been effected during the previous half-century, and others would have taken place without any social catastrophe, had they been left to the hands of the natives themselves. No doubt the French invasion effected reforms at a much quicker rate. Instead of pruning, it cut down the tree at once: it destroyed all remains of feudality, but it also swept away manorial and other patrimonial rights upon land at the expense of justice: it abolished the convents, but squandered away

most of their wealth, and threw thousands of innocent individuals into unmerited distress;* it swept away communal property, church tithes, charitable foundations, public as well as fiscal treasures; it stripped the palace of the noble and the cottage of the peasant, the altars of the church, and the museums and libraries of the nation. And all this was done, not as in France, by the impulse of any great class or portion of the people; it was done against the wish of the immense majority of the Italian populations, whose opposition was overcome by foreign bayonets. The revolution was not spontaneous in Italy; it was forced upon the country. Even the more sincere among the Italian republicans exclaimed, *Volevo pioggia, ma non tempesta*—"We wanted a shower, but not a hurricane." The hurricane has long since passed away; its victims lie mute and forgotten in the grave, and no complaint of their's now disturbs the complacency of those who, remote from those times of violence and danger, coolly calculate the advantages which have resulted from the revolution. That the present generation has derived some advantages from past convulsions we readily admit. The most important of these advantages is the improvement effected in the judicial system. Instead of the former multifarious local statutes in almost every province or district,† of the barbarous and often clashing laws and edicts of Goths and Lombards, German emperors and Spanish viceroys, every Italian state has now a uniform code, printed and published, so that every individual may be acquainted with the laws under which he lives. This is no small advantage, compared with the former obscurity and uncertainty. The compilation of the laws began in the last century in Tuscany, Piedmont, and other states. Napoleon, however, extended the principle to all Italy. The French civil and commercial codes have remained in force, with some modifications, at Naples and Genoa. The Austrian code is in vigour in Lombardy, and that of Leopold in Tuscany; the Sardinian code in Piedmont, &c. The registry of mortgages has been maintained. As to criminal matters, the publicity of trials exists in several states, such as Naples and Tuscany; and everywhere the courts of justice have been established upon a uniform system, one in every province, and courts of appeal in the respective capitals. Torture has been abolished. The principle of

* In the ex-kingdom of Italy alone, which was about one-fourth of the whole Peninsula, church property was sold to the amount of 200 millions of francs, and an equal quantity was annexed to the national domain. The amount of the sales in the rest of Italy is not ascertained.

† In Tuscany alone there were five hundred municipal statutes previously to the reform made by Leopold.

equality in the eye of the law is universally acknowledged. Every relic of feudal servitude or feudal jurisdiction has been removed. The numerous *fidei-commissi*, and other *mainmorte* property, have been unshackled and restored to circulation. The laws of inheritance are in most of the Italian states upon a more equitable footing than formerly. The ecclesiastical jurisdiction no longer interferes in temporal matters. The progress of education, of tolerance of opinions; the extension of the arts of industry; the many material improvements both in town and country, the roads, canals, draining of marshes, new harbours, manufactories, houses of industry, &c.—these are matters of common notoriety. Such—to say nothing of a corresponding intellectual and moral progress among the people—are the advantages which Italy has gained during the five-and-thirty years that have elapsed since the beginning of the present century. It were an error to suppose that the restoration has stopped this progress. The restoration, to use the words of a discerning Italian writer, “has restored old names rather than old things.” Few universally acknowledged abuses have been restored.

And here the work No. 3 on our list becomes of particular use to the reader of Italian history. It is a continuation of the worthy Muratori's *Annals of Italy*, which closed with the year 1750. Coppi has continued the series down to 1819. Muratori's and Coppi's together constitute a work chiefly for reference, in which facts are registered by order of dates, and they are written upon a different plan from that of a general comprehensive history, like those of Guicciardini and Bottà. But many minute facts and details are more clearly and quickly found in a book of annals than in one of general history. Each work has, therefore, its peculiar merit, and both together may be considered as forming a tolerably complete course of modern Italian history. Bottà's contemporary History ends with 1814; Coppi brings his *Annals* down to 1819, and thus registers many important occurrences of the various Italian states after the restoration. Coppi has carefully collected the official documents, treaties, general laws, and public institutions, as well as the military or civil facts, which occurred in the various parts of Italy during the eventful years 1796—1819, with honest sincerity, taking care to refer the reader to the original authorities.

- ART. IV.—1. *Roman de la Violette, ou de Gerard de Nevers, en vers du xiiième Siècle, par Gibert de Montreuil; publié pour la première fois, d'après deux Manuscrits de la Bibliothèque Royale.* Par Francisque Michel. Paris, 1834. 8vo.
2. *Roman d'Eustache le Moine, Pirate Fameux du xiiième Siècle; publié pour la première fois, d'après un Manuscrit de la Bibliothèque Royale.* Par Francisque Michel. Paris et Londres, 1834. 8vo.
3. *La Riote du Monde. Le Roi d'Angleterre et le Jongleur d'Ely (xiiième Siècle); publié d'après deux Manuscrits, l'un de la Bibliothèque Royale, l'autre du Musée Britannique.* Paris, 1834. 8vo.
4. *Tristan: Recueil de ce qui reste des Poèmes relatifs à ses Aventures, composés en François, en Anglo-Normand, et en Grec, dans les xième et xiiième Siècles; publié par Francisque Michel.* Paris et Londres, 1835. 2 tomes. 8vo.

SIR Robert Walpole pronounced "History a fiction:" we shall not here stop to inquire into the validity of the principles upon which his assertion was founded, but, believing the converse of the proposition, namely, that all fiction is history, to be nearer the truth, we propose recommending to our readers the curious specimen of early Romance, the title of which heads the list of works arranged at the commencement of this article, as deserving of their attention in a two-fold manner—firstly, with regard to its character as a work of fiction; and secondly, with reference to, the historical illustrations of contemporary manners with which the narrative is interspersed.

The *Roman de la Violette*, by Gibert or Gyrbert de Montreuil, and which appears to have been written about the year 1225, was long since pronounced by Roquefort to be one of the most agreeable productions of the thirteenth century; and the perusal of it justifies, in the fullest, this eulogium. The plot, which resembles that of *Cymbeline*, is ingeniously contrived and clearly developed, while it is at the same time related in a style which adds new charms to it, the narrative never being interrupted, as is too frequently the case in compositions of this period, by long digressions on theology or love. Although the subject of the romance is not historical, for there never existed a Count of Nevers of the name of Gerard, or of any other name, to whom the adventures related by our poet can possibly be referred, yet the work, from the admirable delineations of ancient manners which are scattered over its pages, is of great historical value.

"En outre, cet ouvrage," says M. Michel, in his admirable introductory notice, "indépendamment du plaisir qui peut procurer sa lecture, nous

fournit presque tous les moyens d'étudier complètement la tournure de l'esprit françois et l'état de la langue romane d'oïl dans le premier quart environ du xiiième siècle."

And, in fact, the *Roman de la Violette* presents a picture of *le bon vieux temps*, as charming and characteristic as any one of the time of Louis Quatorze from the aristocratic and social pencil of Watteau.

"As Watteau painted so did Gibert sing!"

It is, in sooth, a Fashionable Novel of the thirteenth century, by the Bulwer of the day; and as such we think it cannot fail to amuse our readers, and to give them some correct notions of the spirit of the age in which it was produced.

After a few introductory remarks, the story commences as follows:—

"Whilom in France there reigned a king,
Who handsome was, bold and daring,
Young, and withal intelligent,
Hardy in arms too, and aidant;
High in his favour knights aye rose;
Wise men he for his council chose,
Counsel he trusted, counsel prized,
Counsel he ne'er the least despised;
He'd been well taught, was wise withal,
And right good were his customs all.
Maidens and dames he held full dear,
And oftentimes made them good cheer.
Courageous too, and of great fame,
Was this King. Louis was his name."*

The monarch here referred to is Louis the Eighth, who is represented as holding upon an Easter day in the month of April a "cour biele et gentil" at Pont-de-l'Arche. Never since Noah made the ark were seen such numbers assembled. The king feasted them royally; and their joy found utterance in song. The Countess of Besançon, sister of the Bishop of Lincoln, commenced with the ballad—

"Alés bielement, que d'amor me dueil."

* "Il ot en France .j. roi jadis,
Qui molt fu bials, preus et hardis;
Jonehes hom fu et entendans,
Hardis as armes et aidans;
Molt honora les chevaliers;
Des sages fist ses conseillics,
Consel crei, conseil ama,
Ainc conseil ne mesmesma;
Bien estoit enseignés et sages,
Et molt estoit boins ses usages.
Dames, pucies tenoit chières,
Souvent lor faisoit bjeles chières.
Molt fu preus et de grant renom;
Loeys ot li rois à non."—page 6.

She was followed by the Duchess de Bourgoigne, who had a "clear voice and good song," and she again was succeeded by a host of noble ladies, whose names and performances are duly recorded.

When this amusement had continued for some time, the party ranged themselves hand in hand along each side of the hall, and the King passed down between them, making his remarks as he went along. The royal attention was speedily arrested by a noble youth who, with falcon on his wrist, displayed so much manly beauty that every lady who beheld him was captivated. This was of course no less a person than the hero of the poem.

"Gerard was this vassal's name,
Who certes was of well-known fame;
And for that he so well did sing,
Besought him before every thing
The fair Chatelaine de Dijon
That he would please them with a song."*

Gerard, who was as courteous as handsome, complied with her request, and the song, which of course touched upon the tender passion, prompted him to boast of the charms and fidelity of his mistress, the fair Oriaut. Gerard was too good-looking and agreeable not to stir up a feeling of jealousy and discontent in the hearts of some of his hearers. Among those whom he thus grievously displeased was Lisiart Comte de Forois, who sought to represent him as an empty boaster, and offered, with the King's permission, to stake his lands against those of Gerard, that the fidelity of the lady would not withstand his temptations. Gerard, fired at the observation, accepted the wager, which the King was at length induced to sanction.

Upon this Lisiart took his departure, accompanied by ten chevaliers, all in the garb of pilgrims, and drew nigh to Nevers, where the fair heroine Oriaut was espied seated at a turret window, listening to the pleasant warbling of the birds, sighing at the thoughts of her absent lover, and seeking solace for his absence in "un bon son poitevin."

"Quant canté ot la damoisselle
Sa main a mise à sa maisiele."

Into this tower Lisiart and his companions were received for the night, and Oriaut descended into the hall, accompanied by her

"Li vasaus ot Gérars à non,
Qui molt estoit de grant fenom;
Et pour chou qu'il cantoit si bien,
Li ot proié sour toute rien
La chastelaine de Dijon
K'il die .j. vier d'une chançon."—page 11.

"Maistresse" or Duenna, to welcome him. No sooner was this ceremony concluded, however, than Lisiart poured forth a violent declaration of attachment; the lady turned a deaf ear to his advances, returning him, instead of her affections, a snatch of song. She then rose and ordered refreshments. Tables were laid, cloths spread, &c.; venison, roast meats, and fresh fish, in abundance, were laid before her guest, who, however, was too busied with thinking of his scheme of villany, and with the consequences of its failure—the forfeiture of his lands—to have much appetite for the repast.

"The ancient dame of Oriaut,
The 'Maistresse,' she sate by the two.
Loathsome and dark her skin to view,
A treacherous sorceress was she too,
Gondree her name, and to be brief,
Daughter of Gontacle the thief,
Begotten of a wanton nun,
Who had in sooth much mischief done.
For, as it always seems to me,
'From bad roots, bad the grafts will be.' "

* * * * *

"Two children she had had, and slain,
Dan Baudry was their father's name,
A monk of Charity was he."*

This worthy coadjutor in a piece of villany immediately guessed that the pensiveness of the Count arose from his passion for her mistress; accordingly no sooner was the repast concluded, than, prompted by her love of mischief, she sought a conference with him, obtained his confidence, and his promises of great rewards if she would enable him to accomplish the object he had in view, and thereby save him from losing his wager. Gondree bade him be of good cheer, trust to her ingenuity and guile, and retire to rest, for that his broad lands were safe. Two servants, bearing wax tapers, then drew nigh to conduct the Count to his sleeping

* "La vielle qui Maistresse fu
Oriaut, sist dalés le fu;
Laide et obscure avoit la chièrre,
Molt estoit desloiaus sorchière,
Gondrée avoit la vielle a non,
Fille est Gontacle le larron;
Cil l'ot d'une fausse béguine,
Qui maint meschief fist de s'esquine;
Pour chou di-jou, tels est m'entente:
'De pute rachine pute ente.' "

"Ij. enfans ot qu'ele ot mordris,
Qu'engénrés avoit dans Baudris,
Uns moignes de la Carité."—pp. 27, 28.

chamber, and the treacherous hag went and prepared her lady's bed.

“Et quant elle son lit fait a
Sa dame apiele, si le couche
Nue en chemise en la couche;
C'onques en trestoute sa vie
La biele, blonde, l'escavie
Ne volt demostrer sa char nue.”—p. 31.

No sooner was Oriaut in bed than the old woman, coming to her bed side, inquired of her why, during the several years she had waited on her, she had so scrupulously concealed her person. Oriaut explained that there was a particular mark upon her skin, known only to her lover and to herself, the discovery of which by another would be considered by Gerard as a proof of her infidelity.

The traitress, having learned thus much, departed for the night; and in the morning, when she had prepared the bath for her mistress, and left the chamber as she commanded her, she pierced a hole in the door, and, as the fair Oriaut entered the bath, discovered upon her right breast a mark of the very shape and colour of a violet.

Alas! had bathing dresses been invented, what a world of misery would Oriaut and her doating lover have been spared! for Gondree, without delay, summoned the Count to share her discovery, who, having seen the secret violet, hastened back to the court, and demanded that Oriaut might be sent for as a necessary witness to prove that he had won his wager. A messenger was accordingly dispatched for her, with whom she returned, and made her appearance before the assembled nobles in a costume, the poet's description of which rivals the elaborate, but somewhat mystic, language of Maradan Carson; and is there as much overwhelmed with shame and confusion, as Gerard is with anger and disgust, at hearing Lisiart boast of her favours, and instance, in proof of his assertion, the fatal violet.

“On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip: Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
Will force him think I've picked the lock, and ta'en
The treasure of her honour.”

But we do not purpose analysing the whole romance; we have recommended our readers to peruse it, and in the set phrase of critic-craft, “we shall not mar the interest of the *denouement* by particularizing the means by which the happiness of the lovers is brought about.” Moreover, we have something to say touching *Eustace le Moine*, a poem in which, from its historical character, many perhaps will find metal more attractive.

Turn we then to the romance of Eustace the Monk. If the author of *La Violette* may justly be regarded as the Bulwer of his day, the writer of Eustace must be looked upon as its Walter Scott. His hero is no imaginary person; for, be it remembered, Eustace stands recorded by contemporary historians, as an active partisan of the barons in their opposition to John, as having brought a fleet to their assistance, and as having been slain in an attempt to land upon the English coast; he is then, as we have said, no imaginary hero, but one of real flesh and blood, one who plays a part in the annals of the time, and bought for himself a name of celebrity by dint of unwearied activity, an undaunted spirit, and an admirable readiness of invention. A genius of this bold and daring character was in bygone days looked upon as somewhat more than human, and Eustace accordingly figured in the legends of the period as one leagued with the powers of Evil, and was stamped a conjuror by those inferior spirits who were themselves no conjurors. The consequence is, that the poem now before us, although more nearly allied to a rhyming chronicle than to a romance, must bear the latter title from the great proportion of mythic lore which its author has interspersed among those portions which are more strictly historical.

An admirable preface replete with information, in which M. Michel has with great industry gathered together, not only those passages of the *Chronicles* wherein this "*Robin Hood Boullonnois*" is spoken of, but also a number of extracts from the *Close and Patent Rolls* preserved in the Tower,* in which he is mentioned, introduces us to the Poem, which contains 2306 lines, and is undoubtedly a composition of the thirteenth century. It commences as follows:—

"Briefly of the monk I'll tell
 Examples, which I know full well.
 At Saint Saumur abided he,
 Eight leagues distant from the sea;
 There he did black monk become,
 When he came from Toledo home,
 Where he had learned negromance.
 There was no man in all France

* Some additional extracts from the *Scala Chronica*, the *Rotulus Misa*, &c. frequently communicated by Mr. Thomas Wright to M. Michel, may be found in the notes to the "*Rapport*," addressed by the latter to M. Guizot, *Ministre de l'Instruction Publique*, at the termination of his literary mission to this country. This report (which is published by Silvestre, and may be procured from Pickering, the agent for all publications connected with Early French Literature) is exceedingly creditable to the industry and spirit of research displayed by M. Michel, and we have no doubt the result of his labours among the Libraries of England will not only add to his reputation, but justify to the fullest the patronage of M. Guizot.

Who knew so many tricks and wiles,
 On many a one he played his guiles.
 For he had dwelt at Toledo
 A winter and a summer too,
 Where, in a subterranean cave,
 He converse with the fiend did have,
 Who taught him arts of every kind,
 Wherewith to trick and cheat mankind.

"When Eustace had learned enough evil,
 He straightway took leave of the Devil,
 Who told him he would live until
 He had contrived sufficient ill,
 'Gainst kings and counts should war maintain,
 And lastly on the sea be slain."*

Which prophecies are all in the course of the hero's busy career duly accomplished.

Of this life, however, as here narrated, chequered as it is with incidents both of grave and mirthful aspect, the latter being by far the most abundant, we cannot attempt to give an outline, partly from want of space, partly from the character of the incidents themselves, many of which are of a nature not to be repeated to ears polite. This blemish, great as it is, is the fault of the times and not of the author, and to quarrel with a writer of the thirteenth century, because his language or subject does not square with our ideas of propriety, would be as absurd and unreasonable as it would be to upbraid him with the unseemliness of

"Del moigne briement vous dirai
 Les exemples si com je sai.
 Il se rendi à Saint-Saumer,
 A .viij. lieues priés de la mer ;
 Illuecques noirs moignes devint
 Puis ke de Toulete revint,
 Ou il ot apriis nigremanche.
 N'ot homme el roiaume de Franche
 Ki tant séust ars ne caraudes ;
 A maintes gens fist maintes caudes.
 Il avoit à Toulete esté
 Tout .j. ivier et un esté,
 Aval sous terre en .j. abisme,
 Où parloit au malfé meisme,
 Qui li apriast l'enghien et l'art
 Qui tout le mont dechoit et art.

Quant Wistace ot assés apriis,
 Au dyable congié a pris.
 Li dyables dist kil vivoit
 Tant que mal fait osés avoit,
 Rois et contes guerrieroit
 Et en la mer occie seroit."—pp. 1, 2.

his trunk hose, or because his doublet was not in accordance with the fashionable notions of the times we live in. Whether the superior refinement of the present day, which banishes the practice of calling a spade a spade, be attended with a proportionate increase of morality, we are not now called upon to discuss; we will, therefore, substitute for such discussion a few specimens of the work which has called forth these remarks.

After relating sundry humptious adventures, the poet tells us of the death of Bauduins Buskes, the father of Eustace, who was killed at Basinguehans by Hainfrois of Heresinghans. The result of which event is that Eustace quits his monastery, and gets embroiled in a feud with the Count of Boulogne, whom he had called upon to avenge his father's death; and by the enmity of the Count is driven to engage in a number of remarkable adventures, which occupy a large portion of the poem. The first revenge which he takes upon the Count is by firing two mills that he might give light to the Count, who was at the wedding of one of his vassals, Simon of Boulogne.

Not satisfied with this outrage, Eustace next disguises himself as a monk of the Abbey of Cler Marés, and accompanied by two of the brotherhood rides out, meets the Count, enters into conversation with him, and entreats him to pardon Eustace the Monk. The enraged Count replies that, if he could lay hands upon him, he would have him flayed alive. After some time the Count suspects who his companion is, but Eustace not only contrives to baffle all the attempts made to identify him, but is no sooner dismissed from this perplexing examination than he goes to the stable, saddles the Count's favourite steed "Moriel," and mounting it rides away, first bidding a squire tell his master that "Eustace has run away with Moriel." The Count and his attendants give chase to his daring foe—but the former, knowing the fleetness of Moriel, has little hope of overtaking the fugitive. Eustace meanwhile, after riding some distance, calls on a trustworthy friend, to whose charge he commits Moriel, and assumes the garb of a shepherd just in time to point out, in that character, to the Count the road which the monk has taken. The Count rides after him, and overtakes, instead of Eustace, the two monks who had been his companions; and while he is threatening them with instant punishment, the boy who has charge of his sumpter-horse is deprived of it by Eustace, who adds to his crime by cutting out the poor boy's tongue.

Such are the adventures, and they are almost endless, in which Eustace is engaged during his contest with his unrelenting enemy the Count of Boulogne. He afterwards arrives in England, and a brief abstract of that part of his story, which must be looked

upon as an historical passage, must terminate our notice of his life and exploits.

Eustace, on his coming to England, threw himself at the feet of King John, and craved the protection of the English monarch, in the garb of an Hospitaller or Knight of St. John. "Since you are an Hospitaller it shall be willingly granted you," said the King. Said Eustace, "Hear my prayer. Eustace the Monk demands mercy of you, and that you will retain him in your service." The King promised that his request should be granted, provided he pledged himself to serve him faithfully, and produced sureties for his good behaviour. Eustace replied by offering either his wife or daughter as a pledge. "What!" said the King, "art thou the monk?" "Yes, sire, Eustace is my name." "By Saint Annon," said the King, "but I will willingly retain you." He accordingly gives him charge of thirty galleys, with which Eustace sails to Guernsey and Jersey, which were both fortified and commanded by a castellan, who, on the arrival of the fleet, addressed the people, saying, "Wait until they land, and then we will destroy them." Eustace and his followers speedily disembarked. Eustace made up to Romerel, the castellan, who headed his troops. "God-chiere!" cried Romerel—"Vincenesel!" was the battle-cry of Eustace; and a bloody fight ensued. But Eustace, who was armed with a ponderous battle-axe, struck right and left, dealing many a good blow, fracturing many a strong helmet, until at length he made himself master of the battle field.

We must pass over his treachery to John, and indeed the rest of the adventures of Eustace the Monk, that we may say a few words on the subject of the "*Riote du Monde*." This story, which is in prose, corresponds with its rhyiming companion, "*Le Roi et le Jongleur d'Ely*," formerly privately printed by Sir Francis Palgrave, which last was the original of a very clever translation from the pen of Mr. Lockhart, under the title of the "*King and the Minstrel of Ely*," published in the *Keepsake* for 1829, and no doubt familiar to most of our readers. Nothing further remains for us now to do than to state that "*La Violette*" is beautifully illustrated, not only by fac-similes of the two MSS. from which it has been printed, but by six miniatures selected and elaborately copied from the illuminations which ornament the MS. containing the prose romance of Gerard de Nevers; and to repeat our satisfaction at the manner in which the several poems under consideration have been edited by M. Michel. They are at once monuments of his industry, and indubitable proofs of his love and admiration of the early literature of his father-land.

Since writing the foregoing notice of M. Michel's editorial labours, we have received a perfect confirmation of the justice of

those commendations which we thought fit to bestow upon them, in the form of two volumes, containing *The Poetical Romances of Tristan, in French, in Anglo-Norman, and in Greek, composed in the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries*, edited by that gentleman, and very elegantly printed, of a size to correspond with the English "*Sir Tristrem*," which forms the fifth volume of the last edition of Sir Walter Scott's poetical works.

The poetical romances here published are prefaced by an introduction of considerable length, in which, and in the notes accompanying it, M. Michel has collected from almost every available source a very valuable and extensive collection of materials illustrative of the subject of Sir Tristram generally. This is followed by the Romance, contained in a manuscript of the Royal Library at Paris, which was formerly very imperfectly printed by Von der Hagen in the Appendix to his edition of the German *Tristan und Isolde, von Meister Gottfried von Strassburg*. From the state in which the manuscript now is, the first two leaves being so much injured by damp as to render whole passages totally illegible, it is impossible to obtain from its perusal any certain results as to its origin or its author. M. Michel is, however, of opinion that, if the language of it is not decidedly Anglo-Norman, the present version has at all events been derived from an earlier manuscript which was so; and, judging from this circumstance, from the localities which are specially mentioned in it, and from the semi-English words which it contains, he does not hesitate to avow his conviction that its author was a Trouveur, who flourished under our Richard or John, or at the latest during the reign of Henry the Third. He was probably the *Berox* named in v. 1232.

"*Berox l'a mex en sen memoire.*"

And again in verses 1753 and 1754:—

"Ne, si comme l'estoire dit
Lou *Berox* le vit escrit."

The indirect manner in which the writers of romances were in the habit of avowing themselves fully justifies the belief. This poem which is the longest in the collection, and contains 4444 lines, is followed by another entire work, containing 576 verses, and being identically the same in point of subject with the second in the Douce MS. published from a manuscript preserved in the public library at Berne. This poem, the language of which is exceedingly difficult, was unfortunately not obtained by M. Michel until his Glossary was printed, so that he was prevented from giving that facility to its perusal which he has afforded to the clear understanding of the other parts of his work.

The second volume of this collection opens with copies of the two fragments contained in a manuscript formerly belonging to that learned antiquary, the late Francis Douce, Esq. and presented by him to M. Michel, with a view to their publication. The poems in question are those of which abstracts, from the accomplished pen of the late George Ellis, are to be found in the Appendix to *Sir Tristram*. The second of these poems appears, however, to have been improperly designated a fragment, inasmuch as it contains an episode in the life of *Tristram*, which is perfect and complete in itself; and which, as we have already observed, corresponds exactly with the poem from the Berne manuscript. It is from this second poem in the Douce MS. that the well-known passage, containing an allusion to *Thomas*, supposed by Sir Walter Scott to mean *Thomas of Erceldoune*, is quoted in his introduction to the English romance, and in which mention is made of *Breri*—

“ N’el dient pas sulum *Breri*
Ky solt le gestes, e le cuntes,
De tuz le reis, de tuz le cuntes,
Ki oient esté en Bretaigne”—v. 848—851.

and whom we are much inclined to suspect to be identical with the *Berax* of the Paris manuscript. Our conjecture has at all events the celebrated parallel betwixt *Monmouth* and *Macedon* to keep it in countenance.

The *Lai du Chèvre-feuille*, by Marie of France, accurately printed from the copy in the Harleian library; and a fragment on the subject of *Tristram*, extracted from a French poem entitled “*Donnez des Amans*,” contained in a MS. belonging to Sir Thomas Phillips, conclude this portion of the work, which is rendered complete by means of a very valuable Glossarial Index; which will amply repay M. Michel for the labour he must have bestowed upon its formation, by the assistance which it will render to his readers. The Greek poem in *versi politici*, from a manuscript in the Vatican, on the subject of *Tristram* and other Knights of the Round Table, formerly printed by Von der Hagen, (but we believe only for private circulation,) and the Spanish romance of *Don Tristan*, bring the work to a conclusion.

The publishing of the poems here collected is doing good and acceptable service to the cause of Middle Age literature; for although much has already been written upon the subject of *Tristram* and his adventures, the literary history of this most popular romance is as yet very imperfectly developed; and it is only by the publication of all the various forms in which it has appeared, and by a diligent comparison of them when published, that any approach to a correct knowledge of such history is to be hoped for.

All that we at present know may be very briefly stated. Tristram, says M. Michel, whether it was translated from the Latin, as many of the MSS. declare, or invented, was certainly the first of the Armorican cycles; its first translator or author being an English knight, Lucan du Gast; whose work gave so much satisfaction to Henry the Second, that he engaged Walter Mapes to publish the Roman de Lancelot, and Robert de Buron, that of the Saint Graal; and when these three were completed, Helye de Buron, the brother or relative at least of Robert, undertook to complete the romance of Tristram, and engaged, in terminating it, to review all the texts, original or translated, of the romances of the Saint Graal cycle, with the view of supplying or re-establishing whatever the previous writers or translators had omitted or wrongly translated. Thus the romance of Tristram was the first commenced and the last finished of the four great romances of the Armorican cycle. Be this as it may, Tristram enjoyed a popularity unequalled by any other romance. The Troubadours of Provence and the Trouveurs of Normandy vie with each other in the frequency of their allusions to it. The Minnesingers of Germany likewise breathe the name of Tristram in their songs; and his unhappy passion has served as a theme for the Spanish Cancioneri. Dante numbers him among the unhappy lovers:—

“ Vidi Paris, *Tristano*, e piu di mille
Ombre mostrommi, e nomimommi a dito
Che amor di nostra vita dipartille.”

Canto V. ver. 67.

Bojardo, Ariosto and Petrarcha likewise allude to him.

But to return to the history of the romance. When Gottfried of Strasburg wrote, and he appears to have flourished in the first half of the thirteenth century, not only did he find the story ready written to his hand, but it had been so long in circulation, that it had in many of the versions been sadly debased and altered, and Gottfried had to search for the story as told by Thomas of Britanny, the Chronicler of Cornwall, which was one that could be safely depended upon, and which account, written as is proved by Gottfried's quotations from it, in Norman-French, we may presume to have been at least a century older. The story told by Gottfried corresponds with the story told by Thomas of Erceldoune, for we agree with Sir Walter Scott in believing the *Sir Tristrem* edited by him to be the production of that writer, and the poem alluded to by Robert de Brunne: and these both, as it appears by Professor Muller's testimony, are closely followed by the Icelandic Saga, which was translated in the year 1226, at the command of King Hacon. Such are the chief points in the history of *Sir Tristram* which have been already decided, and from

which we may reasonably conclude that, should the original work of Thomas of Brittany ever come to light, we shall find it correspond very exactly with the English story. But enough of Sir Tristram for the present; we may find another and fitter opportunity for examining at length the different versions of Sir Tristram's history, and shall therefore spare such of our readers as do not participate in our fondness for the time-honoured tales of days long past further discussion upon the subject.

We are glad to find, however, from M. Michel, whom we again thank for his exertions in the cause, that the study of the literature of the Middle Ages is rapidly extending;* and we think the exertions now making by himself and others to publish its best productions will do much to spread still further this growing fondness; for we believe, when its works come to be better known, they will be far more generally esteemed. If freshness and originality are to be reckoned among the greatest charms which can grace any emanations of human fancy, any out-pourings of human invention, where can we look for those enticing qualities with greater certainty of finding them, than in the marvellous relations of the old romancers, than in those lays of bygone times which were the 'doughty ancestors of the fictitious narratives of the present day! Many of the latter, be it said, are filled with incidents like, if not copied from, those now to be found in the mouldy and worm-eaten folios, which are by too many looked upon as encumbering, instead of enriching, the shelves of our public libraries.

Gentle reader, if you wish for a proof, you will find one in Pelham—a principal incident in which resembles, if it be not taken from, one in the black-letter romance of Virgilius. Well indeed, then, might Chaucer and the conductors of the Retrospective Review exclaim:—

“ For out of the olde feldis, as men saieth,
Comith all this newe corne, fro yere to yere;
And out of olde bokis, in good faith,
Comith all this newe science that men lere.”

* “ *La littérature Romane*,” says M. Michel at the close of his introduction, “ presque entièrement ignorée, il y a quelques années, a trouvé des savants pour la faire connaître et des lecteurs pour l’étudier; en France, MM. Raynouard, Monmergue, Paulin Paris, Robert, Leroux de Lincy, Jubinal, Chabaille; en Belgique, M. le Baron de Reiffenberg; en Allemagne, MM. Immanuel Bekker, Ferdinand Wolf, Ludwig Uhland, et Von der Hagen; en Angleterre, Mademoiselle Louisa Stuart Costello, Sir Frederick Madden, MM. Thomas Wright, Thomas Duffus Hardy, W. J. Thoms, Sir F. Palgrave, et M. John Kemble, à qui la littérature Anglo-Saxonne doit une merveilleuse édition de son plus beau monument, le poème de Beowulf.”

ART. V.—*Monuments de l'Egypte et de la Nubie. D'après les Dessins exécutés sur les Lieux ; sous la direction de Champollion-le-Jeune. Publiés sous les auspices de M. Thiers et M. Guizot. Par une Commission Speciale. Paris: Firmin Didot, frères. 1836.*

THIS great work of the late Champollion's is published, as it will be seen from the title, by a special commission appointed by the French government, and under the distinguished auspices of M. Thiers, the present premier of France, and his late colleague, M. Guizot, minister of public instruction. Having given an ample account in our last number of the progress, revelations, and prospects of Egyptian antiquarian discovery, as set forth in Rossellini's work on Egypt published under the auspices of a commission appointed by the Tuscan government, we think it is due to our readers to exhibit to them all the additional lights thrown upon the subject by the publication before us ; and to enable them to form a correct notion of the present state of the inquiry.

Only two livraisons of this work have yet appeared. They consist of a selection from the numerous drawings taken by Champollion in Egypt, with some brief and meagre preliminary notices attached to each livraison, which profess to give an account of them. They are very vague, very jejune, and occasionally very inaccurate. We blame not the authors of them, for they have the good sense, always accompanied by candour and modesty, to acknowledge their inadequacy to the task of complete explanation. They state that they find no notices among the papers of the deceased explanatory of some of the inscriptions over the battle scenes ; and therefore they have not attempted to explain some of those which appear in the work. Other columnar and vertical inscriptions they have taken upon themselves to leave blank. For this they are to blame, since it does not follow that, because they could not interpret them, they cannot be explained. In fact we shall take upon ourselves to interpret the inscriptions which they have given ; and we shall do so with perfect conviction, and with a full sense of the responsibility of having the eyes of competent judges in this country fixed upon the interpretation. At the end of the notices accompanying the second livraison they apologise for not giving a volume of letter-press description on the ground of present deficiency of materials ; but they promise explanations in the numerical order and of the same size (*gy.*) as the illustrations, as soon as they have sufficient materials to form a folio volume. Meanwhile they intimate that the present notices are to be considered as merely provisional. We shall endeavour to supply the hiatus thus fairly

admitted, ~~in~~ giving our readers a brief analytical account of the contents of the first two livraisons of this splendid national French work. In doing so we may still continue to gratify our inclination for that brevity, which in our last number we urged to be one of the most essential ingredients in popularizing the subject. With this view, we shall confine ourselves to any points of especial interest or novelty, which may occur in the successive folios of these two livraisons; and which may either impart new lights or new corroborations to the concentrated summary of the whole state of the inquiry which we gave in our last number.

The first two plates consist of copies of inscribed steles at Ouadi Halfa, Mashakit, and Djebel Addel. The only important point established by the last is the title of the Pharoah Horus, whose name is given by Manetho and the four collateral chronologies which corroborate his evidence; who is the son and successor of the great Memnon, and whose oval or titular shield stands the 14th in the middle series of the Stone of Abydos. The steles at Ouadi Halfa and Mashakit are curious and indeed important in one especial particular. On six of the Phonetic ovals, which are crenated, and which, instead of cartouches, the usual name, Champollion on this occasion designates as *boucliers* (shields), appear the names of some of the heads of the various countries conquered by Sesostris. We shall indicate them in succession, inasmuch as they singularly confirm the suggestions we offered in our last number; distinguishing, at the same time, the separate Phonetic powers of the symbols employed.

The first contains the generic name of the Scheti (spelt Sh-e-d-te); the second, the generic name of the Sons of Mosech or the Muscovites, spelt precisely as in Hebrew (*M-s-e-k*); thirdly, the people of Aracan, spelt very nearly as that name is sounded, (as for example, Ar-rk-k-a-n); fourthly, the people of Casan (spelt *C-a-s-u*); the fifth, is probably Susa, but the middle vowel *u* is obliterated, and it stands at present *S- -se*. For the purpose of convenience, we shall take the liberty of skipping from the commencement of the first livraison to the end of the second; the rest of the illustrations being taken up with one entire subject, to which we shall then be free to devote all our remaining attention in this short paper. The 29th and concluding plate, of the second livraison is occupied with copies of inscribed steles at Ibrim in Nubia. They are not very important. They are in honour of Mœra-Thothmos (the eleventh shield of the middle series of the Stone of Abydos), son of the famous Mœris, grandfather of Memnon, and father of the Pharoah who, from all collateral evidence, appears to have been cotemporary with Moses, and who pursued the Israelites to the Red Sea. That Pharoah, his

son, and another of the princes of the blood, distinguished by his usual insignia, are represented as offering him homage. The inscription which accompanies the ceremony is, "To the good deity Thothmos, lord of the ends of the earth," (the exact terms employed by Homer, i. e. *peirata gaies*.)

As we have observed, the rest of the illustrations in the two livraisons are taken up with one subject. That subject is Ipsambul; and they comprise details of the two structures erected by Sesostriis at that place, the Speos of Athor, the goddess Venus, and the Speos, or Sesostreum, cut out of the solid rock, and apparently consecrated to the combined purposes of temple, palace, and tomb. In the temple or Speos of Athor, there is nothing which calls for prolonged commentary. The founder's favourite wife, whom Champollion calls Nofre-ari, is represented throughout as the presiding divinity of the temple of Venus;—in one case apotheosized and worshipped by Sesostriis in the character of Athor; in the other associated with him in the presumptuous claim of divinity, he being enthroned by her side in the character of Ammon. We may here remark, that we object entirely to the name of Nofre-ari, as assigned to the second wife of Sesostriis by Champollion. In giving her that name, he violates his own definition of the Phonetic language; employing one of the symbols syllabically and leaving out others. For instance, he omits the *M* of the vulture (*maut*), with which the name commences, and which he interprets *Maut* on another occasion, viz. in the instance of the mother of Memnon, and he gives to the guitar, which, according to his theory, ought only to represent an *N*, the full syllabic or heraldic expression of Nofre, which is the Egyptian name for that instrument. Again, he takes the signs for *ari* which follows, but he leaves out the Phonetic signs of the word *Mne* at the end. Upon his own system, we shall reverse his interpretation. We should leave out the guitar, as a mere symbol of a good divinity, and giving to the whole of the rest of the characters *Champollion's Phonetic powers*, we should read the name *Mariamne*, a well known Jewish and possibly an Egyptian name. We shall not, however, waste our time in cavilling about this name, but for the present invest the lady with the very un-euphonious appellation which Champollion has given to her. The name of the wife of Sesostriis, Butanias, we do not object to. Both queens are exhibited in coloured costume, in plate 3 of the second livraison. There is one large half-length portrait of Nofre-ari; a second of full length; and a third, a full-length of Butanias. But all three have been given before by Rossellini, and merely confirm his accuracy. We return to the Speos of Athor, merely to observe, in quitting this part of the subject, that Sesostriis, desig-

nated by his never-varied Phonetic and titular symbols, and which appear in the proper order of succession first on the third series of shields on the Stone of Abydos, is on two occasions represented before his accession to the throne; the title of "Benevolent God" being substituted for "King by the will of the people," or "of a willing people." It appears that he was married for several years before his accession; since he is followed, on one occasion, while offering incense to Horus, by a young female child, who in the inscription is called his daughter, and named Amentheme. On one occasion Nofre-ari is called "Queen and royal wife of Ammon;" which would lead one to infer that she had been one of the Palladi, the royal order of nuns, to which many of the princesses during their nonage belonged, and who were consecrated by a temporary vow of virginity to Ammon. Part of a dilapidated statue of Athor appears on the extreme wall of the sacellum of the temple. The figure has a cow's head surmounted by a lotus; and the name Athor,—which signifies House or Womb of the Sun, the Egyptian Messiah, or Bethshemish,* threatened by the prophet "with having a fire lighted in it, which should destroy its images,"—is clearly visible above the head of the broken and decayed statue. Marks of fire are met with throughout the interior. The antithesis implied by the pro-

* The passage is, "He shall break the images of Bethshemish, and burn with fire the houses of the Egyptian gods," Jeremiah, c. 43, ver. 13. The word Athor means the same as Bethshemish, both, Phonetically and symbolically, implying the House of Orus or the Sun. Her symbol is a house with a hawk within it. She is the Virgo or Virgin of the Egyptian zodiac, mysteriously holding her son Orus, the false Messiah of Egypt, on her knees. We need not wonder therefore, at the denunciation of the prophets against Egypt, nor at the peculiar character of the denunciation. We need not go to the Prometheus of Æschylus, or the Pollio of Virgil, to show that all the Pagan nations, receiving their rites from Egypt, had a traditional expectation of a conquering Messiah. But the peculiar characteristic of Egyptian arrogance was, that the Pharaohs successively claimed to themselves divine honours, as the expected Epiphany or Incarnation. Thus, one of the Pharaohs is represented in the prophecies as saying, "I am a God, and sit on the throne of God, in the midst of the seas." Again, "The river is mine and I made it." The whole early line of the Pharaohs arrogated to themselves this blasphemous designation. Sesostris especially did so, offering and causing divine honours to be paid to himself in the character of the Son of Ammon, and obviously undertaking his ambitious design of universal empire in the character of son and vicegerent of Ammon, in order to make himself the earthly god of the whole world's idolatry. The chief purport of the prophetic denunciations is to condemn this arrogant assumption, and to reclaim from the false church in Egypt, on behalf of the true church in Judæa, the virgin daughter of Judah, the right of giving birth to the true Messiah. It is a curious circumstance that, as through the whole of the Jewish symbols there are evidences to be found of marked distinction from the Egyptian in the midst of obvious conformity, so it will appear that, through the whole of the prophets' denunciations against Egypt, there runs a marked line of connected purpose. The worshipped symbols of the gods are generally embodied in these denunciations, while the threat expressed in a symbolic manner, appears to aim at contrasting the humiliating confusion threatened to Egypt with the presumptuous confidence reposed by Egypt in the gods and monarchs of its idol worship. For instance, in the preceding verse of the chapter above referred to, a

phcey between the real fire threatened and the profane fire lighted up within this temple by the orgies of Venus, and the presumptuous dedications of mortal beauties which cover its walls, is obvious and striking. The eighth and ninth folios of the first livraison represent the front elevation of the great Speos of Ipsambul, which indeed depicts and records the Titanian ambition of its great founder.

Four of the Caryatides which support the architrave are enormous colossal statues of Sesostris himself; two, of his favourite wife, in the character of Venus or Athor. At the foot of each of his statues stand two of the princes, his sons; and at the foot of each of her's two of the princesses, her daughters. But the latter do not rise above half the height of the leg of the six colossi which compose the magnificent and unique portico of this astonishing Troglodyte palace. On the left side of the portal, Sesostris is sculptured in the act of slaying a vanquished negro, who wears large gold ear-rings. On the right side, he is represented in final conflict with the same chief of the nation of the Robouri, whose duel with him is depicted at Louqsor. The 10th plate exhibits the same profile of Sesostris as had been previously given by Rossellini, and some of his accoutrements and ornaments, none of which call for notice, unless we may except the *oval* clasp of his sword-belt, which contains the symbols of his name. The 13th plate is coloured, and represents him in his chariot, in all the magnificent panoply of an Egyptian monarch and conqueror. The car, instead of being of bronze, as usual, is on this occasion chiefly composed of gold. His steel casque is embossed with gold. His bow, formed generally of two pieces of elastic steel, united by a central band, is of gold, or of steel enamelled with gold; and his whole person is covered with a pro-

second shepherd's desolation is denounced. "He (Cyrus) shall array himself with the land of Egypt as the shepherd putteth on his garment."

Again in Isaiah, xix. 1, all the symbolic threats are opposed to the symbolic confidences of Egypt: "A cloud to the sun, a fire to the heart." And it is most curious that a burning heart was in fact a symbol of Egypt. "Behold, the Lord rideth upon a cloud, and the idols of Egypt shall be moved at his presence, and the heart of Egypt shall melt in the midst of it." All the verses of the same chapter, from three to twelve, are most curious in their references to Egypt. The allusion to the fishers, spreading their nets on the waters in the midst of the reeds of papyrus, will immediately bring back to the recollection of our readers the striking graphic illustrations of fishermen, with their peculiar Egyptian net and their ambuscade among the reeds of papyrus, which Rossellini supplies; and to which we have referred in our review of his ingenious work. One corroborative passage from Ezekiel respecting Egypt may be added to the foregoing: "I will cut off the multitude from No," viz. from populous Thebes, that multitude in which she boasted—the *pleista demois* of Homer. And again, "Noph," i. e. Memphis, "shall have distress daily;"—not, so the contrast implies, her fictitious wallings for the dead. "At Tephphnehes, the day (i. e. the orb of day) shall be darkened, when I shall break there the yokes of Egypt." The allusion to the yoke of Apis, in the last instance, is evident. Ezekiel, xxx. 14, 15, 16, 18.

fusion of gold ornaments and jewellery, consisting of breast-plate, armlets, bracelets, girdle, and pouch, an appendage to the Egyptian military apron, as it is to the kilt and philibeg; and the square shrine-like symbol of truth (*amune*—which offers some features of conformity with the Jewish Urim and Thummim) is suspended by a heavy gold chain round his neck. All this rich accumulation of ornaments is partly dimmed rather than concealed by the green muslin robe, which appears to have been a peculiar and favourite costume of the Pharaohs. The horses which draw the car are magnificent, and their caparison is as gorgeous as the warlike harness of their master. Their necks are loaded with ornaments; their heads are diademed with gold and jewels, and surmounted by stately ostrich feathers. A running footman runs before the car. His tunic is of cloth of gold; in one hand he carries a truncheon; in the other his bow and arrows. A black-fringed cap constitutes part of his costume, and large and heavy gold bracelets of a peculiar form invest his left arm, which may have been either a symbol of his station in the royal household, or an accoutrement intended to protect the left arm in drawing the bow from abrasion by the rebound of the string after discharging his arrows. The lion which, according to Diodorus Siculus, in his warlike expedition, accompanied Osymandias, a name proved to have been a title of Rameses Meamon, runs by the side of the chariot of Sesostris. A brief inscription, in a single line, written horizontally over the head of the whole pompous paraphernalia, merely announces that “this is the golden chariot, and these the horses of the Great King.” In a lateral vertical inscription there are the terms of the common “*Vivat Rex*” in use now, like the “*O King, live for ever*,” peculiar to the Persians. It may be correctly translated—*Ammon me Rameses* (we doubt extremely all Champollion’s interpretations of the titular shields—interpretations confessedly not governed in any respect by the Phonetic discovery)—“*To him be joy and life daily and for ever!*”

The first folio of the second livraison contains the portraits of the wives of Sesostris, which we have already described, but it adds a half-length coloured portrait of Sesostris himself. This has not been given by Rossellini, and, with the exception of the Moorish complexion, it is so like Napoleon Buonaparte, that it might be readily taken for a portrait of that modern conqueror himself. The rest of the plates in the second livraison are chiefly occupied with the details of part of one of the great campaigns of Sesostris, and which are in a great measure either duplicates or copies of the same sculptural description at Louxor. These details are taken from the north wall of the vestibule of

the Speos at Ipsambul. It was against the Scythian people, called the *Scheti* in the inscriptions, with their allies, called Robour by Champollion, but who are occasionally called Robourim, that this campaign was undertaken. It gives only an incomplete view of the campaign; representing various portions of the field of battle, before, during, and after the conflict. That field of battle is a plain intersected by a river, on one of the banks of which Sesostris pitched his encampment; the same river encircles a hill, on which stands the fortified town of the enemy. The illustrations depict the march of the Egyptian army in various divisions, consisting of infantry and chariots—the shock with the hostile squadrons—the defeat of the latter upon the plain, and the flight of the defeated remnant of their army to their fortified town, where they await his attack. The illustrations contained in these livraisons show the manœuvres employed by Sesostris and his army in order to surround, and make a general attack upon, the town. We shall briefly direct attention to the most remarkable points, which characterize these curious and important representations of a warlike campaign, conducted between 3 and 4000 years ago.

On plate 18, the proof that the Egyptians had occasional cavalry, as well as charioteers, is given by the representation of a man on horseback; and a body of spearmen are seen marching in line, with their commanding officer directing their regular military step. The Egyptian infantry are armed with spears, swords, and shields, and protected by close-fitting helmets. Occasionally cuirassiers appear among the corps of infantry; and the cuirass, consisting of moveable plates of steel, descending downwards to the military kilt, almost always designates the charioteers, who are also always moustached. The body coat of mail and the striated apron sometimes resemble the classic form of Greek military costumes. Two men always occupy one car; one to drive the horses, the other to fight. The spirit with which the long procession is invested by the sculptor, as will be seen at the bottom of the successive folios 18, 19, 21, and 25, is worthy of the examination of the artist. The variety of action and play of muscle imparted to the beautiful horses, the different physiognomies of the warriors, and the general beauty in the disposition and arrangement of the chariots separately, as well as of the whole group, will, we think, convince the most sceptical of the fact, that from this source the much-admired equestrian processions on the Athenian temples were originally derived.

Plates 20 and 22 are chiefly remarkable for representing the sumpter mules of the army carrying baggage panniers for its use, and the droves of oxen which accompany the expedition.

The archers, then, on the turrets of the walls of the Robourim, protect themselves from the discharge of the enemies' arrows by large shields of leather, or some other material, the top of them being fixed like a sail to strong uprights, and the lower, or broader, end to the ramparts.

Plates 22, 23 and 24 are chiefly taken up with exhibiting the details of the arms, armour, discipline, and order of battle of the Robou or Robourim. They appear to have been a powerful nation, and not much behind the Egyptians, either in the number of their army, in its discipline, or in the character of their offensive and defensive arms. There is a difference in the latter, but no inequality. Their army is also divided into infantry and charioteers. The charioteers wear cuirasses, and carry shields, spears, and bows; but they are distinguished by the form of their shields, which are generally square, as opposed to the truncated oval form of the Egyptian. They have a broad brim to them, and are divided by vertical and horizontal lines into a number of square plates of metal, which probably covered a wooden frame. The helmet differs from the Egyptian in having a tasselled crest. The car also differs in being square and cumbersome, like a waggon. It was also in many instances covered with the same series of squares either to ornament or to protect the shields, and the car held three warriors instead of one. The latter also are distinguished from the Egyptians, who wear moustaches, by a lock of hair hanging from their temples. * Their force must have been considerable and well matched in point of number with the Egyptian. Thanks to some of the inscriptions which the French commission have preserved, while they have superciliously omitted others, we can arrive at a pretty correct knowledge of the number of the contending armies, of the number of the prisoners made, and of the number of the dead. Over the heads of a single brigade of the charioteers of the Scheti and the Robourim appear in one instance the symbols of 9,000. Now, when it is added that their chariots are *quadrigæ*, that is to say, are drawn by four horses abreast, which is sometimes the case with the Egyptian, but not always, not fewer than 36,000 horses and 27,000 warriors must have been in this brigade alone. A similar estimate may be formed of the force of the Egyptian army. Over the heads of one column of heavy-armed infantry appear the words—"9,000 men bearing spears and shields, under the command of his majesty himself, who overthrew the bad race."

The 24th and 25th plates represent the defeat and flight of the Scheti and Robourim, and their pursuit by the Egyptians across the river to the town. The sculptor on this occasion has exhausted all

his ingenuity, and striven to equal in graphic power the lights of poetic imagination, while portraying the rout of one party and the pursuit of the other. Sesostris, in the centre of the battle, is made the hero and central object of attraction of the labours and glories of the day. All the turmoil and terrors and bodily suffering of a field of battle are depicted to the life. It is Gray's poetical picture embodied in sculptural narrative.

"Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
Thousand weapons round him burn :
Where he points his purple spear,
Hasty, hasty rout is there ;
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to stop and shame to fly :
'Here confusion, terror's child,
Conflict fierce and ruin wild,
Agony that pants for breath,
Despair and honourable death."

There are some prominent incidents represented in the concluding scene of these battle-pieces, which deserve to be distinguished and selected from the confused mass of objects that produce the aggregate result of order amidst disorder intended by the sculptor. The general resemblance borne by the representation to Homer's description of fields of battle in the *Iliad* is remarkable. Warriors are seen dashed headlong from the cars by the stroke of the javelin or the arrow ;—terrified or wounded horses, rearing and plunging amidst the contest ;—cars, devoid of their riders or overthrown, whirled from the scene of action by the frightened and astonished animals, and the chariot wheels of the Egyptian hero, like those of Achilles, dashing over heaps of dying and dead. In some cases the contending warriors, descending from their cars, appear to parley, like Diomed and Glaucus, amidst the pauses of the battle. In one case two young warriors belonging to the combined army of the Scheti and the Robourim are carrying off their dead companion, who is placed at the bottom of their chariot, and they are pursued by an Egyptian warrior, who threatens them with his lance and taunts them with his words, while they, looking back towards him, await his attack, the one with contemptuous, the other with smiling, tranquillity. We can hardly help fancying that we hear the beautiful apostrophe of Virgil's youthful hero, Euryalus—

"In me convertite ferrum,
Me, me ; adsum qui feci."

The shock of the hostile cars of the Egyptian and Scythian squadrons, distinguished from each other by the contrasted characteristics we have detailed, as exhibited in plates 23 and 24, and the tumultuous effect of the collision, are spiritedly expressed by the sculptor :

“Arms on armour clashing bray
Horrible discord; and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots rage.”

The discipline of the Egyptian army, and its military organization, are most obvious. The cavalry advance in double columns, that is, eight horses abreast, when the chariots are quadrigæ,—four, when bigæ. The infantry generally advance in line, each individual of the rank moving with regulated step, and a centurion or captain heading every rank, directing their movements with a long truncheon or staff. Homer's description of the military organization of the Greeks, as contrasted with the clamorous and tumultuous attack of the more barbarous Asiatics, will probably occur to the classical reader while surveying these curious revived proofs of ancient strategics.

“Silent they move, a well-appointed throng,
Chief urges chief, and man drives man along.”

The archers discharge their arrows, like modern musketeers, in regular platoon. Slow and double quick time characterize, as in modern times, the various orders of march. In one of the last plates, after the battle has been won, and when the assailants of all arms are advancing rapidly to turn the right and left flank of the enemy as they fly for protection to their fortified towns, the spearmen are seen advancing in unbroken ranks, but with a running step—their lances being *ported* at a regular angle, as if prescribed by some military manual. The fortified town being built upon an elevation, the artist has admirably expressed the inclined stooping position of the infantry, heavily burdened with their loaded quivers on their shoulders, and the labouring muscular action produced on the chariot horses, as the whole body of assailants make a combined rush forward to storm the heights. Every battlement and tower of the hostile city is thronged with armed men awaiting the attack, and here, as we have before said, ends the series of illustrations at present published. If the French Commission had had the good sense to give the hieroglyphical inscriptions which accompany the last two illustrations, instead of the vacant columns which they have chosen to do, we should have been enabled to obtain a better and clearer idea of the various fortunes of this fiercely contested battle-field and of its results.

One inscription, which terminates the scene, however, they have given, and this enables us to add one elucidating commentary before we conclude. The subject of that inscription is what may be called a terminating episode in the battle on the plain. The defeated chief of the Robourim is represented barely escaping from the slaughter of the day in his chariot, in which

both his charioteer and his associate warrior are depicted as slain during his flight. He escapes on foot to the draw-bridge which crosses the river to the gate of the town, whence the governor or one of the chiefs comes forth, to receive him in his flight, or to condole with him on his disaster. The latter is depicted offering to his humiliated monarch a peculiar form of reverential accolade or embrace, one hand being placed on the head, and the other on the heart. Beneath both the word Robourim is clearly written. Above is an inscription, which is meant to indicate the address of the defeated chief, whether to his vassal or his warlike associate, and which is somewhat to this effect: "Give me refuge, refuge from the wrath of the just King."

We have now gone through the illustrations of the first two livraisons of Champollion's work. Whatever interest may be found to attach to the sculptured battle-pieces which they preserve, they are, as we have reason to know, far inferior in interest and in the historical information they convey to those which remain extant on the walls of the various palaces and temples of Thebes and Nubia. These illustrations contain but a very small portion of the great campaign of Sesostris, only equalled in ambitious design by the march of Napoleon to Moscow, and in which he evidently aimed at the conquest of the whole then known world. But the wars of Amenoph the First against the shepherds, of Mœris, of Memnon, Petamon, Rameses Me-Ammon, and Shishak, though not embracing so wide an extent of conquest, are not deficient in interest, and descriptions of them equally extant with those of Sesostris, on various monuments at Thebes and Nubia, remain to be produced. We need not in conclusion say more than that we await their production with considerable anxiety and interest. In conjunction with the civil, domestic, and commercial details, to which we adverted in our former article, as supplying materials for a history of Egypt and its contemporary nations, during the three hundred and forty-eight years of the 18th dynasty of kings, these military details will fill up a vast chasm in human knowledge, and supply an authentic history of the human race during the most critical and influential periods of its existence,—periods as well corroborated by demonstrable chronological dates as any later period of the ancient history of the world. It will complete, such is our expectation, the chronological chain of historical events—comprehending with adequate accuracy a period extending from 1322 B. C. to the date of the 1st Olympiad, 779 B. C., with which, and not before, authentic history could not be permitted to commence, previously to the extraordinary discovery of the Egyptian monuments, to which we have been referring in terms of high but deserved appreciation.

ART. V. — *Tragedie di Giovanni Battista Niccolini*, Fiorentino.
(Tragedies by G. B. Niccolini, a Florentine.) 2 vols. 8vo.
Capolago. 1835.

AT a very early period of the existence of this Review, we took occasion to introduce the living Florentine tragic poet to our readers;* and in so doing expressed a strong persuasion that he was capable of far better things than his *Antonio Foscari*, the tragedy then under our consideration. That we did not judge him erroneously the volumes before us prove; and, although we still see room for great improvement, and, as we think, powers adequate thereto, Niccolini has already so far justified our favourable opinion as to entitle himself to more circumstantial notice, to more elaborate criticism, than we then bestowed upon him. This he might indeed claim at our hands, had he since produced nothing but his *Nabucco*, an extraordinary play, in which he has dramatized the fall of Napoleon, and displays far more force and originality than in any of his other tragedies, though we by no means consider it as the sole, or as likely to remain even the chief, foundation of his fame. But, before we dissect or discuss that or any of his new productions, we must say a few words of the poet himself, whom we formerly scarcely deemed worthy of so much attention, of his general character as a dramatist, and of the causes to which we ascribe most of his faults.

Niccolini is a noble Florentine,† and hereditarily a poet, descending, by his mother, from the greatest Italian lyricist of the 17th century, the justly celebrated Filicaja, who might alone redeem the *Seicentisti* from reprobation. He was esteemed by his admirers, the classicists, the chief rival of Manzoni, as long as that highly gifted writer continued to cultivate the sisters of Castaly, by whom he was so profusely favoured; and since the author of the *Conte di Carmagnola*, *Adelchi*, and *I Promessi Sposi*, has, in excess of devotional zeal, abandoned the fair fields of imaginative poetry, Niccolini is in Italy, we believe, unanimously acknowledged as his only successor. An Italian poet thus valued by the Italian *literati* is neither to be lauded nor censured by foreign critics, without good and sufficient reasons alleged; and to do this satisfactorily we must take a rapid and general survey of Italian Tragedy.

The drama seems to have arisen in Italy upon the revival of classical literature, for though there were Italian mysteries, they

* See Foreign Quarterly Review, Vol. II. page 368.

† It is, perhaps, scarcely worth mentioning that the name of Niccolini is one of the historical names of Florence, and that Filicaja was employed by the grand duke in the government of the country. The honours with which he was loaded by almost all the then living sovereigns of Europe, including the eccentric Christina of Sweden, were of course paid as a tribute to his poetical not to his political fame.

were few, we believe, and never very popular; the drama was consequently modelled upon classic originals, without assuming a national form, except in comedy, when the *Commedie dell'Arte** appeared. This classic influence was of course most apparent in the works of the earliest dramatists, but it continued through the last century, although gradually modified by the softer Ausonian nature, and may be traced even in the operas of Metastasio. Towards the end of the 18th century, indeed, Alfieri formed a new and severer school of tragedy, excluding those superfetations, the *amours obligés* of the French classics, Corneille and Racine, and of the mellifluous Metastasio; but he thus in fact rendered Italian tragedy more truly classical, whether he took his subject from Greek mythology, from history, ancient or modern, or even from the Bible. Alfieri may perhaps be said to have exaggerated the severe simplicity of Greek tragedy with respect to plot and *dramatis personæ*, while he rejected the pomp of poetry which, in the classic drama, supplied the place of complex incident and thrilling interest; and the result is, if we may hazard the confession, a sense of barren coldness, that renders the perusal of his tragedies, in spite of the powerful genius they display, a somewhat heavy task. But the striking contrast presented by the vigour of Alfieri with the tameness, or the tame sweetness, of his predecessors and contemporaries, awoke vehement admiration, and has established him as the model of most subsequent tragedians, and especially of such as, like himself, are ardent lovers of liberty.

In this state Niccolini found the tragic theatre of his country, when, deeply imbued with classic lore, he devoted himself to the worship of Melpomene. Could he draw his dramatic ideas from other than classic sources? Could he seek other modification or adaptation of those classic ideas to modern notions, than those offered by Alfieri? Even the political circumstances of his times were calculated to confirm this classic tendency of his mind, inasmuch as he glowed, through the inconsiderate impetuosity of adolescence, half-ripening to the fervid passions of early manhood, amidst the wildest modern hallucinations of *pseudo*-Roman liberty, and of Roman military glory; being favoured and promoted, during this last most misleadable, if not most leadable, age, by Maria Louisa, temporary Queen of Etruria, and her successor the Princess Elise, both dependents and creations, the last the sister, of the anti-romantic Napoleon. Let us then, in considering the works of our poet, their merits, and their failures, constantly bear in mind the various but concurrent influences under which they have been produced.

In the year 1810, Niccolini, then 24 years of age, brought forth his first Tragedy. It was Greek throughout—the title, *Polissena*,

* See For. Qu. Rev. Vol. II. page 62.

the Italian form of Polyxena; the subject, the sacrifice of the royal Trojan virgin at the tomb of Achilles. The character of the personages, and the conduct of the play, are sufficiently Hellenic to impress us with respect for the writer's knowledge of, and love for, Homer, Æschylus, and Co.; the only deviation from the sternest classicism is Polyxena's invincible, involuntary, and thoroughly concealed and controlled, though not conquered, love for Pyrrhus; and even this modern sentimentalism is so happily managed as at once to aid the catastrophe and interest readers and audiences, accustomed to the strong stimulants of our own times, without offending the Hellenic sense of the severest classicist. Niccolini's purity of language, sweetness and richness of poetry, and tenderness of feeling, have been so abundantly eulogized by all critics, Italian, French, and German, that upon these we dwell not; occupying ourselves chiefly with what we deem higher points, to wit, the structure and conduct of his pieces, and the development of character. Three more Greek tragedies were probably the fruit of the enthusiasm that greeted *Polissena*; and then our poet, after having, at the suggestion of an English lady, Italianized rather than translated Douglas, locating the Scotch hero in Sicily, betook himself, touched perhaps by the spirit of nationality springing up around him, to the annals of his own country in search of materials for tragedy.

But before we examine his historic tragedies let us recollect that Niccolini was now, and had for some time been, acknowledged by the classicists as their head, as the great, the successful rival of the romantic Manzoni, and must necessarily have been chary of risking the loss of so exalted a station in the literary world. If he felt the superior interest possessed by national subjects, the richer field offered by national characters to his powers of embodying individuality, he would seek to combine these advantages with his classic fame, by treating modern history, in the Continental language of the day romantic subjects, classically. Bearing these circumstances in mind, turn we to the *Historic Tragedies* before us.

Niccolini's first *trouvaille* in Italian history was the fate of Antonio Foscari. For an account and criticism of his tragedy upon this subject, we refer to our former number already quoted, but must add one observation, appropriate to the view we are now taking. It is that this *trouvaille* was one of peculiar felicity, real treasure-trove to a classicist, since most of the great incidents of the story can be represented in the play with due subservience to unity of time, and no other sacrifice or strain of probability, than supposing the trial and execution of Antonio Foscari to have taken place, without a moment's delay, in the night that succeeded the evening of his offence and capture; that being the

evening of the day in which the law, constituting the entrance into a foreign envoy's garden a crime, was passed.

Antonio Foscari has had two younger brothers, tragedies founded upon Italian history. One of these, *Giovanni di Procida*, attempts a mighty subject, were it so treated as to display the growth and working of human passion; the other, *Lodovico Sforza*, is, to our mind, essentially undramatic. A few words will suffice for all we have to say of the latter; of the former, we shall speak considerably more at length, esteeming it our Author's best historic tragedy, and, perhaps for that very reason, a striking instance of the defects of his system.*

The subject of *Lodovico Sforza*, though sad, perhaps even tragic enough, if we may use the epithet in a sense so qualified as to render it compatible with what is to follow, appears to us, as before said, decidedly and essentially undramatic. It is, and can be nothing but the death of the feeble Giovanni Galeazzo, and the usurpation of his able, unprincipled uncle, *Lodovico il Moro* (the Moor); an event of immense Italian importance and dignity, it is true, since it may be considered as the origin of the wars of the French and Spaniards in and for Italy; but utterly barren of vicissitudes. The opening scene shows us the poor youth suffering under the action of a slow poison; and his fate is so manifestly inevitable that we can hardly take any interest in the exertions of his heroic and highly talented consort, Isabella of Aragon, in his behalf. Neither is the catastrophe at all caused, or scarcely even precipitated, by the vacillations and credulity of the would-be chivalrous Charles VIII. of France, whose character is however admirably drawn, or, shall we say? touched.

The *Sicilian Vespers* is a subject of a very different kind, yet, perhaps, equally unfit for the drama, if the drama be doomed to struggle helplessly within the trammels of the Unities. An historical play, in the Shakspearian acceptance of the term, assuredly might be constructed upon it; and, in the hands of Shakspeare, or even in those of Kit Marlowe, what a powerfully interesting play it would have been!† We should there have seen the tame submission of the conquered Sicilians, provoked by the lawless violence, the outrages upon female honour, the generally insulting and capricious tyranny, of their French masters, into a sullen dissatisfaction or a passionate indignation, offering fair materials to be worked upon by Procida; we should have seen in the hero himself the gradual ripening of resentment for private injuries, patriotically sympathizing with public injuries, into the calm, steady, but irresistible determination to avenge the wrongs of his country, to break

* We should not be sorry to see Joanna Baillie grapple with the *Sicilian Vespers*, and we think that her feminine heart could work itself into sympathy with the perpetrators of such a massacre.

'the oppressors' yoke, and to restore national independence; and we might thus have been wrought into such sympathy with the vindictive passions of Procida and his countrymen, as even to bear the consummation of that most awful of all acts of popular retributive justice, the Sicilian Vespers, in which every Frenchman upon the island, detected by his false enunciation of the two words, *ceci* and *ciceri*, was mercilessly slaughtered.

But what of all this can we have in a tragedy cramped within the limits of the Unity of time? The mere catastrophe which, thus unprepared, revolts us. The maturity and horrible result of a conspiracy, the grounds of which we learn only from hearsay, as crimes long since committed, and therefore awakening no lively emotion; and though Niccolini has thoroughly, if not altogether happily, identified the private with the great public interests, the sorrows of his hero and heroine springing from the outrages and oppressions that have produced the conspiracy, yet those sorrows are not its motive cause; and we hear so much of the remorse of the perpetrator of the main outrage, that we feel nearly as much pity for the penitent criminal as for the vindictive sufferer by his crimes. A brief abstract of the story will illustrate our views.

The wife of Giovanni di Procida, after presenting him with a son and a daughter, has been forcibly torn from her home by Eriberto, *gallicè* Heribert, an historical character, known as a favourite of Charles of Anjou, and as the most arrogant and licentious among the French oppressors of the Two Sicilies. To him the victim of his violence has borne a son, Tancredi; and, subsequently escaping from his power, she has returned to die at her husband's feet, with the disgraceful secret, that a child of her compelled shame exists, trembling upon her lips, intimated but not revealed. Her eldest born, Procida's son, has fallen by Eriberto's sword, in an impotent juvenile attempt to avenge his mother; and Procida, vowing retribution upon the whole nation to which the destroyer of his wife and son belongs, has left Sicily to excite Rome, Constantinople, and Aragon, against the tyrants of his native land. To insure his safety, he has spread a report of his death; and his daughter, Imelda, believes herself an orphan, independent as helpless. She is wholly ignorant of her mother's story; and, having been protected from brutal outrage by Tancredi, has repaid his service by falling in love with the unknown stranger, who is unacquainted with his own origin, and whom she, from his speaking good Italian, supposes to be a countryman. At the opening of the tragedy they have already been so long privately married that Imelda is a mother; and Tancredi, having recently discovered that he is Eriberto's son, has filially written to ask his father's consent to that "foregone conclusion," his union with Imelda.

This private plot, all of which, save Tancredi's share, is histo-

rical, may be considered as a fair embodying of the general miseries caused by French insolence and licentiousness; but we must observe upon the addition to history, so revolting to English feelings, the unconscious guilt of the wedded brother and sister, that if it were needed to enhance the evils inflicted by the conquerors upon the conquered, we have to regret its chronological improbability, to say the least. Scarcely sixteen years intervened between the invasion of the Sicilies by Charles of Anjou and the Sicilian Vespers; so that Tancredi could not well have completed the age of fourteen when he is supposed to have rescued and captivated Imelda.

But to proceed—all this being preliminary matter—the tragedy itself consists of the unexpected return of Procida, his interview with his fellow conspirators, their capture of Tancredi, Imelda's grief, terror, and confession of her marriage, the interception of Eriberto's answer to his son's request, in which he tells him that his intended bride is his half-sister, Imelda's consequent determination to take the veil, her seizure by the French as she is embarking for a Tuscan convent, the death of Tancredi, and a fainting fit of the widow-sister, blending with, though by no means causing, the first outbreak of the insurrection.

Having thus shown the defects inherent in the scheme of the tragedy, consequent upon the confining such a subject within the limits of the *Unities*, we turn to the more pleasing task of exhibiting Niccolini's merits in execution. The following extract from the first scene between Procida and one of his confederates, is to us peculiarly pleasing by the delineation and management of the hero's character.

"Gualtiero, entering. Procida!"

Procida.

Friend!

Gual.

At length again embraced!

Pro. Upon thy bosom let me place my hand—

Now hear. The vengeance-consecrated day

Is this. Thy heart beats calmly. Bold in arms

I knew thee; of a valiancy more rare

This is the test—approved conspirator.

But speak of Naples, whence thou com'st, the lot?

Gual. Dishonour.

Pro.

And the wish?

Gual.

Revenge.

Pro.

And Charles?

Gual. As subjects, he oppresses, and, as strangers,

Disdains the men of Naples. Towards the rich

Rapacious, he is cruel towards the poor.

He lurks an unmanly tyrant in his palace,

Or thence, as savage beast from den, prowls forth.

Pro. Saw'st thou the fierce usurper near?

Gual.

So near

On battle-day might I but find him ! Little
The lurid, sidelong, flashing of his eyes
Athwart his sullen brow should then avail him !
He, truculent of aspect, ne'er inspired
The awful majesty of terror felt
In presence of the forest's monarch ; no,
But the cold shuddering with which the serpent,
Forth from some Temple's hallowed gloom, unlooked for,
Gliding upon the day-light, chills the blood !

Pro. The day has dawned when I may trample on him—
May stand tremendous executioner
Of Heaven's high judgment on his head.—The Nobles,
May we hope aid from them ?

Gual. *Habituate*
To slavery, once so bitter, they are now,
Unmoved by generous griefs ; he weeps, a coward,
Of yore who gloried in the name of rebel.

Pro. Awakened with the stroke of hostile swords
Is virtue in the bosom of th' oppressed,
As from the gelid stone the fire-spark breaks.

Gual. Disclose thy plots.

Pro. *Plots ? None have I. A nation*
Conspires not. All, without a previous word,
All understand each other.

We need a powerful monarch ; be the sword
That monarch's sceptre, and the helm his crown.
Let him our clashing wills reduce to concord,
The bleeding wounds of servile Italy
Heal, and anew create her. So that she,
Erst mistress of the world, no longer prove
The general thrall, the prey and sepulchre
Of every foreign race."

Gualtiero now goes forth to announce to his confederates the
existence, arrival, and plans of Procida. He returns to Procida
in the third act, and his tidings are thus hailed :

" *Pro.* Oh miracle of hatred ! Faithfully
A nation keeps the mighty secret ; all
Favours the vengeance that, to make it sure,
I have thus long delayed.

Gual. *The sons of France*
Forget, despise, enjoy. Each warrior boasts
The glories in Byzantium that await him ;
Derides the tears of women whom, seduced,
He now deserts, and, in his vice audacious,
Reveals the injuries of the nuptial bed.

Pro. That execrated race desires alike

Warfare and lawless love,—whate'er can promise
Pleasure and danger.

* * * * *

Gual. I may not, Procida, disguise my thought;
Much as in peace I loathe the French, do I
Upon the battle-field admire them. Would
Our Italy had warriors their compeers!

Pro. Disdain her not, but pity; and whoe'er
Shall further wrong the flouted thrall, chastise!"

We selected the following speech of Imelda's as a specimen of Niccolini's pathos; then rejected it on account of the similarity of situation with that of a scene in *Nabucco*, from which we propose to make an extract; and have finally resolved for that very reason to insert it. It would be doing Niccolini injustice to omit this burst of pure and passionate feeling of Imelda, who is a very different character from Amiti. The Sicilian wife and daughter as yet knows nothing of the peculiar horror of her marriage, but has just been told by her father that her hand is to be the reward of him who slays Eriberto.

"*Imel.* What have I heard! I, daughter, mother, wife,
Falter and tremble, and in mine each thought
Danger and sin behold. Vainly I now
In my bewildered reason counsel seek.
Each path is closed; my husband and my father
Will even at the altar meet in blood.
Betwixt their weapons I shall stand—in vain!
Immense, fierce, just, my father's hatred is;
Yet am I Tancred's wife, and must reveal it
When bid to wed another. With my babe
Let me seek pardon at my father's feet—
What would'st thou, wretched mother?—Of his foe
Is't not the grandchild?—Anger, not affection
His infant features might awaken.
And in the terrible impending fight
Where is Imelda's place? Alas! Nor country
Nor lawful vows has she. A guilty prayer
With trembling lips to Heaven up-offering,
Abhorred, distrusted, and forlorn, must she
Remain. An impious sister,* in French hearts,
As in Sicilian, e'en midst strife and death,
Must she awaken a concordant shudder."

We could gladly go on adding extract to extract from this tragedy, which, notwithstanding its faults, pleases us much. But we must recollect that we have still matter before us of more peculiar, if not of greater, interest in *Nabucco*, and content ourselves with one

* All she knows of the family history is that Tancred's father, Eriberto, slew her brother, beside whose tomb the scene of the first four acts is laid.

more, which shall be from the closing scene, in illustration of Niccolini's faults as well as of his merits.

The scene is now changed to an open space,* adorned with myrtles and orange trees, between the city walls and an extramural church, where the insurrection actually did begin. This space is thronged with people, awaiting some festal church-ceremony; amongst them are several of the conspirators, sometimes stimulating the crowd to rage, sometimes discussing their plans with each other. Suddenly another conspirator, Alimo, rushes in, when he is addressed by one of his party.

"*Palmieri*. Say what has chanced ?

Alimo.

Tumults and blood !

Pal.

Then haste we—

Al. Forbear ! Ubaldo, who from Pisa brought
Those hidden weapons that shall give us freedom,
Thought hence to sail ; with him a woman went
Veiled with unworn care, her face unseen.
The Franks prohibited their embarkation.

In vain Ubaldo strives, in vain the few,
There present, aid him ; all are by French numbers
Oppressed ; Ubaldo falls ; his sailors fly,
Bearing away th' unknown. But in swift barks
The French pursue, and must o'ertake them."

The French commander, Drovetto, now crosses the stage, speaking contemptuously of the Sicilians ; but at length yields to the entreaties of the more cautious Sigier, whom he allows to search Procida's castle. When they are gone, the Sicilian poets proceed, by the desire of the conspirators, to stimulate the people in songs, which the French soldiery are supposed not to understand ; Palmieri assists their efforts by apposite apologies ; and at length some of the populace exclaim,

"Were Procida alive—"

Others.

Procida's dead.

Procida entering. Procida lives ! I'm he."

The difficulty now is to restrain the impatience of the roused and encouraged people, till the concerted signal shall announce the appointed time. Meanwhile Drovetto returns, dragging in Imelda.

"*Drovetto*. Why should'st thou leave Palermo ? I no longer
Believe that Procida is dead. That rebel,
Hid in some neighb'ring island, there conspires
With the abhorred Aragonese, and thee
Vainly expects. My hostage thou remainest.

* It will be remembered that the relaxation of the unities, which allows twenty-four hours in time, gives two or three streets in space.

Im. Too surely I'm an orphan; here Drovetto,
Nothing is left to me, unhappy wretch!

[*Enter Sigier, followed by French soldiers, and Tancred.*]

Sigier. No idle fear was my mistrust; I reached
Procida's castle, entrance was refused—
In vain! The iron gate and bars gave way
To French impetuosity. The castle,
The chapel I explored, and midst the tombs
Found Tancred prisoner.

Imelda (aside). Oh God! What hear I?

Procida (approaching her). Thine path!*

Sig. And, standing on the hill, I saw
A dusty cloud from the near valley rise,
Bespeaking warriors; Frenchmen they are not,
For those who fled the castle hurried to them.

Procida (aside to the conspirators). It is Gualtiero; friends, the hour's
arrived.

Dro. Haste to disperse them; then return with speed.
The flashing of French steel shall dissipate
The rabble. Thou hast disentangled now
The threads of this deep plot. This mob is mute,
Sinking again into their ancient fear;
I singly here suffice.

[*Exeunt Sigier and troops.*]

Tancred, thou son
Of a French hero, how wast thou made prisoner?
Why in that castle?

Tan. As Imelda's husband.

People. Oh Heavens! Can that be true?

Dro. Why trembles she?

Resentment, menace, pallor, mark thy brow!
—No, I mistake not; Procida is here!

Thy wrongs from thy wife's father thou forgivest,
And seek'st to shelter him from certain death.

Tancred (aside.) Thousand emotions in my bosom war.

Imcl. Vainly you here seek Procida. Here were he,
I had not fled. His silence is no offspring
Of love or pity. Never can he be
My consort.

Tan. After such enduring love
Can'st thou desert me, cruel? Thou, a mother?

Pal. Pure calumny! She blushes; all know well
That he is son to Eriberto, who
So deeply injured Procida; then think, ye
Procida's child can be a Frenchman's wife?

Dro. Discover which of these is Procida,
And the fair slave be thine, given or restored.

Imelda (aside.) Most generous! He's silent.

Dro.

She with me——

* He had made her swear never to reveal her marriage with Eriberto's son.

Tan. What mean you ?

Pro. By this blow know Procida ! [*Stabs Drovetto.*

Pal. And with thee die the slanderer, the liar ! [*Stabs Tancred.*

Imel. Oh God ! Hold ! hold ! We're but too much united.

Tan. Barbarous Imelda—'tis for thee I die—

Give me at least—one last—last kiss of love !

Imel. I dare not—Oh ! One mother gave us birth.

Tan. Great God !——What do I hear !——I die. [*Dies.*

Imel. Oh Heavens !

I've murdered him—he doubted me—I faint !

[*Swoons in the arms of the women.*

Pro. Sicilians, friends, stand ye immoveable

From horror of their fate ? A Frenchman's work

It is, fruit of our outraged nuptial beds.

I must not now my daughter's miseries weep ;

My sword I brandish—Hark ! the sacred bell !

May I be first to shout, Death to the French !

Death ! Death !

[*Gualtiero rushes in with armed men.*

Gual. To arms ! To arms !

People. To arms ! To arms !

And with this shout the tragedy ends ; so that if we knew not from history the complete success of the Sicilian Vespers, we should really be left in great anxiety concerning the fate of our friends the conspirators.

We now proceed to *Nabucco*, which, at least in point of vigour, may be pronounced Signor Niccolini's master-piece. The subject, as before said, is of our own times ; the close of that series of mighty vicissitudes, to the reality of which the hearts of half the civilized world now living have throbbled, and in which their individual interests, ay, and those of the youth since born, were involved. And this is dramatized by the simple contrivance of nominally transplanting the recent revolutions of an adjacent kingdom to distant climes and ages. That such is not a legitimate use or form of the drama is, we think, a position so self-evident, that to prove it were a mere work of supererogation ; and this inappropriateness might afford a sufficient explanation of the otherwise singular fact, of the truth of which we have been assured, that this powerful piece, upon a subject so universally interesting, and by a poet of acknowledged genius, has been but little read, and never, we believe, acted in Italy. The latter seeming neglect originates, however, as we learn from the same source, in the *veto* of the constituted authorities, the grounds of which are political. But to the tragedy itself.

Nabucco is, we believe, the Italian form of Nebuchadnezzar, though whether the tragic hero, who here bears the name, be the

grazing Nebuchadnezzar most familiar to our minds, or some ancestor of his, we are not sure. At all events, he is an Assyrian usurper, and represents the Emperor Napoleon Buonaparte. The other persons here brought before us, are Caulaincourt, under the name of Asfene; Carnot—the true hero of the piece, inasmuch as our noble author is evidently a republican at heart—under that of Arsace; Pope Pius VII. under that of Mitrane, chief of the Magi; *Madame Mère*, as Vasti; and Marie Louise, as Amity—a somewhat more conjugal and maternal queen than her prototype, the empress, has been usually thought. The scene to which our contemporaries, thus disguised, are transported, is Babelle, which, though it looks like the tower of Babel, means Babylon, and by which the reader need hardly be told he is to understand Paris; but, like ourselves, he would probably take the Babylonian palace to be the Tuileries, did not the key, prefixed to the *dramatis personæ*, for the benefit of those who are too stupid to unriddle such mumming for themselves, expressly enable us to inform him that it is the Chateau de St. Cloud, brought to Paris for the nonce by Harlequin's wooden sword, we presume. The period of contemporaneous history dramatized is that intervening between the battle of Leipzig and the capture of Paris; hence we cannot but suspect that upon this occasion Niccolini has for once ventured to break through the shackles of the unity of time. Not a hint is indeed given from the first scene to the last of any lapse of months, weeks, or even days; but though the poet could not be required to introduce the whole campaign of 1814, (in our private opinion the most really heroic portion of Napoleon's career,) though we are prepared for such modifications of history as the limiting the whole of the war subsequent to the battle of Leipzig to the defence of Paris, and finding the defeated conqueror in the capital at the moment of its fall, instead of at Fontainebleau; yet we can hardly suppose that Niccolini would venture to represent the allies as marching from the Elbe to the Seine, even under the less glaring form of the Scythians, Egyptians, and Medes, advancing from the Araxes to the Euphrates, there fighting a new battle with the rallied and new levied troops, bribing a general (Marmont,) and finally capturing the city, within three, or even twenty-four, hours of the tidings of the first defeat reaching the metropolitan palace.

Having thus briefly stated the nature of the Tragedy of *Nabucco*, we will now select a few extracts, seeking chiefly to display Niccolini's mode of painting the remarkable personages with whom he has taken such seemingly unwarrantable liberties. We shall begin with part of the opening scene between *Madame Mère* and the young Empress.

Amiti. Thou weepest for thy son: I, wife and daughter,
Alike for father and for consort weep.
Thou may'st, without remorse, implore the Gods
To grant thy son success. In me each prayer
Is guilt; I must be found a faithless wife,
Or an unfilial child.

Vasti. And unavailing
Thy prayers, thou sad one; save thine agonies,
Nought is assured; then weep with me whilst fortune
Betwixt Darius and Nabucco floats
Uncertain. Either, cruel, in success,
Will bid thee at his victory rejoice.

Amiti. Oh Vasti! That a mother I were not!
Then, since the impious war I could not hinder,
I, child of kings, should know to pierce my heart.
Perchance, ye cruel ones, over my tomb
Ye might have joined your bloody hands—at least,
Unloosed the tie by which I knit you, less
Your guilt if not your hatred were.

Vas. To me
Such death is due. Enormous is my crime—
I bore Nabucco. * * * * *
My son's the fault if he has wearied fortune
And armed all Asia. Satisfied with glory
He might have been, and empire, on that day
Which gave thee to his arms, angel of peace.
* * * * *

Amiti. The victory be theirs who know to pardon,
Tears' sacred rights who feel.

Vas. What king e'er pardoned?
If to his foes, or to Nabucco, fate
Give victory assured, thou shalt but learn
Which is most guilty. * * *

On him if fortune smile, his boundless pride
Again will hurry him to enterprize
Most rash; war will of triumph be the fruit.
Should victory crown the hostile kings, I see them
Trample upon Nabucco, and seem great,
Exalted on his ruin, whilst their fears,
Cautious as cruel, agonize the earth
With crimes of prudence; to my son—

Amiti. Hush, hush! My fear knows all.

Vas. Would I feared only
The kings of earth. But since the dreadful day
When great Mitrane, prophet most revered,
Pontiff of Bel, on whom the eyes of Asia
And of the Gods are fixed, was from the Temple
Torn, undefended by his tears, his age,
Or by the altar he embraced, his God,

Light and terrible, round the king's steps
 Spreads darkness, fills his heart with tumults wild,
 And his uncertain mind with thousand furies."

We shall dismiss the ladies by showing how Nabucco dismisses his high-born queen, when, upon his arrival from the field of his defeat, she tenderly greets him.

"*Amiti*. My husband!

Nabucco. Hide thy grief.—Oh never, never
 Nabucco's wife be seen to weep! Assured
 Is now thy glory—Vainly adverse fate
 Of me may rob thee; thou retain'st thy name;
 And from my sufferings, not from the throne,
 Or thy forefathers, shalt thou honour reap.
 Now to our son—for me embrace him; shortly
 I'll visit him."

Our next extract shall be from the scene between the falling monarch and the enfranchised pontiff.

"*Mitrane*. Why loose my fetters? E'en thy dungeon's peace
 Dost envy me? In full security
 Tramplest thou not on altars overthrown?
 Respect the helplessness of age, oh king!
 If thou disdain the prophet. My misfortunes
 At least be sacred; or, if thou desire
 That every crime should be Nabucco's, slay me.

Nab. Thou wouldst by death be glorified—In vain—
 More lenient thou behold'st me.

Mit. Leniency
 In thee forebodes but cruelty's increase.

Nab. Wrathful old man, remember'st thou no more
 Thy former flatteries? Am I not he
 Whose brow by thee was with the holy oil
 Anointed?

Mit. Did I consecrate thy crimes?
 Did I bestow the sword to smite myself,
 To smite mankind? No, guiltily didst thou
 Delude me, saying, 'I have given peace
 To Babylon; she, of her impious madness
 Is weary, and Bel's temple shall rebuild.'
 Then Asia saw thee, citizen and general,
 With steel and wisdom armed, appease dissensions
 And tyrants overthrow—morals and laws;
 And of innumerable unpunished crimes
 The end, she hoped. Singly could I oppose
 The wish of Asia. Recollect the day
 When in the Temple I awaited thee,
 Imploring all the Gods to bless my King—
 Arrogant movest thou amidst the shrines;

Th' assembled priests, the present majesty
 E'en of the God, condemning—On the altar
 Not the eternal volume of the law
 Thou seekest, but the crown. Thou waitest not
 Till on thy brow I place it, with rash hand
 Clutching it, even on the holy altar.
 The pious awe, beseeching well a king
 Who undertakes to judge the world, in thee
 I see not, but with bitter smile thou say'st,
 'This crown is heavy, of a truth 'tis heavy.'
 And thou spok'st truth, oh king! for on it weighed
 The tears of earth, our crimes, the wrath of Heaven,
 And what Nabucco was to be.

Nab. Didst think
 Nabucco other Gods owned than his sword,
 And from the altar would accept his kingdom?

* * * * *
 My warriors in thine old-wife's tales believe not;
 I'm by their weapons and my gold defended,
 Not by thy God; he favours still the strong.

Mit. The just he favours. If his eyes awhile
 He should avert, or midst the clouds conceal
 His face eternal, He at length unveils
 His brow, and thunders 'gainst th' exalted crimes,
 Absolved by fortune."

After sending Mitranes back to his prison, Nabucco observes:

"I cannot slay that pontiff nor revere him;
 He has been too submissive for respect,
 Too firmly he resists me for contempt."

But Arsaces is, as we have said, our poet's true hero, and we turn to a scene between him and Nabucco, after the latter has thus contemptuously dismissed the senate.

"*Nab.* Hence trembling slaves, I do not pardon you,
 But scorn to punish. *[The senate withdraws.]*

Arsaces. Murder me thou may'st,
 But not debase.

Nab. Thou hop'st such glorious death
 In vain—I with thy blood pollute my sword!

Ars. 'Twere for thine arm a novel enterprise.
 As yet thou hast but shed the blood of slaves.

Nab. And what art thou, Assyrian?
Ars. I deserve

A different kingless country.
Nab. So! A rebel.

Ars. Such were I, midst thy slaves a jocund flatterer
 Thou hadst beheld me, bending low my head
 Before the worshipped throne; and in thy power

I thus might share. Thou with their fears didst bargain,
That made thee king, and that maintain thee tyrant.

Nab. Bethink thee, if this sword, on which the fate
Of Asia hangs, strike not rebellious slaves,
Thousands of weapons wait upon my word.

Ars. Then why delay'st thou? Call them—I believed thee
Worthy to hear the truth—Do thou chastise
So gross an error.

Nab. He who on this earth
No equal knows may tolerate thy boldness.
Say on.

Ars. Wert thou a vulgar tyrant, hung not
Assyria's fate on thee, Arsaces then
Could slay or scorn thee. I, who in thy ranks
Have fought, have seen thee general and soldier,
And on the battle field a god in arms
Admired, upon the throne abhor thee.

* * * *

Nab. Of liberty what talk'st thou to the king?
In me our country dwells; then speak of me.

Ars. To thee I speak, Nabucco, to thy fortune
Others have spoken. Asia's ills thou seest,
Not thine. The sea of blood deluging earth
Touches thy throne; it totters; dost not feel it?
For us I ask not pity; on thyself,
Nabucco, have compassion.

Nab. Did I prize.
My power above my fame, I were at peace,
And you in chains.

Ars. The founder thou wouldst be
Of a new empire, and a high emprise
This seems to thy ferocious pride. Thou'rt great
If thou succeed; if in th' attempt thou fall,
Audacious. Well I know that splendid ruins
To man yield glory, but not genuine fame.

Nab. I upon victory would found mine empire,
Not owe it to the charity of kings.
Assyria, conquered, boasts not as her monarch
Nabucco. On this head my crown must blaze
With all the terrors of its former brightness,
Or there be crushed. Wherefore chose not Assyria
Her king amongst th' unwarlike Magi? Then,
When to this hand, trained but to wield the sword,
The sceptre she committed, she pronounced
Her preference of glory to repose.
Is glory ever bloodless? Would ye now
Return to your effeminate studies, ply
The distaff, break our arms? Who my reverses

Could not support never deserved my fortune.

* * *
If I am vanquished, to unwarlike leaders,
To venal satraps, Asia must be slave.
Whom see'st thou on the throne worthy a throne ?
Where is the crown on which I have not trampled ?

Ars. To me dost thou recall the arts of kings,
And vileness ? To Arsaces such a crime
Royalty seems, that scarce could he in thee
Forgive it, did thy virtue match thy valour.
But is't the sole reward of so much blood
That we may choose our tyrant, and our sons
Be born to a new yoke ?

Nab. My reign attests
That ye were free.

Ars. Oh direst lot of slaves !
Slavery, to him who has lived free, is shame.
But why my wounds re-open ? I address not
The citizen, 'tis to the king I speak—
To thee Assyria has given her crimes,
Her valour, virtue, rights, and fortune. Rich
Art thou through ancient ills, rich in her wealth.
The harvest of the past, the future's hopes
Are placed in thee. * * *
The urn of fate God to thy powerful hand
Committed, and forsook the earth. But was't
Guerdon or punishment ? Heavens ! Dar'st thou stake
The world's last hope on doubtful battle ? now,
When in the tired Assyrian courage flags,
And fair pretexts are wanting, other sons
Demand of mothers, wrapt in mourning weeds,
With tear-dimmed eyes ? For what should we now battle ?
Cold are our altars or o'erthrown, the Gods
Uncertain ; slain or prisoners our sons ;
Not e'en their graves are given to our affliction :
The Scythian snows conceal our brave Assyrians ;
And our ancestral monuments are buried
Beneath the ruins of our temples. Say,
What should th' Assyrian now defend ?

Nab. His crimes !
I with my dazzling glory fill the throne,
Hiding the blood with which by you 'twas stained.
'Twill redden if I fall, and for revenge
Call on your murdered sovereign's servile heir,
Ay, and obtain it. But with minds unstable
Ye look for pardon of past crimes, of new ones
For recompense.

Ars. Nor fear nor hope are mine.
His sword secures Arsaces from all kings."

These extracts will we think be sufficient for our purpose, which was to exhibit the force that our poet is capable of exerting, and his mode of delineating and treating the distinguished characters here introduced in disguise, not to attempt any thing in the nature of a regular analysis of what we might better denominate a series of dramatic scenes than a tragedy. We must not, however, close the volume without informing the reader of the fate of those distinguished characters, in *Assyria* at least. And this we will despatch in a very few words. When *Paris*—we beg pardon, *Babylon*—is taken, *Asfene* having fallen in the battle, a fate which we were not aware had befallen the Duke of *Vicenza*, *Amiti* flies to her father; *Mitrane*s takes *Vasti* with him to *Reblata*, otherwise *Rome*; and *Arsaces*, rescuing *Nabucco* from amidst the horrors of defeat, offers to assist him to expel the enemy, provided he will abdicate and restore the republic. They argue the point at some length, the circumstances considered; but, as we have given part of their former discussion, we shall now give merely the conclusion of the argument and of the tragedy.

Nabucco. As victor I might leave my throne, subdued
I on that throne must die. A glorious life
Might still be mine, *Arsaces*. I behold
'Twixt Asia and myself a stormy sea,
A wide o'erarching sky. The eyes of men
Shall bend, not on the mouldy palaces
Where lies concealed my foemen's hallowed vileness,
But on the rock where I am bound; and more
Nabucco than the Gods, though with late vows,
Shall be invoked. But life of what avail,
Now that in blood my fates extinguished are,
That new times dawn? The fragments of my ruin
Must serve my foes to build with. I'm borne down
By the world's hate. Kings, I to you bequeath
The business of mine exculpation. Now,
Thou sword, long Asia's terror, give me rest
Immortal.

Arsaces. Hear me! Hold.

Nab. Even of death
Would you rob him who was earth's lord?
Ars. Thou fallen,
Who shall twixt men and tyrants interpose?

Nab. *Arsaces*, mine example.

Ars. No, thy blood
Will swarms of tyrants breed.

Nab. Thou hast prevailed;
Arsaces. Other lot I wished. Now listen.
This sword, sole relic left of all my realms,

Take thou, and if a kinder fate permit
 My son to ripen into valour, give 't him.
 Like me, if he shall know to use it, I
 Bequeath him much. Let him in fitting season
 Revenge his father; but ne'er condescend
 To strike his foemen with this sword. My death
 Do thou conceal. Amidst these palace-walls
 Euphrates winds his course, into earth's depths
 Hence sinking. Be his flood mine unknown tomb!
 Let kings for ever tremblingly expect me!"

With these words Nabucco throws himself into the Euphrates. The allies appear as masters of his palace; and the curtain falls.

And now we take our leave of Niccolini, but only, we feel confident, for a while. We have heard that he has another historical tragedy forthcoming, founded upon the annals of his native Florence, and we should look forward with pleasure to receiving it, did we expect it to be only on a par with the best of those before us. But we have said, and we repeat it, we are convinced that Signor Niccolini is capable of surpassing his present productions. For this he seems to us to want only courage to risk his classicist eminence, and to break the shackles of the unities of time and place, especially of the first, which renders it next to impossible to depict the workings of passion in the human heart. If he does this, we feel assured that he will yet give us such an historical tragedy, as will deserve to be presented to our readers in a regular and minute analysis with copious extracts.

ART. VII.—*Histoire des Francs*, par M. le Comte de Peyronnet. Paris, 1835. 2 vols. 8vo.

THE beginnings of states are by no means the least interesting periods of their history. In the old world those beginnings were generally identical with the beginnings of nations, or at least wrapped up in the same obscurity; but history has thrown a clearer light upon the formation of those states which were built upon the wreck of the western empire of Rome. The "barbarians" were themselves not altogether unenlightened; they had known the Romans under different circumstances, and had learnt something even of their manners and of their civilization; and Christianity, which was immediately and generally adopted amongst them, brought with it learning and literature. The deeds of their forefathers were sung amongst them in songs and ballads, unstable monuments, which were deeply imbued with the romantic character and ideas that must naturally have been peculiar to those with

whom they originated, whilst their own were registered in matter-of-fact chronicles, written by the men in whose memory they had occurred. Thus are we enabled to trace, without difficulty, the eventful period of their establishment, the causes that gave them strength or that rendered them weak and sickly in their commencements, the principles and maxims which ruled and guided them. The nearer the site of their establishment to the head-quarters of the Roman power, and (consequently) the more enlightened the people amongst whom they threw themselves, the sooner does their history become authentic, particularly where, as in Gaul, the conquerors spared the church, and left the bishops, whom they found there, in the quiet possession of their sees.

M. de Peyronnet—the unfortunate ex-minister of Charles X., now the inmate of a perpetual prison, as the reward of his services to a fallen dynasty—has chosen a noble and fertile subject for his pen in the first race of the Frankish monarchs. Had he treated his theme unworthily, the position in which he is placed, and the few resources which he could have commanded, would have been sufficient to disarm our criticism; but we have no need of the excuses which he urges, for we are well satisfied with his book, which is judiciously arranged and well written, full of just and profound views. He has evidently studied the chroniclers with care and in a good spirit, and he has formed upon them a work which is full of interest.

Before we follow M. de Peyronnet, as it is our intention, hastily through his two volumes, we will quote the account which he has given of his method of treating the subject—we will give it simply and without comment, because the observations that it contains are too just and too self-evident to need any.

“There is still one point,” he says, “in which I have quitted entirely the forms consecrated by long usage. I could not persuade myself to proceed by reigns in this history, so multifarious and complex, of the Merovingian ages. It appeared to me that a serious and important event, whose effects should be uniformly spread through all parts of the empire, and whose successive returns should have marked boldly a sufficient number of intervals in this period of history, would be a more logical and more natural divisor. I had to find the means of reproducing, collectively and under a common aspect, the things accomplished at the same time in the three divisions of the empire. For it was the history of that empire which I had in view, and by no means the incomplete and mutilated history of one of its divisions. I could not be satisfied with making Austrasia and Burgundy subordinate to Neustria; with sacrificing to the King of Paris those of Orleans and Metz; with introducing these latter only as strangers. Nor would it have been more convenient to represent, one after another, the reigns of three princes living and reigning at the same epochs, and to recount

successively facts which were simultaneous and contemporary. In this method there would have been neither fidelity nor simplicity—neither rapidity nor clearness. These considerations led me to substitute for the simple changes of princes, which are not always events, and which would in all cases have been but partial events, the general transformations which the political organization of France underwent.

“Thus France, considered collectively, as it belongs to my design, having been perpetually subjected during a long space of time to the double tendency of reunion and partition, these two accidents, alternative and always linked together, appeared to me to be of all others best calculated to maintain in my composition the unity which could alone, in my opinion, banish from it confusion. I place the actions of princes at the true epochs of history, and could not consent to take for epochs the lives of princes, indolent, obscure, powerless, where in fact there is nothing belonging to them. They are in my subject, but they do not constitute it; my subject is France. I do not see that Tacitus has divided the books of his history according to the reigns of Galba, Otho, Vitellius.”—*Pref.*

On the orthography of the ancient names much might be said, but, in our present paper, we shall not depart from that adopted by M. de Peyronnet. In nothing has there been hitherto observed so little of anything like established principle. It is to be regretted, that, even when translating from modern tongues, or when writing on modern subjects, no regularity is observed. We have seen the same person write the name of the great German philologist in one place Dr. James Grimm, in another Dr. Jacob Grimm.

The early history of nations is ever uncertain. All that we can assert concerning the origin of the Franks is, that they were a German tribe; their name is first mentioned about the middle of the third century. Various revolutions in the interior of Europe had placed them on the borders of the empire. Merovée, the founder of the race of kings whose history is the subject of M. de Peyronnet's book, with his subjects fought under the Roman banners. During the reigns of one or two of their kings, Gaul was overrun by these adventurers, sometimes the enemies of one people, sometimes of another—fighting alternately against Romans, and Goths, and Allemaus, in the character of invaders, but not of conquerors. The reign of Chlovis—the terrible Chlovis—was the era of conquest (486-7). At the age of fifteen he was raised to the throne, and five years afterwards he placed himself at the head of a numerous army, crossed the Rhine at Cologne, and marched directly against the Romans, who were encamped at Soissons. The Romans were conquered, and Chlovis founded on their ruins the state which was one day to act such an important part among the nations of Europe.

The tribes who established themselves upon the ruins of the Roman empire were by no means the barbarians they are commonly described. Their chieftains, who raised themselves to new thrones, showed at once that they knew how to govern—that they were, to a certain degree, statesmen as well as heroes. When the Franks entered the Roman provinces of Gaul, the people who already inhabited the territory were not chased from the soil, but a share in the lands as well as in the laws, though not an equal share, was given to them. Between themselves they were allowed even to retain the laws by which they had been previously governed, but by the law of the conquerors the person of the Roman or Gaul was worth but half as much as that of the Frank; a crime against the latter was repaired by a composition double of that which was in a similar case adjudged to the former. A similar rule existed amongst all the Teutonic conquerors—in our own island the common wergeld of a Saxon, by the earlier laws, was estimated at two hundred shillings—that of a Welshman, if he possessed a hide of land, was but 120 shillings, if half a hide, 80 shillings, and, if none, but sixty.* The laws of the first William made a somewhat similar distinction between the Norman and the Saxon. Not only, however, did the Franks leave to them their laws and some of their property—they consented from the first to accept the religion and church-government, and by degrees they adopted the language, of the people they had conquered. At the end of his reign, he who had ascended the throne a pagan was distinguished by the title of *le roi très-chrétien*. In fact, Chlovis entered Gaul not to plunder, but to rule.

Many occasions presented themselves to Chlovis of strengthening and extending his power; none escaped the keen policy of the Frankish chief: like most conquerors, he was not nice in choosing the means which he employed in obtaining his end, and he died the monarch of a powerful and extensive kingdom. But he left four sons, Theodoric, Chlodimir, Childebert, and Chlotaire; by the law of the Franks, all the sons must share equally the inheritance of the father; and the kingdom of Chlovis was thus divided into four separate states. Theodoric had for his share the whole of what constituted the kingdom of Austrasia—the provinces situated between the Rhine and the Meuse, with the districts of Auvergne, Rouerque, Querci, the Albigeois, and the country bordering on Italy and the Gothic kingdom of Amalaric. The capital of this kingdom was Metz. Chlodimir,

* "Gif Wilisc mon hæbbe hyde londes, his were bið hundtwelftig scill. Gif he þonne healf hæbbe, eahtatig scill. Gif he nænig hæbbe, LX scill." *Ira's Laws*. Schmid, p. 21.

whose capital was Orleans, had the Orleannois, Berry, Maine, Anjou, and Touraine. Childebert had the territories of Paris, Melun and Chartres, with Perche, Normandy, Bretagne, Poitou, Saintogne, and the Limousin; his capital was Paris. Chlotaire, whose capital was Soissons, had Picardy, Artois, and Flanders as far as the Meuse and the ocean.

The influence of this law gave a distinct and peculiar character to the history of the Franks under their first dynasty. The race of Chlovis never raised any permanently extensive empire—its greatest conquerors, who, by whatever means, had united the empire, were cut off in the midst of their career; the building fell at once to pieces; and if there came a descendant capable of imitating his father, he had to begin again from the foundation; the same series of murders and aggressions must be repeated before the kingdom could be reunited. Thus there could never be any permanent advance in improvement, and nothing can show more clearly the badness of the system than its failure in its application in the highest possible degree. M. de Peyronnet has, therefore, done well in dividing his history according to the two heads of division and reunion—for, as the constant tendency was to union, the result was as invariably separation.

After the death of Chlovis, this tendency, at first latent, soon manifested itself more openly, and its first advance may serve as an example of the means by which the union of the Frankish kingdom was generally accomplished. Chlodomir, the king of Orleans, died at the age of thirty years, leaving three sons; they were placed under the care of their grandmother Chlotilde, who, herself a pious and noble woman, seems to have governed the kingdom of their father, during their minority, for nine years. It was then that occurred the tragedy which we are going to recite.

“Chlotilde had come to Paris. The young princes were there with her. Childebert, seizing the opportunity, sent secretly to Chlotaire, representing to him the affection which their mother bore to her charge; her perseverance in retaining possession of them, and in maintaining their rights; the necessity that he should come quickly to Paris, and that they should advise together how to dispose of them; whether they should degrade them or put them to death; and how they should afterwards share their kingdom.

“Chlotaire, having received this message, wasted no time in deliberation; but hastened to Paris. At the same time, Childebert spread the report that their resolution was taken, and that the sons of his brother were to be immediately proclaimed. The people readily gave credit to the rumour, and Chlotilde herself was persuaded to believe it.

“Matters being thus prepared, the two kings sent to her to demand the young princes, saying, ‘Let her send them, that we may raise them to the throne.’ Chlotilde, full of joy, made no resistance; she said,

'Let them go, and if they succeed my son, I shall think that I have not lost them.'

"The children were brought. But, the moment they arrived, they were placed in confinement, and their servants separated from them. The latter were also confined, but apart from them, and in a distant place. The two kings then sent a second message to their mother. They chose for their messenger Arcadius, a senator of Auvergne, already proved in other treasons. He presented himself to Chlotilde, carrying in his hand a pair of scissars and a naked sword. 'Glorious queen,' said he, 'decide and take thy choice. Which dost thou ordain for the sons of the King of Orleans? Is it thy will that they perish, or dost thou prefer that they be deprived of their hair?*' Chlotilde was overcome with profound grief: 'Dead rather than degraded!' were the only words she uttered. And Arcadius, fearing that her magnanimity might still give way to her tenderness, hastened with her answer to the kings.

"They also hastened. The childhood and rank of their victims had no influence over them; the guilt of fratricide stayed not their ambition. Chlotaire, when he had heard the words of his mother, seized the elder of the children, threw him on the ground, and killed him with a stroke of his poignard. The second, witness of the murder of his brother, threw himself wildly at the feet of Childebert, imploring his aid, and crying, 'My good father, save me, that they may not treat me as they have treated my brother!' Strange as it may seem, Childebert was moved, and addressing himself to his brother, 'Give this one to me,' said he, 'and I will buy him at the price thou shalt fix.' But Chlotaire, blaspheming and pushing him away, cried, 'Get thee from me, or thou shalt thyself die in his place. Art thou so ready to withdraw thyself from this enterprise, thou, coward, by whom it was planned, and who hast drawn me to partake in it?' Childebert, who was recalled to himself by these reproaches, soon laid aside his transient feeling of compassion. He threw the child to the King of Soissons, who, with a second blow of his dagger, accomplished the second crime."—vol. i. p. 113.

Such was the first step towards the reunion of the empire of Chlovis; the kingdom of Orleans was parted between Chlotaire and Childebert. The death of Theodoric, somewhat later, offered another bait to their ambition; but their designs were frustrated by the abilities of his son, the young Theodebert. Theodebert's efforts were turned against another quarter. Italy and the western provinces of the Greek empire employed his arms, and his power and reputation protected him from the treasons of his family. But suddenly he died; his son Theodebald died soon after him; the kingdom, which should have been shared between the two remaining brothers, was seized by Chlotaire; Childebert sought

* Long flowing hair was among the Franks the mark of, and the claim to, royalty.

vengeance by raising the son against his father; but Childebert also died; the revolt was quelled, and Chlotaire became sole king of the united empire of the Franks.

Chlotaire ended as he had begun. His first aggrandisement had been obtained by the murder of his nephews; his throne was finally established by that of his rebellious son, who, by the order of his father, was burnt with his wife and children in a hut where they had sought refuge. The four brothers had, as occasion presented itself, increased their territory by aggressions upon their neighbours—the reign of Chlotaire had been long and prosperous, and at his death the kingdom of the Franks was more extensive and more powerful than it had been even under Chlovis. But Chlotaire also had four sons, and the empire was again dismembered.

This second partition of the empire of Chlovis was distinguished, like all the others, by its crimes, but in this instance deeper, as they arose out of a more implacable cause—the enmity and jealousy of two extraordinary women. The influence of the weaker sex among the Teutonic tribes often gave rise to great events. Old German song tells us the misfortunes which fell upon the family of the Nibelungen by the jealousy of Brunhild and Chriemhild;—one of the Frankish queens, whose story we are going to tell, bore the same name as one of the heroines of the Nibelungen Lied, but the misfortunes of that family were nothing in comparison of those with which the Franks were visited by the rivalry of Brunehault and Fredegonde.

The sons of Chlotaire were Charibert, Gontran, Chilperic and Sigebert. On the death of his father, Chilperic seized by force the kingdom of Paris, the share which he coveted; but he was besieged in the capital by his brothers, and was compelled to accept the lot which fell to his share—it was Soissons. Charibert had Paris; Gontran, Orleans; and Sigebert, Metz. Charibert soon died; and his kingdom was divided amongst the other three.

Chilperic only concealed his resentment against his brothers so long as he had no opportunity of indulging it. While Sigebert was engaged with the Ogars, a Tartar tribe, who had reached his frontiers from the East, Chilperic invaded his kingdom. But the Ogars were defeated; Sigebert returned in haste, repelled the attempt of his brother, and would have carried the war into the kingdom of Soissons, had not peace been established by an armed interference.

At this period, the king of the Wisigoths was Athanagild, a rich and powerful prince, who had two daughters, Galsuinthe and Brunehault. Her cotemporary, Grégoire of Tours, gives us a

high notion of the beauty, wisdom, and prudence, of the latter; she was sought in marriage by Sigebert, and the nuptials were celebrated with great magnificence.

"Chilperic took umbrage at this union. He discovered all the consequences, and foresaw clearly that the ascendancy of his brother would be increased by it. Unwilling to yield him this advantage, and unable to deprive him of it, he tried to render it harmless by balancing it.

"All the passions of this prince were rash; his affections as well as his ambition. He had passionately loved Audovere, an obscure and simple maiden, but mild and good, chaste and pious. He had married her, and she was queen. This union was troubled, and yet fruitful. Audovere had had three sons; Theodebert, Chlovis, and Merovée. At length she had Childesinde.

"Chilperic, detained on the other side of the Rhine, was not present at this birth. When the day of baptism arrived, the absence of the god-mother, who was too late, caused an unexpected alarm and embarrassment. Among the women who attended upon the queen, there was one, the fatal splendour of whose beauty and wit had already gained the favour and love of the king. This woman was Fredegonde; and from this day commenced the terrible chain of her artifices and her furies. The occasion, which seemed by no means favourable, became so by her boldness and address. She conceived the hope of persuading Audovere herself to present her daughter at the font, and, what was still stranger, of obtaining the consent of the bishop who celebrated the baptism. She dared—and she succeeded. Soon the king returned, and she hastened before him, to finish the plot which she had woven so wickedly and so boldly. 'There is no longer a queen,' she said to him, 'and thou art free.' And she erred not far from the truth. For Audovere, by her imprudent credulity, had just established a religious affinity between herself and the king, and, by the canonical law, the force of this new tie was such, that, in creating a nearer proximity, it had caused every other proximity to become criminal. The result was such as Fredegonde had expected. Chilperic, whom a blind love interested in the treason, seized the pretext with eagerness, and repudiated Audovere. He sent her to an abbey at Mans, where she was doomed to await the day of the other misfortunes which were reserved for her."—vol. i. p. 229.

Just at this period occurred the marriage of Sigebert with Brunehaut. A sudden project entered the mind of Chilperic; he sent his ambassadors to the king of the Wisigoths to demand the hand of his other daughter, Galsuinthe; the alliance was accepted, though reluctantly; the sister of Brunehaut became queen of Soissons, and for a while Fredegonde was neglected. But she soon regained her influence over the king. Galsuinthe was first neglected, and afterwards secretly murdered by the orders of her husband, and Fredegonde herself, who had hitherto been but concubine, became queen.

The infamous conduct of Chilperic created a just and general feeling of horror; with Brunehaut, the sister of the murdered queen, who in her affectionate solicitude had counselled her to mount a throne which had been so fatal to her, the first feeling of astonishment and grief was succeeded by the bitter implacable desire of revenge. She excited her husband Sigebert to attack the murderer; she persuaded Gontran to join him; the kingdom of Soissons was invaded, and Chilperic was reduced to the last extremity of despair, when the anger of the King of Orleans was appeased: he made himself the mediator between his brothers, and saved Chilperic and Fredegonde from the wrath of the queen of Austrasia, who, however, gained by the war the five cities of Bearn and Aquitaine, which had been the dower of Galsuinthe. The hostilities between Sigebert and Chilperic were scarcely ended, when an accidental misunderstanding excited war between Sigebert and Gontran; and the King of Soissons, thinking the occasion favourable for revenging his recent disgrace, invaded the territory of the former. But his expectations were disappointed; Gontran again joined Sigebert, and, after several changes of fortune, Chilperic, deserted by his own army and subjects, shut up with Fredegonde in Tournai, was on the point of falling into the hands of his enemy. A new treason changed his fortune; Sigebert fell in his own tent by the hand of an assassin; the murderer had been sent by Fredegonde.

The success of their treasons raised high hopes in the minds of Chilperic and Fredegonde; to save their own kingdom was not enough, they resolved to add to it that of their enemy. Every thing seemed to favour their enterprise. The army of Sigebert disbanded itself, the nobles of the kingdom of Soissons returned to their allegiance, most of those of Austrasia suffered themselves to be easily seduced to concur in the designs of Chilperic; that part of Paris which belonged to Sigebert was compelled to submit to him, and, what was still more important, he captured there Brunehaut and her infant son, Childebert, the sole heir of the kingdom of his father. The fortune of Fredegonde prevailed everywhere. But the scene again changed; and the prospects of Chilperic fell not less rapidly than they had risen. Among those nobles of the kingdom of Austrasia who still adhered to the family of Sigebert, was Gondebaud, who formed a sudden and bold project; having corrupted or deceived the guards of the prison in which Childebert was confined, he succeeded in carrying the child to Metz, where he was received with unbounded demonstrations of joy. The enthusiasm of the people of Austrasia was universal; the nobles who had sworn fidelity to Chilperic turned again and joined in their vows of devotion to the son of Sigebert;

and the designs of the former upon his kingdom were entirely overthrown.

Astonished and mortified by the escape of his captive, Chilperic resolved to send the mother to a securer place of confinement. Brunehaut was accordingly carried to Rouen, but here a new perplexity was reserved for her enemy. Merovée, the son of Chilperic by Audovere, foresaw that the ambition of Fredegonde would one day endanger the life of himself and his brothers, and his presentiments not less than his hatred drove him to seize the first occasion which might hold out hopes of safety and revenge. He came to Paris, and saw Brunehaut; his heart was moved by her misfortunes and captivated by her beauty, and he aspired to her hand. Brunehaut at once saw the good fortune which was thrown in her way. Merovée suddenly repaired to Tours; the bishop, Pretextat, who had always regarded the young prince with affectionate fondness, immediately celebrated the nuptials; and Brunehaut became the daughter of her enemy—the crown of Fredegonde was promised to her. But Chilperic, mad with rage and disappointment, arrived suddenly at Rouen. Brunehaut and Merovée, unprepared, had not time to escape; they sought asylum in the church of St. Martin, and only left it on a solemn promise by Chilperic that they should not be separated. Their plans, though deeply laid, were entirely disconcerted by the vigour of their enemies, and Brunehaut was again a captive, when a new turn of affairs came to effect her deliverance. Austrasia, bold by the recovery of its king, though an infant—bold, too, by the friendship of his uncle Gontran—demanded also his mother and his sisters; the alternative was war, and Chilperic, unequal to a contest with the two kings, was obliged to submit. Brunehaut and her daughters returned to Metz, but the regency who governed during the minority of her son, prospectively jealous of the influence she might recover, forbade Merovée to enter the kingdom. The sight of their injured queen raised still more the enthusiasm of the Austrasians; the cry for vengeance was universal, and Chilperic, thinking to forestall the danger which threatened him, invaded their territory, but he was driven away with disgrace, and, in his weakness, sought to gratify his rage in the degradation of his son, whom he doomed to pass the rest of his days in a monastery. Merovée fled from his prison, was betrayed, and, barbarously murdered, became another victim to the insatiable fury of Fredegonde. But he was not the only victim she sought; Pretextat, the bishop of Rouen, was marked for an object of her vengeance; he was dragged before a tribunal, but the inflexible courage and virtue of Gregory of Tours, the historian of those times, saved him, and he was only

half condemned. The fury of Fredegonde was ill satisfied. Gregory himself was accused, but the hatred which had dared to call him to be judged dared not to condemn him; the Church had, in those days, power enough to throw over him a shield which the rage of a king could not penetrate. That power was a blessing which God bestowed upon the middle ages—where everything would have been darkness, and bloodshed, and disorder, that alone guarded and perpetuated order, and justice, and light. Among the Franks, the noble virtue of their clergy often affords a glorious contrast to the savage barbarity of their princes.

Misfortunes were also reserved for Fredegonde. A contagious disease, which spread devastation over the kingdom, carried off all her sons; the only affections which perhaps she possessed were blasted. But her grief, far from bending her vindictive spirit, served but to add fresh fuel to her fury, to furnish new pretences for gratifying her cruelty. Chlovis, the last of the sons of Chilperic and Audover, was sacrificed, and, as was ever the case, his blood flowed along with that of his friends and servants.

"It might have been supposed that the queen was at length satiated with murders. She was not! Her provident and indefatigable hatred awaited, before reposing itself, the death of her last enemy. Audover had not yet sunk under her long griefs. The mother of Chlovis and of Merovée doubtless nourished some hope of avenging herself and her children. Who could engage that fortune would not one day give her the power? Fredegonde sacrificed this other victim to her own safety; she despatched messengers into the district of Maine, who caused the gates of the monastery to which Audover had retired to be opened to them, and put her to death. And they did more; another crime, greater perhaps and more detestable, followed. Childesinde, the daughter of Audover, was shut up in the same place with her mother. Too young to be guilty of plots which might have justified her death, she was young enough to excite some day the love or the ambition of Childebert perhaps, or of some other prince, whom she would doubtless excite to revenge the wrongs of her family. How was this fear satisfied, or how are we to tell it! Our readers will remember the daughters of Sejanus; Fredegonde imitated Tiberius. Childesinde was not put to death, she was only deprived of the life of the world; her enemies were satisfied with consecrating her to the service of religion. But she was first violated by the executioners of her mother. She was permitted to live, but stained. And this horrible precaution was taken against those who might have had the idea of delivering her from her cloister and of associating her with their fortune. The daughter of Chilperic suffered this outrage during the life of her father; she suffered it by the order of the wife of Chilperic! Fredegonde seized all the riches of Audover and Childesinde. Greedy of the blood of her enemies, she did not disdain their spoils."

—vol. i. p. 332.

Long civil wars agitated the kingdoms of the Franks. Austrasia itself was torn by internal dissensions, which were only in part appeased by the exertions and wisdom of Brunehaut. In the midst of these contentions, Fredegonde gave birth successively to two sons, Theodoric and Chlotaire. The first lived but a year, and his death was made the pretext for the murder of Mummolus, one of the oldest of Chilperic's servants, but whose services had not saved him from the hatred of the queen. Another murder followed—it was that of Chilperic, the manner and the cause and the author of whose death are equally uncertain, though rumour laid it also to the charge of Fredegonde.

The death of Chilperic threw every thing into confusion. The nobles of Neustria took different parties—some would have introduced Childebert—some were faithful to Chlotaire, the son of Chilperic and Fredegonde—others attempted to raise to the throne a stranger, Gondovald, who claimed a place among the family of the Merovings. Fredegonde at first fled with her child to Paris, where she sought sanctuary in the cathedral, and was supported by the bishop. She then adopted, as the safest resolution, that of demanding for herself and her son the protection of Gontran. He accepted her proposal, suddenly entered Paris with his army, and overthrew the designs of Childebert. Fierce enmities followed between the kings of Burgundy and Austrasia, which however gradually subsided, as mistrust arose between the former and Fredegonde. Gontran received into his favour Pretextat, who had returned from his temporary exile to be restored to his see; he sought the bodies of the young princes, Chlovis and Merovée, and gave them an honourable sepulchre; he took from Fredegonde the care of her son, and gave him tutors of his own choice, to whom also he entrusted the regency of Neustria. These were all grave offences in the eyes of the queen. What is more, he obliged her to quit Paris, and the domain of Rouen, in the territory of Rouen, was assigned for her residence. Here she prepared new plots and new murders. Her first impulse was to join the party of Gondovald, but she was too late, and she laid aside her immediate hopes of regaining power, to meditate solely the indulgence of her revenge. One assassin, hired by her, sought the presence of Brunehaut, but her prudence and vigilance frustrated his design; he was discovered, and sent back to Fredegonde, who wreaked upon him her rage at the ill success of his enterprise. Others sought the life of Childebert, but chance discovered their errand, and they suffered an ignominious death. A similar attempt against Gontran was equally unsuccessful. The first successes of Gondovald drew closer the ties of friendship, ever fluctuating, between Gontran

and Childebert, whom he solemnly adopted as his successor—the hatred of Fredegonde to both tended from a time to perpetuate it.

Meanwhile new murders stained the guilty hand of Fredegonde:—

“She had quitted Rueil, and was come to Rouen. There a bitter and violent altercation arose between her and the bishop. ‘There will come a time,’ she said to him, ‘when thou shalt return to thine exile.’—‘Be I in exile or free,’ replied Pretextat, ‘I shall not cease to be bishop. But for thee, there will come a day when thou shalt have ceased to be queen. We, with God’s aid, shall be raised from exile to a heavenly kingdom; thou, by his justice, shalt fall from thy earthly kingdom to the bottom of the abyss. Hadst thou repented, and stripped thyself of the pride which ferments in thee, perhaps thou mightst have obtained the recompence of the saints; and mightst have conducted to the age of manhood the son to whom thou hast given birth.’ These words, which covered Fredegonde with confusion, completed at the same time the fulness of her hatred.

“The festival of Easter arrived, Pretextat, early in the morning, had gone to the cathedral, to perform the service. Whilst he was chanting the psalms, seated in his chair, an assassin glided unperceived to the spot, and struck him with his knife under the arm. The bishop raised a sudden cry; the astonished clerics hesitated; the assassin, profiting by their amazement, fled. Bleeding, dying, and scarcely breathing, the bishop nevertheless crept to the altar, and offered to God, with an affecting resignation, the sacrifice of his life.

“His servants quickly rushed to the spot, and he was carried to the episcopal residence. Fredegonde dared to come thither; Beppolene and Ansovald were with her. ‘Our grief is profound,’ said she to the bishop. ‘We regret bitterly, along with thy people, this detestable profanation. May God make known to us the perpetrator, that we may have at least the consolation of inflicting upon him the punishment due to his crime!’ But the bishop, who was not deceived by this audacious hypocrisy, said to her: ‘Yea! who has committed it, this criminal action, but she who has so often shed the blood of the innocent, and who has not even spared that of kings?’—‘Thy wound is not desperate,’ said Fredegonde, interrupting him, ‘trust to the skill of the physicians we will send thee.’—‘God calls me to him,’ continued Pretextat. ‘Thou, with whom have originated all these crimes, thou shalt be accursed for ever, and thou shalt pay to God the price of my blood.’

“The consternation at Rouen was universal. Leudovald, the bishop of Bayeux, ordained that all the churches should be closed, and divine service suspended, until such time as the authors of the crime should have been discovered. Some individuals were arrested; they unanimously accused Fredegonde. But the zeal of Leudovald placed him also in peril. Assassins were sent against him, fortunately without success.

“The chiefs of the Franks were not less irritated than the clergy.

One of them went to Fredegonde, and said to her: 'Thou hadst already committed many crimes, but this exceeds them all. May God revenge quickly the blood of his priest! We will eagerly pursue the chastisement of this murder, for it is time to put an end to thy cruelties.' Having said these words, he quitted her presence, and was leaving the palace. But Fredegonde, affecting great indifference for his reproaches and for his threats, sent after him, and invited him to her table. The chief refused. The queen sent again, begging more pressing that at least he would not leave the royal residence without having drunk of her cup. This time he allowed himself to be persuaded, and yielded. Immediately was brought a cup full of a mixed beverage, after the Frankish manner, of wine and wormwood and honey. Scarcely had he finished the draught, when he was seized by excruciating pains. Perceiving that he had drunk poison, he cried to those who accompanied him, 'Fly, and let not your lips touch this drink. They have poured death into the cup.' They fled; himself, remounting his horse with difficulty, tried to follow, but at a short distance he fell: he was lifeless."—vol. i. p. 442—444.

Gontran, on receiving the intelligence of this event, was furious—he was eager to pursue the murderer, and to avenge this sacrilegious deed—he summoned a council of bishops to examine into it. But new jealousies and new plots arose, which frustrated his designs, rendered Fredegonde the close associate of the governors of Chlotaire, and restored her to all her former influence in the kingdom of Soissons.

Gontran and Chilbert remained faithful to each other; and Brunehaut, who, during the minority of her son, had been excluded from power by the nobles, recovered her ancient influence in Austrasia. The nobles, who were jealous of her and faithless to their king, regretting perhaps the loss of the power which they had held during the regency, laid deep plots. Their object was nothing less than the overthrow of the throne of Chilbert: they were excited and supported by Fredegonde. But a brief period saw all their designs exposed and defeated, and they paid for their treason with their lives. The treaty was subscribed by Gontran, which gave the succession of his crown to Chilbert and his sons. An unexpected event followed—Soissons revolted from Fredegonde, and with Melun, which had set it the example, formed an independent state, which received for its king Theodebert, one of Chilbert's sons. Chilbert was at war with the Lombards of Italy—and, which redounds to the praise of Brunehaut, when the war was ended, she bought with her own treasure the captive Lombards, and sent them home free. Then broke out a war between Gontran and the Bretons, whom Fredegonde excited against him. Two new attempts to murder the kings of Austrasia and Burgundy failed, and Fredegonde wreaked

her fury upon her own blood—the victim was her daughter Rignonthe, who died by the hands of her mother. But an accident, which happened soon afterwards, nearly drew upon that mother the punishment of her manifold crimes. Bitter animosities had arisen at Tournai between the Franks and the original inhabitants, and the two opposing parties fought in the streets of the town.

“Fredegonde came, thinking to appease them by her authority or by her counsels. She was mistaken, and her pride was offended. Immediately conceiving new designs, what she had not been able to effect by fair words she resolved to attempt by violence. She invited all the chief people of Tournai to a great feast. At their head were the chiefs of the two families whose quarrel had caused the disturbance, namely, Charivald, Leudovald, and Waldin. These three were placed together on the same bench. On the approach of night, as was the custom among the Franks, the tables were withdrawn; but the guests still retained their places, and continued to drink the wine which was brought to them in profusion. Soon heaviness came upon them, and the servants themselves, overcome with drunkenness, fell on the pavement asleep. Then entered three men, armed each with an axe, whom Fredegonde had sent. They glided, without opposition, behind the three chiefs, and, striking at the same moment, slew them as it were by a single blow.

“The trouble was great, the alarm general; every one fled. But that which Fredegonde had not foreseen happened. The irritation of the townspeople, already so great, took in an instant new activity and new violence. They arose, flew to arms, seized the gates, and the queen was a prisoner. At the same time they sent to Childebert; they resolved to deliver to him his enemy; they desired him to order her death. She, on the other hand, neglecting no means of safety in this extremity, hastened secret messengers to Champagne, ordering the people to come to her aid. The people of Champagne obeyed, and their promptitude was such, that they arrived at Tournai before the army of Childebert. Thus Fredegonde was delivered, and thus was lost for her enemies the most favourable opportunity for vengeance.”—vol. i. p. 486.

Soon after this, Gontran died, and his death was the signal for new troubles and new contentions. The kingdoms of the Franks were hastening towards reunion.

But the first direct attempt at this reunion was not made by the party who carried it into execution. Childebert, unopposed, succeeded to the kingdom of his uncle, and now, master of two kingdoms, he resolved to attack the third, and to take exemplary vengeance for the long series of crimes and violences of Fredegonde, which afforded a sufficient pretext for the war. His army ravaged Champagne, and approached Soissons. Fredegonde, however, proved herself equal to the danger: she assembled the

army of Neustria, showed to the soldiers their young king, encouraged them by her words and by her example, and led them suddenly and by night against the camp of the enemy, who was surprised and defeated. In the day, the enemy returned; another battle was fought, longer and more obstinate than the former, but Fredegonde again triumphed. Her own loss was immense, but the throne of Chlotaire was saved, and the army returned victorious to Soissons. Yet, though successful in one instance, and for a time, the power of Fredegonde was not equal to the struggle against Neustria and Burgundy united, and she strove to rid herself of her enemy by her accustomed arts. Childebert, having got rid of his other enemies, was on the point of renewing his attack upon Neustria, when he and his queen suddenly died—their death was attributed to poison, and common report laid the crime to the charge of Fredegonde.

The successors of Childebert were his two sons—Theodebert had Austrasia, and Theodoric, Burgundy: Brunehault, the guardian of both, governed with an equal authority in both kingdoms. The occasion was favourable for Fredegonde; she raised an army, and prepared to attack her enemies. Brunehault was equally active, but an obstinate and bloody engagement ended in the success of the former. The loss in the army of Brunehault was immense. Yet Fredegonde reaped not the fruits of her victory—she suddenly fell ill and died.

“It was a day of expiation and deliverance. The human race was relieved from an immense opprobrium. We must despair of finding colours warm and vigorous enough to describe this fearful figure of a queen—every passion, every vice, every fury; all the cunning which crime can demand, all the crimes which ambition can solicit, all the ambition which the most unbounded perversity can conceive.”—vol. ii. p. 20.

Brunehault was delivered from her enemy. She was at the height of her prosperity. She reduced to quietness the barbarous nations who surrounded her own—she formed treaties with distant states. It was by her mediation that Christianity was introduced among the Saxons in Great Britain. But the faction which Fredegonde had excited in Austrasia still existed, and with it all its virulence and hatred. For a time Brunehault triumphed over it. Yet the spirit of the queen was too haughty to conciliate; the factious nobles by degrees gained the ears of their young king, and Brunehault was obliged to fly into Burgundy. It might have been expected that she would have sought revenge in arming Theodoric against his brother. No; though her injuries were here great, she had still a bitterer enemy—the hatred of Fredegonde lived in the person of Chlotaire. The policy of

Brunehault united again the arms of Austrasia and Burgundy in an attack upon Chlotaire. He was prepared for the war, and even sought the combat; but, in the sanguinary battle of Dormelle, fought in the first year of the seventh century, his army was destroyed, and he was obliged to accept a disgraceful peace. Another battle, four years later, equally fatal to Chlotaire in its immediate results, was the first occasion of disagreement between the two sons of Childeburt. Theodoric believed himself to be betrayed by his brother, who had entered into alliance with the King of Neustria; he raised an army to attack him, and was encouraged by Brunehault. But in Burgundy there were also violent jealousies; the hearts of the soldiers were not engaged in this war, and their rebellious conduct obliged him to make peace with Theodebert. The latter, reckoning too much on the weakness of the King of Burgundy, commenced the war, and by a base deceit succeeded in entrapping his brother, and in wresting from him important concessions. Theodoric hastened to revenge himself; in several engagements Theodebert was defeated, his armies were destroyed, and at length he was himself taken and put to death. His infant son experienced a similar fate. Theodoric became King of Austrasia as well as of Burgundy.

A terrible struggle approached between Theodoric and Chlotaire. But Providence suddenly changed the face of affairs—the former was seized by a dysentery and died, and his army disbanded itself. The result may be told in a few words. Brunehault, aged, yet still haughty and proud, made a resolute but vain attempt to secure the kingdoms of Burgundy and Austrasia to the descendants of Theodoric, though illegitimate. She acted with promptitude and skill; but Chlotaire had a powerful army in the field. Brunehault was deserted by the people for whom she fought; her army left her in the hour of combat; two of the sons of Theodoric were murdered; Brunehault fled, but was betrayed, and fell into the hands of her enemy. We will not describe the horrible degradations and violences which she suffered. The aged queen was brought forth like a malefactor for judgment, and was put to death after having endured all the torments which savage barbarity could invent. The kingdom of the Franks was united in the person of Chlotaire.

The history of the first race of the Frankish kings presents to us throughout a vivid picture of the evils of the Salic law—of that system which was distinguished by the absence of the rights of primogeniture. But the cure of the evil also arose among the institutions of the Franks. The office of mayor of the palace was originally one which was filled by the choice of the king, but after the death of Chlotaire, the blood of Merovés became de-

based; union and reunion followed each other in quick succession; and, by the ambition and firmness of the mayors of the palace, aided by the weakness of the monarchs, their office was made hereditary. Such an office, it is clear, could not be divided, and in this case, at least, the right of primogeniture came in naturally and necessarily. As the weakness of the kings constantly increased, the powers of the mayors of the palace increased also; the elder Pepin and his son, the glorious Charles Martel, possessed virtually the kingly power; the race of the Merovings was fast approaching its end; the second Pepin effected the last reunion; he united the name with the exercise of royalty, two things which had been entirely separated during the days of his father and of his grandfather. The crown, now, like the office which had preceded it, was inherited by primogeniture, and the struggles of partition and reunion no longer racked and devastated the empire of the Franks.

ART. VIII.—*Philosophie de l'Histoire Naturelle, ou Phénomènes de l'Organisation des Animaux et des Végétaux*; par J. J. Virey. Paris, Baillière, 1835. 8vo.

THAT the study of the works of creation is an almost intuitive feeling in the human mind is strongly evinced, even in the pleasure which children derive from gathering their little bunch of daisies; and the bird's-nesting excursions of the school-boy, and his fishing predilections, are but a stronger development of the same tendency. Natural objects invariably excite in children and youth pleasurable sensations; and it is not until we become the slaves of the utilitarian principles of advanced life, when commerce with the turbid society of cities has sophisticated earlier simplicity of manners, that, before we cordially take up any pursuit, we first ask what we can get by it, and that, unless a satisfactory reply can be made by the chink of the current coin of the realm, we hold the wonderful creations of Nature as idle objects of curiosity, and those who study them in silent contempt.

This might perhaps be explained by the progress of society: having, however, reached its culminating point and exhausted the whole course of sensual and physical enjoyment, and then found how vague and unsatisfactory it is to the inward man, we again resort to the great parent for a toy to amuse our tedium. This we play with for a time, until the intellectual faculties gradually arouse us to its closer contemplation; and in inspecting its structure, other wonders develop themselves, and what originated in

idleness and a want of amusement terminates in a rational mental exercise, which evolves, in the course of deeper investigation, a profound reverence for the Author of the created world. And when cultivated properly, the study of Nature will necessarily have a direct moral effect; as it humbles us, and therefore is a useful discipline; for, until our worldly pride is abated, we must necessarily be wanting in that sympathy with our fellow creatures, which it is both a duty and a pleasure to respond to. It is, therefore, gratifying to us, in every point of view, to find a stronger general inclination to this very laudable pursuit, which, even if it be not carried to the extent of making every individual a perfect naturalist, must however open new beauties and a wider field of inquiry to the mere lover of nature. To the naturalist the scene before him is a book of symbols, the hieroglyphics which conceal the secrets of the created world, and which, as he deciphers them, present themselves as the types and prefiguration of the immaterial world, and are pregnant in results to his well-being, both moral and physical. To the lover of nature the same scene presents itself as one vast buzz of life and hilarity. He can perceive no spot unpeopled and the universal hum is the psalmody of nature—a hymn of praise, lauding the benevolence of the Creator.

Observing nature in its own domain, and not cramped into cabinets, dead, dry, and melancholy, how varied and how vast is the scene that presents itself, both animate and inanimate! We may either, with the mineralogist, dive into the bowels of the earth, studying its innumerable components, and, in conjunction with the chymist, their various commixture, turning our researches to a useful account for the benefit of our not less busy fellow creatures engaged in the traffic of mankind; or, with the geologist, we may, from the superposition of the strata of these compounds, account for their production and attribute their heterogeneous posture to the intervention of natural phenomena, and thus record the several violent concussions and changes which our globe has suffered, either from internal combustion or the proximity of some comet: or, proceeding thence, building hypothesis upon hypothesis, give the age of the world in good round numbers and say,—it should be much more grey than scriptural record will admit it. But from the probable truth of these conjectures let us go and herbalise with the botanist, and animation begins to be given to the varied features of the face of Nature, which hitherto, like the sculptured statue, was lifeless and inanimate. Solid, substantial matter has hitherto engaged us, which, howsoever the chymist may have succeeded in volatilizing, remains still matter; but the breath of life, that wondrous thing which the

curiosity and investigation of five thousand years has not been able to determine, commences here its incubation. We may here shortly define it a growth by assimilation, through the medium of a smaller or greater complexity of organization, to the power of reproduction, which, when fulfilled to the extent limited to it by certain laws that have not yet been ascertained, resolves into its inorganic elements, returning to the laboratory of nature what it had borrowed for its brief existence. From the several moulds—which form the first basis of a vegetable soil, and which, conveyed by the winds and moist air to the face of the most arid rocks, are the foundation of the future woods that clothe so many islands of volcanic origin—to the lofty palm and gigantic oak, how innumerable are the forms presented to us by the vegetable kingdom, and how grateful to the eye is its green vesture! No branch of nature supplies man with so many necessities and luxuries as this. In the feeble tribe of grasses he has found the “staff of life”—a more valuable gift than the sturdiest tree or the most luscious fruit. It is hence that he culls the most valuable medicines to soothe his pain—here he gathers the embellishments of his table, and not its least important additions in the condiments to a luxurious appetite; and from its fermented or expressed juices his temperance determines, whether he shall be enervated by his indulgence or energized by moderate enjoyment. Here the organs of reproduction, which, in the animate world, are unscently or concealed, are redolent with perfume, beautiful in colour, and exquisite in form. Nature is not here ashamed of their important office, but thrusts them forth to notice and to admiration.

Upon passing to the first pool, we observe the first indications of positive sensation. The confines of the animal and vegetable kingdoms are less strongly marked than those which separate the latter from the mineral; so close is their connexion, that earlier botanists have arranged among plants many objects which later investigation has ascertained to be subjects of the animal kingdom. It is in the world of waters that we find the first traces of animation; here every drop teems with myriads of beings, and the microscope, in the hands of Ehrenberg*, has opened a new scene to our admiration. From the *Monas*, one species of which varies in size from $\frac{1}{2000}$ ” to $\frac{1}{500}$ ” in diameter upwards, throughout all the infusories, which Cuvier classed under the name of homogeneous infusories, from their having,

* See his extraordinary “*Organisation, Systematik und Geographisches Verhältniss der Infusorien Thierchen*,” Berlin, 1830, folio, and its continuation under the title of “*Zur Kenntniss der Organisation in der Richtung des kleinsten Raumes*,” 1832 and 1834, Berlin, folio.

as he imagined, no viscera,—Ehrenberg has discovered a distinct organization, which he has represented in some beautiful plates; and his investigations have been so minute that he has classed their structure in full detail, and has even compared it with that of the mammalia, which he considers that it equals in perfection; and in these atoms he has discovered a nervous system, teeth, complicated intestines, and also sexual organs. The theory of spontaneous generation, which has successively, by the progress of inquiry, been driven from its stronghold among superior animals, resorted hither as its last refuge. The excessive minuteness of these atoms promised it a safe retreat, but these great discoveries wholly chase it from the world, and with it the entire sophistical superstructure founded upon it, of blind chance being the origin of all things. Illimitable wisdom and foresight we find pervading the structure of these imperceptible atoms; for, at the creation, “the waters brought forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life,” all “*after their kind* ;” but we cannot do better than cite what Dr. Virey says upon this subject.

“The almost universal uniformity of the microscopic races results from the facile distribution of their germs, the tenuity of which is so inconceivable. If, in the simple distillation of plants, there be raised with their atoms a host of light materials, why may not the evaporation of water in the atmosphere convey with it, as well as dust, the subtle and invisible germs of mould, of the byssus, and of the infusories—for we observe that the winds convey afar clouds of insects, and of the seminal dust of the lycoperdon and of the fecundating pollen of the diaceous and other vegetables? Does not rain-water collected in the open country and enclosed in the cleanest glass vessels speedily develop, by means of a gentle incubation, and under the rays of the sun, myriads of animalculæ, little green confervæ, and all the elements of protogeneous organisms? We may, therefore, readily comprehend how the winds convey, and the rains precipitate upon the whole surface of entire continents and seas, the innumerable germs of so many imperceptible microscopic races, intermixed and multiplying, sailing throughout the immense ocean and the circumambient air. Hence the earth becomes the theatre of the generation and dissemination of these its primordial and universal inhabitants, without our being able, or even having deigned, to enumerate these hosts lost in the obscurity of their infinite minuteness.

“If the germs of the largest species are originally so delicate, what must be the ovulæ of the microscopic infusories? It is evident that their excessive tenuity secures them from our investigation. Upon observing a green mould, the little byssi present themselves without any apparent cause—upon materials in a state of decomposition—as well as the animalculæ in stagnant waters;—who dares then conclude that they are the extemporaneous produce of a spontaneous generation? Have not these beings their constant determinate conformation, and have not the works of naturalists, which we can compare with the facts themselves, described and figured these species?

"We find that there exists for them a kind of *panspermia*; they everywhere abound in millions in proportion to their destruction. These germs and ovulæ we inhale and we swallow; being totally imperceptible they boldly insinuate themselves, and those which do not perish find opportunity, place and means to develop themselves. They then appear as sprung from nothing, and we refer to chance for their explanation. The ancient naturalists, from not possessing the microscope, referred the generation of insects to this chance, and even those among them which possess sexual organs and lay eggs. Many ignorant persons, or bad observers, still maintain that lice and the mites of cheese are generated spontaneously, although they at the same time admit that apterous insects can also multiply by the usual sexual intercourse.*

"Thus also, according to many helminthologists, the intestinal worms, even of our viscera, are the produce of spontaneous generation, although the nematoidea are furnished with distinct sexual organs, and the cestoidæ, according to Bremser, are hermaphrodites, the several articulations of the same worm being able mutually to copulate. Where then is the impossibility that the tenuous ovulæ of these worms may be absorbed in the loose and permeable tissues of children, or conveyed by the circulation and the lymphatic vessels into the most intimate structure of those tissues, and develop themselves in favourable situations;—as, for instance, the echinoccus in the liver, the cœnurus in the brain, &c.? It is true that every animal does not exhibit the same species of worm, for they are peculiar to the several ages of the individual; and the different climates of the globe produce different species of these parasites. If even therefore the same entozoa are not found everywhere in similar bodies, this is no argument for their spontaneous formation, though the circumstances may be parallel.

"Thus the intestinal worms doubtless require animal food and heat to promote their development; but who will deny that their eggs may not exist in the water drunk by those animals? Everybody is aware that the fishes and other aquatic races, as well as the inhabitants of damp low countries, are most subject to wormy diseases. For instance, where is the impossibility that the eggs of the tæniæ, that are expelled with the evacuations, may be dispersed throughout the waters in which they swim, without finding places suitable for their development, until they are swallowed by animals drinking those waters? It is even said that tæniæ have been found in the human foetus and in chickens just discharged from the egg. This is very possible; for the mother may have transmitted with her humours the ovulæ of these entozoa, which penetrate so profoundly into the economy. Besides, the food we take contains the imperceptible elements of our diseases; and every carnivorous animal which laps the blood and devours the flesh of its prey, swallows likewise the ovulæ of the worms that it may contain. Pallas placed within a dog the eggs of a tænia, which were developed and propagated in that animal.

* An instance has been related of a field of wheat being sown in a Swiss valley, and then buried beneath an avalanche for the space of five and twenty years. The snow having melted at the expiration of that time, the vegetation of the wheat, which had been thus interrupted, then went on, and it produced a harvest.

“Thus the microscopic world, which plays such an important part in invisible nature (for how many molecules are organised!) remains concealed, like the secret wheels of the machine, the general results alone of which we are enabled to contemplate. Doubtless the entozoa are nowhere met with but in the animals to which they are appropriated. This is the necessary condition of their birth and life; whereas external nature, which is the fertile mother of all germs, is charged with their distribution, as well as with that of such myriads of insects, animalculæ, and moulds, which propagate and insinuate themselves either by the air or by water into the most hidden recesses of the earth.

“And in fact the permanence of their species, the perpetual preservation of their distinct structures, evince a regular law of formation by means of eggs or germs pre-existing in similar parents.”—p. 111—116.

We have thought it desirable to adduce here, although it detains us in our progress, the strong proofs that exist of there being no spontaneous generation, though this tenet is still held by many eminent naturalists. The great difficulty of accounting for the production of these minims gives probability to an opinion which, viewed from general principles, is a manifest absurdity. But we consider Ehrenberg's discoveries before alluded to, and Dr. Virey's exposition, as perfectly conclusive.

Let us gradually ascend the scale—this term we use for the sake of convenience, though our subsequent remarks will show its inappropriateness—and leave the *protozoa*, or first animals, which exemplify more than any other class the universal diffusion of animation; for one of them does not even respect the brain of man himself, but intrudes into that very organ which gives him his paramount importance in the creation, while others inhabit equally remote but more ignoble situations, such as the intestines, the liver, the eyes, and even the cellular membrane of man, as well as of animals, and their recondite position has chiefly fostered the above opinions which we think so satisfactorily controverted.—We must notice, among the class of zoophytes, the animals that produce the sponges and the corals; the latter, silently working in the depths of the ocean, by their frequently beautiful concretions transform unfathomable abysses into reefs, and bridges, and islands; which we need but mention to show the powerful agency which such apparently insignificant creatures exercise both over man's destinies, and the external surface of the earth. Others of them, as the sea-anemones (*actinia*), decorate the fathomless depths with the beauty and variety of a gay parterre, and others again, which swim upon the surface, embellish the oceanic nights with their pale phosphoric lustre, thereby aiding the imagination of the remote voyager to conjure up fairy scenes and tritonic festivals. It is in this branch of the animal

kingdom that we find the strongest reflex of the vegetable world, in form as well as colour; and in fact, frequently so deceptive in its effects, as we have before remarked, as to have deceived erudite naturalists and botanists.

We now come to the mollusca, or gelatinous animals, for we consider with Goldfuss, Dumeril, and other eminent zoologists, that they rank infinitely below the annulosa, or articulated animals, above which Cuvier has placed them. It is the shells of these animals which are so universally admired for either elegance of form, contrast or harmony of colour, and beauty of sculpture. We reflect but little, when observing them on the mantelpiece or in the cabinet, upon the varied nature of the functions of the animals that produce them, or in cases of great rarity, the profound abysses whence accident has cast them up to excite our admiration. For even the back-ground of the picture of creation is, in its most hidden recesses, as perfectly elaborated as those groupings in its fore-ground which are most obvious to the human eye and intellect. Hence arises a question in our minds, whether man may justly arrogate to himself the entire dominion of which he boasts—if it be not from the intercalation of these obscure beings, as links of the great chain, and as chords of the general harmony? Some of these, as the argonaute, wing their light way, scudding, impelled by the current, or at will, before the breeze, upon the calm surface of the waves, or momentarily sinking at the approach of danger. Others are affixed to the solid rock, as the oyster, whence nothing but mechanical force can remove them, and others propel themselves by the sudden clapping of the valves of their shells together, and thus by a sort of spring effect their progression; whereas the whole series of univalves and naked mollusca advance, as the common snail and slug, by the clinging of a muscular foot. Very many of this class are edible, and are as delectable to the epicure as the solitary gem produced by one of them is agreeable to beauty, and to royalty, for it forms a highly valued decoration in the crowns of princes who are not so lavish of their treasures as was the queen of Egypt.

Proceeding onward, we arrive at the *crustacea*, or animals enveloped in a crust, among which the lobster and the crab, the crayfish, the shrimp, and the prawn, are perhaps the most attractive. The habits of many of them are exceedingly curious, especially the migratory instinct of the several species of land crabs; and many of them diverge still further from their typical character of sea-animals, and actually ascend trees,—for instance, that called the tree-lobster, which mounts the cocoa-nut palm for the sake of its fruit. This class comprises an extensive host, as does, also, the next, the *arachnoidæ*, or spider-like animals. With these again

we quit the water, as the chief receptacle of animated life, and although many of those we shall subsequently notice inhabit it, yet, with the exception of the fishes—not one of which is known to inhabit the land unless for a very brief period—we shall find that the preponderance of life is affixed to the land. Some of the spiders we observe launching their balloon into the wide welkin as *aéronauts*—others descending with their diving bell beneath the waters—others, subterranean in their habitations, with superficial toils spread to take their unwary prey,—whilst others weave their elegant tissues, distended from spray to spray: some are said to capture small birds, but this assertion admits of considerable doubt, and there are others again which leap like tigers suddenly upon their ravin. Attempts have been made, but hitherto unsuccessfully, to apply their webs to useful purposes, although, as objects of curiosity, gloves have been manufactured from them, and, we believe in one instance, a lady's dress. But the scorpion and the mites, or *acari*, are perhaps the most redoubtable to man; the first by its venom, and the second as being the cause of some of the most abhorrent of the diseases that attack the human race. The next class, the insects, present an almost illimitable host, the most extensive certainly throughout the entire range of the animal kingdom, and perhaps, also, the greatest wonders of all, from their remarkable metamorphoses, and, in many cases, highly developed instincts. Among them we find social tribes almost aping the polity of man, and none among the superiorly organized *mammalia* surpass them—not even the beaver—in this faculty. It is true that in all the classes we find many tribes which are gregarious, but none are social. There are approximations indeed among the rooks, but, with these solitary exceptions, the rest are heedful only of their own advantage, and do not labour in combination for the common weal. How varied besides are their forms!—how splendid their colours! The greatest poets have borrowed from them some of their happiest similes, and even inspired moralists their most pertinent illustrations.—How variously useful are they to man and yet how despised by the majority! Even the little silkworm gives employment, and consequently daily bread, to many millions of the human race, and how many others supply man with luxuries and necessaries.

Let us pass onward and observe the fish traversing the ocean in every possible direction, and in every imaginable form adapted to that element—some eccentric in the extreme, others as elegant, and all the most voracious of the animated creation, and, as a compensation, also the most prolific; for who shall calculate their myriads, perhaps more numerous than the sands over which they swim! How noble a gift to man merely as articles of

food, and upon which some tribes of savages exclusively exist! In size also, at least in length, some of them are perhaps the largest of animals. The accounts of their excessive longevity are probably erroneous. The ring found in the gill of the pike, at Kaiserslautern, if it was not an heir-loom in the family of the fish, was a piece of chicanery practised by some interested party; for, is it credible that it should have attained the age of nearly three hundred years? which is as monstrous as nineteen feet for the length of its body.

We next arrive at the reptiles, all more or less hideous in aspect and habits, and some instinctively abhorrent to us from the primeval curse. It is as denizens of this class, that the most anomalous and gigantic remains of a former creation present themselves.—Here we should arrange the huge megalosaurus, supposed to have been 70 feet long and eight feet high, and the iguanodon at least 60, did they still exist, and which idea has even been started, hypothetically, by a favourite writer,* from the analogy of a still existing individual of the class being found to inhabit subterranean lakes and pools;† and he therefore conceives it probable, from the universal distribution of animation upon the surface, that Nature has been as active in her operations beneath it; proving, by the population of these abysses, that no spot which can be inhabited is left unpeopled. Some violent concussion must consequently have intermingled their remains with the upper crust, where accident has exposed them to the researches of the curious, and but for which man never could have arrived at the knowledge of them. Leaving this point in all its uncertainty and improbability, what shall we say to those most anomalous creatures, the pterodactyli, which the majority of opinions concur in considering as having been flying reptiles. Collini conceived them to be fishes; Cuvier, what they are still held to be; Soemmering classed them with the mammalia, where also Wagler has placed them, and, in fact, in a distinct order together with the plesiosaurus, the ichthyosaurus, and the existing ornithorhynchus. Wagler also has classed them with the mammalia; but what are thought to have been their wings he treats as fins, and makes them swimming animals. Oken calls them reptiles, among which they are placed by Meyer also, who holds Cuvier's opinion. It is in this class, likewise, that we find the serpents which many nations have deified, and which Scripture makes the type of evil. How elegant are their motions! from which the ancients called their progression the gait of the gods. The enormous size of the boas, their great muscular strength, dilatable jaws, and prehensile tails, enable them to capture deer, and even oxen; and crush their bones by their constriction, and then,

* Kirby, Bridgewater Treatise.

† Proteus.

covering them with their saliva, to swallow them whole; which, according to travellers, is a lengthy process, and the horns of the animal are left projecting from the mouth, whence by degrees they ultimately rot off. The enormous pythons of the old world yield in nothing to the boas of America. The story of that which is said to have been 120 feet in length, and was killed by the army of Rēgulus in Africa, is doubtless an exaggeration; but we in these cold latitudes can barely form a conception of the vigour of animal life beneath the prolific heat of the sun, which stimulates their generation, imparting to them vivacity of colour, extravagance of feature, and a monstrous size.

Barely mentioning the toads, turtles, and tortoises, let us proceed to the more pleasing scene presented to us by the aerial group of birds—here from the pigmy humming bird, resplendent with all the colours of the most vivid gems, scarcely larger than the bee hovering over the flower, and with distended tongue imbibing its nectar, to the majestic Condor,

“towering in pride of place,”

how animated are their tribes! This, considered as a whole, is perhaps the most beautiful and gratifying to man of all the classes of the animal kingdom, and many of its species are infinitely serviceable to him. Our groves and fields are enlivened by their songs, and our tables amply furnished by them with choice articles of food; their down supplies us with warmth and comfort, and their quills with the instrument for the communication of our ideas.

From them to the *mammalia*, or animals that suckle their young, a link is formed by that most extraordinary creature, the duck-billed-Platypus,* which is said to be ovoviviparous, or producing young by means of eggs that are hatched within it. It is one of the most remarkable natives of New Holland, that country so remarkable in the majority of its vegetable and animal productions. Its webbed feet and aquatic habits are common to many of its class, but the extraordinary spur with which the posterior legs of the male are furnished, and which are said to vent a venom in self-defence, is the only instance, we believe, of a venomous organ being found among the mammalia. In this class man finds the greatest approximation to his own form, organisation, and intellect. He is here provided with beasts of burden, that lighten his labour, and supply him with multitudes of necessities. Here the sagacious dog is his safeguard against the incursion of the wolf upon his flocks, which furnish him with apparel and with food; the horse is his noble

companion in the chase and in the field, and his unwearied servant for the plough and the carriage. The dromedary and camel, patient of thirst, carry him fleetly across the burning desert: and the huge elephant is his irresistible bearer in the field of battle. This class, least numerous in species of the whole animal kingdom, is the most serviceable to man in supplying him with his positive and indispensable necessities; yet here again, as elsewhere throughout the animal kingdom, those that are most serviceable to him are quiet feeders upon vegetables. The carnivorous tribes he finds less domitable, and, as it were from an instinctive abhorrence of cannibalism wherever he may find it, no carnivorous animal supplies him with food. Nature here again rings its repeated changes of form, colour, instinct, habits, and uses. We here ascend, by gradational structure and organization, to the keystone of the arch—man himself. It has been strongly argued that man is no animal, but he is closely allied to animals in everything save intellect, and if that wonderful organ which endows him with it places an immeasurable distance between him and even the most sagacious animal, he is still connected with them by earthly ties, which it would be well for the correction of his pride that he had the humility to remember. But it is not even in intellect alone that the human being differs from the animal—by human being we must be understood as meaning the sexes collectively,—for Burdach* has proved physiologically, that in man only the animal nature predominates; but in woman, humanity, as contradistinguished to animality, in form, structure, and development, has attained its zenith, and the moral virtues are more essentially peculiar to her, whereas in man they are superinduced by intercourse and the charms and curbs of social life. Therefore as both sexes only form the complete species, we may even in a system of natural history consistently elevate mankind to a distinct class, superior to the mammalia which it prefigures and typifies, and to which the transition is made by the male. Here, at this point of culmination, systematic natural history makes its stop; it dare not launch into the hypothetical regions of immateriality and spirit, or attempt the classification of virtues, powers, principalities, and hierarchies; for, as Linneus might have said, “they have no teeth,”—yet an ingenious systematist of the present day has insinuated their introduction into his system.

Although we have thus very cursorily mentioned the series of objects and beings which the study of natural history embraces, it is not thus that we find them in nature, where all are intermingled, acting and re-acting upon each other, and the apparent discords of nature's gamut, as we overhear the solitary notes, reverberate

* C. F. Burdach, *Die Physiologie als Erfahrungswissenschaft*, T. i. p. 284, § 218.

collectively in the fullest and most perfect harmony along the stupendous vault of the creation. Partial evil is involved in the general good, and if the insect repine that it is devoured by the bird, let it be grateful that it has enjoyed an existence however brief, for no other necessity called it from the clod. It is from this individual evil that the general good arises; it is hence that such a multiplicity of beings are enabled to inhabit the world; not only species are thus interminably varied, but the numbers of the individuals in each are proportionate to the object for which they were designed, and the amount of destruction among them occasioned thereby is amply repaired by a power of propagation adequate to the loss. Thus no space is lost, and barely a species exterminated, which is owing to the force of the law that regulates their relative disposal. The relations of the animal with the vegetable kingdom are extremely diversified, but those existing in the animal kingdom itself between its several members are infinitely more complicated. We find the vegetable at the base directly or indirectly supporting all; and in return, in very many instances, it is only through the agency of animals that vegetables are perpetuated, as they serve to render these fertile by conveying the impregnating pollen, or by distributing their seeds. In the animal kingdom all classes are multifariously intermingled, some living, as parasites, upon others, supported in a variety of ways, and some, although enjoying an independent existence, live by means of the rest, if not at their expense; but the most direct relation that we observe is that which destines the herbivorous tribes to be the food of the carnivorous.

Thus we find wheel working within wheel, and the complicated machine presents a sublime view of Omnipresent and Omnipotent wisdom. The vast scheme of creation here unfolds itself imperceptibly to our observation, and the object of that creation, namely, the diffusion of the greatest quantity of happiness throughout the smallest possible space, fully and energetically evinces the benevolence that prompted it. What appears exuberance of production is but provision for consumption, in the least proportion required for securing the preservation of the species. We feel astounded at the fecundity of many fishes, insects, and plants; but yet how important is it to the preservation of the balance of existence! For one egg of either that attains its complete development in the power of reproduction, what myriads are consumed in their various stages of growth! Nor can we say that any are abortive, for they have doubtless fulfilled purposes as indispensable as the propagation of their kind by supporting the life of other beings, which in their turn, either in their fecundity carry this connexion still further, or in their several instincts exercise functions concomitant therewith for promoting the general benefit.

A few instances will fully illustrate the reciprocity of these interlacings, which bind all to our common parent, Mother Earth.

To commence with the vegetable kingdom—what hosts does it support, from the lichen that grows upon the wall to the cedar of Lebanon! and what does not serve to support the animal kingdom, or individual reproduction, tends to feed the soil. Almost every plant, shrub, or tree consists of a congeries of vegetables, and these, although not independent of each other, are not necessary to their existence; hence they are enabled to feed widely without the danger of destruction. In every part they afford aliment; in the root, stem, leaves, bud, blossom, pollen, seed-vessel, and fruit, what multitudes of insects in all their stages of existence!—what hosts of birds, and animals, and fishes, and reptiles here find their nutriment! many being general feeders, but also very many restricted to certain plants or pollen; and this kingdom in return derives additional fecundity, as well from the decomposition of animal matter as from the stimulus given by a checked luxuriance, which, wheresoever carried to excess, would choke or starve itself. The cryptogamous plants, as the mosses, lichens, funguses, ferns, are least nutritive, but they either prepare a soil, or promote decomposition, where the elements would be too slow in their effects: still they nourish a variety of insects; and even that buried fungus the epicure's morsel, the truffle, is the destined food of a peculiar little beetle.* The vastly superabundant production of pollen gives nutriment to perfect insects, or pabulum to their young; and, in return, they promote or effect its fecundation. The fruits and seeds consumed by the frugivorous birds disseminate them, and the herbivorous animals manure the soil and stimulate the growth of the herbage; they then feed by their forcible destruction the carnivorous tribes of all the classes, and which also prey upon each other; and what these leave, or casualties or the course of nature has destroyed, is awarded to the necrophagous hosts, or those that gorge upon dead animal matter. There appears no waste and no exuberance, for the latter finds a timely check before it has power to destroy itself; and what appears a wanton expenditure of animal life, from any insulated point of view, wholly changes its character of evil when observed in its necessary connexion with the universal harmony of the entire system. What a fruitful scene of observation and contemplation does not this branch of natural history afford! No phenomenon can be observed without its chain of histories, all intimately interlinked and progressing from one to the other. The human mind in the capacity of its conception ascends from the mortal to the immortal, and terminates its inquiry in worship and adoration.

* *Leiodes cinnamomea*.

But, passing from our northern latitudes, where life presents peculiar and distinct phases, proceed we to tropical climates, and survey it there in its gush and glow. Let us imagine a brilliant day in a forest beneath the equator during the rainy season, which has been sometimes but very incorrectly considered as analogous to our winter, whereas it truly answers to our summer,—for it is then that all is animated. The seasons are not arbitrary periods, but their recurrence is regulated by their effect upon vegetable, and, consequently, upon animal, life; and as it is with winter that we associate the idea of torpidity, and a temporary stagnation of existence, we must necessarily, from its parallel effects, connect the idea of the same season with the tropical heats. But return we to our forest, and we observe “confusion worse confounded.” The buzz, the whirl, the flutter, the shriek, the whoop, the hum, the chatter, and the song, are all intermingled; the various birds and animals, insects, reptiles, and plants, outvying each other in the splendour of their clothing, and the luxuriant enjoyment of existence, of which those discordant sounds are the emphatic announcement; all revel there in the wildest hilarity, according to their nature, instinct, and habits; and such is the vigour of existence, that even plants have a voice, and the palm proclaims the bursting of its bud by a sound as loud as that of a cannon.

But we must return from this vivacious scene to the sober contemplation of the beneficial effects produced on the mind by the methodical cultivation of natural history.

The immense variety of organic beings which even our rapid survey of them has shown to be so extensive, will be still further evinced by the statement of their numbers already known, as recently computed by Mr. Swainson, and to which we will add his table of the probable number existing throughout the globe, some of which the assiduity of travellers and naturalists is daily bringing into notice. We can merely give his calculation, for we have not space to enter into his argument in support of his assumed probable numbers. But even in the first table of those which are known, perhaps not one half of the gross number are yet described.

Mammalia	1,000*
Birds	6,000
Fishes.....	6,000
Insects	120,000
Mollusca	5,100
Radiata	1,000
Visible polypes	1,500
	<hr/>
	140,600
	<hr/>

* Swainson's Zoology, vol. ii. Lardner's Cyclopaedia.

We may observe here that the reptiles are wholly omitted; the number of birds are stated as supposed to exist in the Berlin Museum, and the fishes on the authority of Cuvier, as known to him. But we have here a gross total of one hundred and forty thousand six hundred, exclusively of the reptiles and plants; the latter according to Decandolle amounting to sixty thousand.

Swainson's table of the probable numbers runs as follows*—

		Quadrupeds	1,200
1. Vertebrated animals.	{	Birds	6,800
		Reptiles and Amphibia	1,500
		Fishes	8,000
		Insects	550,000
2. Annulose animals ..	{	Worms, &c.	2,500
		Radiata, Star-fish, &c.	1,000
3. Molluscous animals. Soft animals	{	Polypti, Corals	1,500
		Naked Mollusca	600
		Testacea	4,500 †
			<hr/> 577,600

In this table it has struck us as exceedingly singular why odd numbers should be adduced, for it appears very improbable that the scheme of nature should not be perfect, yet why odd numbers cannot be so, would lead us into a discussion too wide for our present purpose, although one of much interest. To the above tables we will add the summary of those formed by Keferstein,† and which are interesting for comparison, as he chiefly founds the computation upon described species; and to which he also adds the numbers of fossil species discovered up to the time of his publication.—

	Recent.	Fossil.
Mammalia	883	270
Birds	4,099	20
Reptiles	1,270	104
Fishes,.....‡	3,586	386
Insects		247
Spiders		
Crustacea		
Xyphosura....		
Entomostracea }		211
Isopoda		
Myriapada		

* Swainson's Zoology, vol. ii. Lardner's Cyclopaedia.

† Report of Select Committee on the British Museum. August, 1835, p. 242. It is here stated that more than 9,000 are known.

‡ Die Naturgeschichte des Erdkörpers in ihren ersten Grundzügen dargestellt. 2 Bde. 8vo. 1834, vol. ii.

Mollusca	3,816	6,056
Annelides	102	214
Radiata	187	411
Polypina	816	907
Vegetables	32,000	803
	<u>46,759</u>		<u>9,629</u>

Here we have a gross total of 56,388, which we may admit as an approximation, although many in the fossil list may be identical with recent species. But here the insects and entomostracea are totally omitted, which, if we add in the round numbers of Mr. Swainson, will increase the total to 180,000. But another computation of the probable numbers of the insect tribes only, makes that class amount to the enormous host of one million.*

It is self-evident, that a knowledge of so great a concourse of organized beings can only be attained by a distribution which arranges them methodically, by certain peculiarities, that reduce the heterogeneous mixture wherein we find them dispersed throughout nature, into an orderly series. The first and most important condition of such an arrangement is, that every individual which it comprises shall have a name whereby it may be distinguished from every other. The series has been framed into groups, which, descending from their more general resemblances into the greatest possible detail of differences, have severally received the titles of kingdoms, classes, orders, tribes, families, genera, and species. This mode, which is rendered indispensable upon general principles, also greatly facilitates the ascertaining whether any individual being, which may casually present itself to observation, is yet known, and has consequently received its place in the system adopted; or, if new and unknown, it has first to be named, while its structure points out its precise situation. The names, therefore, which objects have necessarily received are double,—consisting of the generic name, which shows their situation, and which corresponds, by way of illustration, with our surnames, and, like them, admits of change; and their trivial or specific name, which, analogous to our baptismal names, is arbitrary in the first instance, but when once imposed, remains ever after unalterable. Yet before all this could be done with the accuracy requisite to distinguish individually such a multiplicity of beings, and to prevent the confusion that would ensue from the use of ordinary language, in consequence of its vagueness and want of precision,

* See Reich, Beitrag zur Lehre von der geographischen Verbreitung der Insekten. Nova Acta Acad. Cæs. Leop. Carol. Nat. Cur. v. 16, part 2, page 836.

it was found necessary to adopt, for the description of these objects, certain conventional terms, which should have a definite acceptance.

Hence it is, that natural history has its peculiar language, called its terminology, or more recently, to avoid a barbarism, glossology or orismology. For the foundation of this we are chiefly indebted to Linneus, the father of the modern mode of studying natural history, and to him also the science is indebted for the invention of trivial or specific names, also a vast improvement, and which avoids the necessity of a circumlocution, or a specific phrase, whereby the older naturalists were accustomed to indicate the different objects they alluded to; whereas, now, the name suffices.

It is unfortunately this nomenclature and orismology which have frightened the many from the study of natural history, and certainly without sufficient cause. They ought to reflect that there is no royal road to knowledge; that every thing we wish to know thoroughly has its dry and tedious elements, but which lose their barrenness so soon as we have quitted our leading-strings, and can apply them. They ought also to weigh well the advantage of a clear and distinct idea over a loose and confused one; and this distinctness is only to be obtained by the precision which is given through technical language, that admits neither of synonymy nor periphrase.

Exclusively of the importance that necessarily attaches to methodizing within the mind such a multifarious host of distinct objects, a system of natural history also accomplishes the inculcation of method, and so disciplines the powers of the mind, that they may be made to bear upon any subject with the most advantageous results; it drills it into strictness and accuracy;—but we cannot do better than give Cuvier's opinion upon this subject.

“The habit which is necessarily acquired in studying natural history, of classing within the mind a vast number of ideas, is one of the advantages which this science presents, that has been least noticed, and which will probably become the greatest when it shall be generally introduced into the course of common education. It exercises the mind in that division of logic, styled method, as much as geometry practises it in what is called syllogism; because natural history is the science which demands the most precise method, as geometry is that which exacts the most rigorous reasoning. But this method, once well acquired, admits of very advantageous application to studies the most dissimilar to natural history. Every discussion that requires a classification of facts, every research that demands a distribution of materials, is made by the same laws; and a youth who shall have made this science merely an object of amusement,

is astonished when he discovers the facility it gives him in the disentanglement of the most complicated affairs.*

Besides method to the mind, innumerable other advantages result from the study of natural history. Let us again hear Cuvier.†

"It is not less useful in solitude. Sufficiently extensive to fill the most capacious mind; sufficiently varied and interesting to amuse the most agitated; it consoles the unfortunate, and calms animosities. Once raised to the contemplation of the harmony of nature, irresistibly regulated by Providence, how weak and insignificant are the resources we have allowed to depend upon the will of man!

"I candidly avow that these views have always weighed deeply with me; and if I have endeavoured to promote this tranquil study, it has been because, in my opinion, it is more capable than any other to satisfy that urgent thirst for occupation, which so much contributed to produce the disturbances of the last fifty years."

There is neither class, age, nor sex, but may participate in the advantages of this study, and it may be pursued within whatsoever limits are desirable; it is so ductile, that it may be made either a recreation or an occupation; and, followed as the former, it is the most innocent, and instructive, and inexhaustible at man's command. Dr. Virey's description of a naturalist and of Nature is sufficient to convert the most averse to this pleasing study.

"The naturalist is a contemplative and simple man, who endeavours to discover and admire the laws of nature and of its Author; and who, elevating himself by sublime thoughts to the First Cause of all, adores the powerful hand which peopled the world, which brought forth wheat and the grape, which created all living species, and settled the laws of their reproduction, preservation, and destruction; he searches throughout the earth the relations and harmonies of all beings, the great chain which connects them together, the faculties which distinguish them, their astonishing properties, and admirable organization; he investigates their utility with reference to his wants and his diseases, to the embellishment of his life, to his supply of food, clothing, and the increase of his comforts. Without natural history, we should have neither domestic nor rural economy, nor would there be any utility in the world. The fields without it would be but a sterile and vain display of glory and magnificence, and a spectacle which would speedily fatigue, did it not also interest us by our own utility, and which would only flatter the soul without filling it with a sweet and agreeable satisfaction; Commerce itself could not exist without the productions of Nature; it is she who feeds a crowd of miserable wretches, who would perish attenuated with hunger, were it not for the indulgence of luxury, which circulates money, and extracts it from the purse of the opulent to buy the bread of the poor. It is Nature which supports the human race; hers is the first bosom we hang to; and if we could take advantage of all her gifts, and, did we study

* Cuvier's *Regne Animal*, vol. i. p. 19.

† *Ib.* p. 20.

thoroughly her fecundity, and profoundly investigate her beneficent intentions, her wisdom, gentleness, and simplicity, we should live contented and virtuous in the midst of abundance and security."*

'Into systems we cannot here enter, yet we may observe that it is incorrect to say, as some systematists have said, that every species is insulated, and has no connexion with any other organism throughout nature. It is not well to start such an hypothesis for the support of any theory, for it is absurd in itself, and baneful in its effects. It contradicts hourly observation and experience; it shivers the harmonious system of nature into millions of independent fragments; and a few days of such a state would destroy the organic world. The apparent insulation of species and individuals is removed, in the first place partially, by the gregarious tribes, and fully by the social ones, especially by those which subjugate others to their dominion. There is nothing so independent as to be able to dispense with the rest; and if the mysterious bands which bind all into one whole be not always evident to the senses, yet sufficient display themselves to prove the existence of the rest. Nor are those ties solitary, but multiplex; and they are even generally far less distinct between two approximate structures than between the most dissimilar. Yet, why should it be attempted to controvert what Nature has proclaimed aloud in that gradual divarication of organization which we observe, and which we dare not presume to have been produced for the very idle purpose of variation only! We have not arrived, nor shall we probably soon arrive, at a knowledge of those recondite balancings of instinct and gradual changes of function which are doubtless its object. Else it were a folly to conceive Nature so poor in resources as not to be able, in lieu of creating individuals, to create species; and we should then find a greater balance in their respective fecundity. We generally observe organization and function proceeding side by side, and modern systematists have consequently endeavoured to give full value to the entire structure, and to found upon it what they have called the natural system. Although we have before exhibited the harmonious connexion of the whole, and insisted that one is created for the other, yet it must not therefore be assumed that we have implied that Nature absolutely predestined the destruction of the one for the support of the other; for, benevolent in all her arrangements, she has been careful to endow them either with weapons of defence against their natural enemies, or instincts to elude them; and unless accident intervenes, they live to the full term to which their organization is adapted: and yet, should they fall victims to the

voracity of others, they must attribute it to casualty, and to the neglect of their own powers of evasion or self-defence, and to no inevitable destiny.

But when even we have formed the entire collection, when we have named the individuals composing it, and arranged them in the order most facile for ready recognition, and according to the most approved system, although much labour is overcome, yet it is not comparable to what remains. What has there been accomplished except merely the index to the book we have to study? Their varied organization, structure and physiology,—their habits, economy and instincts,—their mutual and reciprocal relations and influences,—and, lastly, their final cause, in which is involved the destiny of man, form so many complicated and abstruse inquiries, that we may indeed say the study of natural history is interminable. What a vast source of amusement and employment does it not then present, although its immensity appears discouraging to our pride, from showing us the vanity of hoping to compass the whole; yet how animating and cheering is every step of our progress, from the incessant proofs it affords of the fostering benevolence that presided over the construction of the laws which regulate Nature's invariable course! The whole scheme is built upon the wisest principles, evident even to the extent of our short-sightedness. What will, then, be the effulgence of that wisdom, when, after casting our pupa case—the psyche—the soul shall become entire consciousness, without the distraction of the senses, and we shall perceive intellectually the full effulgence of all those attributes, the coruscations of which so dazzle us even now, through the dense medium of our senses and earthly intellect,—when the whole train of final causes shall be spread out before us, and what our finite comprehension may have dared to deem imperfect shall and will be viewed in the completeness of its perfection!

The study of natural history is a profound course of rational devotion; it humiliates us by showing us what atoms we are in the universe; and yet, from the comprehensiveness of the intellect bestowed upon us, the beast, and every living creature on the face of the earth, is subjected to us. But it can only be when we shall have acquired a thorough knowledge of the whole range of Nature, her laws and her productions, and their various individual and combined powers of adaptation to our uses and services, that we may boast of having attained the zenith of human wisdom; for then our dominion will be no longer nominal, but we shall become positively the lords of the creation, and wield a potent sceptre over it. Yet how shall this be effected, if not by its diligent and profound study! for here again we find

another illustration of the truth of Lord Bacon's dogma, that "knowledge is power." We may not, therefore, without the charge of presumption or perverseness, despise even the least contribution to that all-important object, the entire subjugation of nature to the intellect of man.

ART. IX.—1. *Histoire des Croisades*. Par M. Michaud, de l'Academie Française. 7 vols. Paris. 1818—1828.

2. *Correspondance d'Orient, 1830 et 1831*. Par M. Michaud, de l'Academie Française, et M. Poujoulat. Paris. 1833—1835. 6 vols.

IN resuming our task of reviewing the writers who have undertaken to describe the Ottoman empire, or the races by which it is inhabited, we proceed to notice a class of difficulties of a different character from those on which we principally dwelt in our preceding article.* The impediments in the path of oriental inquiry which we now propose to point out are those which exist in the minds of the writers themselves.

There is, or rather there should be, no difference in the manner of proceeding in the investigation of politics from that pursued in the investigation of physics. The same patience of investigation is requisite; the same caution in reasoning from analogy; the same discrimination between accidental sequences, and the invariable relationship of cause and effect. So similar is the manner of proceeding in every department of science, that Lord Bacon compares it to a tree, "the stem of which is for some space and dimension entire and continued, before it breaks and parts itself into arms and boughs."

The father of modern philosophy observed in the science of his day all the characteristic features of false philosophy. Theories were first invented, and then facts, partially observed, strained to support them. This state of thought reproduced itself in expression. Names as vague and unmeaning as the ideas themselves became the signs of knowledge and the instruments of investigation. Time was thrown away; energy and talents were expended uselessly, which otherwise would have been devoted to the study of nature. This unphilosophical manner of proceeding tended to establish error, by giving it an appearance of science and system. Besides, unintelligible names being called in on all occasions to account for and explain every phenomenon, the student had no

* See "Characters and Opinions of Turkish Travellers" in No. XXX. of the Foreign Quarterly Review.

inducement to analyze farther, but rested satisfied with his errors. Bacon perceived the insufficiency of the process of reasoning. Great and wonderful discovery, with few parallels to its profoundness, none to its utility! Dr. T. Brown justly observes, that he was the reformer not of physical but of mental science. To use the impressive language of that eminent metaphysician, "the temple that Lord Bacon purified was not that of external nature, but of internal mind. It was in that innermost recess that he overthrew the idols that had usurped a place in the temple of truth, and, having broken down the images, he left the shrine clear till the time that the real goddess should deign to reveal herself to her devoted and wondering votaries."

To say that we have seriously compared the then state of physical science with the actual state of political science, and found them in some degree analogous, would be to rouse against us the animosity of some and the scepticism of most men; but, at all events, in consideration of an experience in other lands prolonged solely by the allurements of this inquiry, we may venture to say that the words and terms which are applied to things and to modes of existence in our European states do not apply to Oriental countries, and that the use of them almost invariably leads to error. In the preceding article to which we have already referred, we endeavoured to point out the errors into which travellers are liable to fall; in the present we propose to show how these errors of the day react upon past events, and, by falsifying history still further, confirm the aberrations of modern opinions.

We select a few instances of terms in use. What definite ideas are conveyed to us when we are informed that the government of a country is "*despotic*?" Is it that the capricious will of one man is law to the nation? Is that despotism, where there are no laws written in black and white which define the attributes of the prince? Many governments called despotic are not so according to this definition. The laws of Austria as accurately define the power and prerogatives of its Emperor as the constitution of England. It may—it frequently does—happen, that the power of a sovereign is very limited where no express laws define his attributes. In the absence of such statutes, customs or unwritten laws arise, which, however imperceptible in their mode of operation, more effectually circumscribe the power of the prince, more effectually secure to the subjects their rights, than at least those written laws to which public opinion has not lent the force of custom.

If that is to be termed despotism, where the individual has no redress when injustice is done him, we reply that there is no country which we know of, where injustice is not done to indivi-

duals with impunity. Is not injustice done under the *sanction of law*? And that is by far the worst species of injustice, because it affects communities, not individuals, and, by wearing the garb of right, excites the feelings of nations against authority, and perplexes and disturbs their notions of right and wrong.

We see the word *despotic* used as the antithesis to *constitutional*. But the word *constitution* is not less vague than the other. Athens, Rome, Venice, &c. all had their constitutions. England, France, the United States, Warsaw, Hungary, &c. have their constitutions; and nothing can be more dissimilar than those constitutions.

Then, as to that word *liberty*. 'We are told by the French that they alone know or enjoy it; Englishmen declare that the French know little about real liberty; the American asserts that liberty resides only in the United States. We would almost venture to place in the same category the terms *monarchical*, *democratic*, and *aristocratic*. In fact, all terms applied to the art of government are definitions of faction or of party, but not of logic;—they perplex as applied to the discussion of facts with which we are acquainted, but they mislead when used to describe countries which we do not know.

There are two words which are the stock in trade of the writer; whose works we have placed at the head of this article. These are *civilization* and *barbarism*;—words convenient above measure for enabling us to describe a state of things to others which we do not understand ourselves, and to account for facts we are disinclined to analyze:—above all others have they tended to check the spirit of research, and to contract the circle of our experience. The Roman term *civilization* lost its original simplicity and value when it was brought into connection with the Greek "*barbarism*." This word, originally derived from the name of some population foreign to Greece, with which the Greeks had come in contact at some early period, and had learned, with what degree of justice who can say, to despise, became a term of disparagement and contempt. Every foreigner, whether Roman or Goth, Scythian or Egyptian, was called barbarian: but, how little it was useful for purposes simply geographical, how much national vanity lay concealed under it, may be gathered from the prayer in which the Greek thanked his gods for having created him a *man* not a *beast*, a *Greek* not a *barbarian*. From Greece the word became naturalized amongst the Romans, as Greek literature became the fashionable study at Rome, and was there furnished with an antithetical companion, "*civilization*;" and these have travelled down, hand in hand, to the present times, through a score of centuries, flattering the national vanity and exasperating the national antipathies of a hundred people, adorning the phrases

of the philanthropist, covering the designs of the ambitious, and arresting the inquiries of the philosopher.

Sometimes we find the word civilization used in its primary meaning. Thus we hear of a Greek civilization, a Roman, an Arabic, a European civilization, &c. Sometimes civilization is confounded with a rectification of political abuses and errors, improvement, progress, an approach to some ideal perfection; sometimes with this imaginary perfection itself. Thus we find nations claiming the word as belonging to their own social state exclusively; thus, too, civilization is used in the abstract, and we hear of the nations that are farthest advanced in civilization. Then, as we before stated, we find it used to designate sometimes European usages in general, sometimes only modern European usages; then the countries wherever these usages prevail; and, finally, Europe itself. Hence we hear of the *interests* of civilization. Further, we have the *vices* of civilization, signifying those vices which are to be met with in those several societies into which the European family is subdivided.

However, in our author's "*Histoire des Croisades*," and his "*Correspondance d'Orient*," we find these words on all occasions adduced as *causes*. When he comes to civilization or barbarism, then inquiry is at an end; he seems to consider himself as having arrived at simple elements.

In describing the feelings of the Hungarians respecting the Crusades, when first preached by Peter the Hermit, he says this people, "although Christians, and even boasting of having had a saint amongst their monarchs, did not partake of the religious fervour of the Crusades, and looked on with indifference at the preparations made by Europe for the conquest of Asia. Because they were separated from the Christian republic by their geographical position,—*because they still retained a portion of their barbarism.*"—*Histoire des Croisades*, chap. ii.

A few pages before our author had lamented the follies and extravagances into which Europe was betrayed by a spirit of wild fanaticism. "In the midst of this universal delirium, was there?" he asks, "no sage to make the voice of reason be heard?" The Hungarians did refuse to join Europe in her mad and eccentric career, because they followed the dictates of plain common sense,—they acted as a sage, according to M. Michaud's notions, would have recommended them to act! Why they acted so was a point to be investigated, or at least explained, and M. Michaud, not having investigated it, explains, by the one all-powerful word, this—the very reverse of barbarism, by his own account. There was another population which was equally indisposed to be carried away by the current of the movement, namely, the inhabitants of

the Italian republics. So far from these being geographically separated from Christendom, they resided in what was then its very centre; and our author informs us that they resisted the movement on account of their "*superior civilization!*"

Europe, with the exception of the Italian states, was governed according to the principles of the feudal system, which divided men into two classes—proprietors and property. The former (the nobles) were rendered by their position restless and ambitious, loving military enterprize for its excitement. They were necessarily involved in perpetual wars, either of aggression, retaliation, or defence. Arms were, therefore, their only study; and, neglecting the arts of peace, they were ignorant, bigoted, and superstitious. The people recognized in the clerical organization their protectors, as the influence of the Church was originally secured by its tendency to mitigate the rigours of feudalism. It was natural then that any warlike impulse proceeding from the Church should spread rapidly over feudalized countries. But the mass of mankind in these countries were only considered as property of the lord of the soil. They grasped at any proposal, by which they hoped by change of place to change their condition, which might be thus mended, and could hardly be worse. But how different was the condition of the inhabitants of the Italian republics! They had the attachments of freemen and the rights of citizens. Their municipal rather than republican institutions, by giving each citizen a share in the direction of affairs, had raised the whole community in the intellectual and social scale; and thus, though as attached to their church as the rest of Christendom, they were more contented with their state, they were more comfortable in their homes.

When the Council of Placentia was convened, although the most eminent of the clergy attended, and though a large concourse of Italian laity flocked to it, the motives of the laymen seemed to have been simple curiosity. No cries of enthusiasm were raised; no expedition was planned; the council, after settling some matters of local interest, dispersed. Far different were the feelings that animated, at the assembly of Clermont, the stray multitude which was there collected together. The pope successfully appealed to the fanaticism of the whole community; whilst to the nobles he pointed out a foreign field, where they could gratify their passions, and indulge in their favourite pursuits, under the sanction of religion, and under the guidance of the Church. Still, however great was the enthusiasm of the nobles, infinitely greater must have been the migratory impulse of the mass of the population, degraded by its necessities, its obligations, and its *caste*, not less than by its superstition; and indeed, before the nobles had

been able to make a movement eastward, four different armies of serfs had already marched. To the Italians, however, no inducement could be held out, till the Crusaders had gained a footing in Palestine, when they contrived to gain over some of the more prominent states, by offers of commercial advantages.

But, as the Italian *republics* did not embark in this expedition, on account of the inducements their institutions gave them to remain at home; so, the non-participation of the Hungarian *monarchy* in the earlier Crusades is to be ascribed to the same causes. Consequently, it was not geographical impediments that prevented the Hungarian from being influenced by the excitement that pervaded his neighbourhood; but because his mind had been differently formed from that of Europe by the institutions under which he lived,* and because he had as many inducements to stay at home as the western serf had to wander.

We now proceed to another instance of error into which our author is led by the use of this term. The Bulgarians, we are informed, "were barbarians that respected neither the *droits des gens*, nor the rights of hospitality." Of course he feels himself called on to be more severe on this population; for, although Christians, they did not acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope, and were therefore still further from the civilization of the Christian republic. Our author has not furnished us with his code of the *droits des gens*. We can only refer to the standard works on international law. In them, we believe, it is acknowledged as a principle, that any nation has a right to exclude an armed mass attempting to march through its territory, no matter on what pretext. So that, had the Bulgarians resisted the Crusaders when first they tried to set foot in their territory, we know not how they could be said to have violated any principle of international law, or, indeed, the laws of hospitality, as Europeans understand the term. Still, we do not find any desire manifested on the part of the Bulgarians to oppose their passage at first; and, they would have no more molested them than did the Hungarians, had they not been provoked by the mad excesses of the undisciplined mob under Walter. Not only had the Hungarians allowed them to pass quietly through their territory, but they had supplied the wants of that needy multitude, which had little to give in return, though not with the same fanatical enthusiasm as did the Frank nations that constituted the Christian republic. But when the Crusaders reached the small town of Belgrade, "the governor not "having sufficient provisions for such an immense concourse, the

* Here, as elsewhere, history, when closely questioned, answers, "*La liberté est ancienne, c'est le despotisme qui est nouveau.*"

“ Crusaders spread themselves over the country, ravaged, pillaged, fired houses, and massacred such of the inhabitants as opposed their violence. The Bulgarians, irritated by these excesses, rushed to arms, fell on the soldiers of Walter, laden with booty, and a hundred and four Crusaders perished in a church to which they fled for refuge.” Here, then, the Bulgarians are barbarians, ignorant of the *droits des gens*, and the rights of hospitality, because they defended their property and chastised these lawless invaders. And yet these same inhospitable and barbarous people, when the Crusaders presented themselves afterwards before the walls of Nissa, in the attitude of suppliants, were touched with compassion on seeing their wretchedness, and gave them provisions, clothes, and arms.

A further instance of the use of the word barbarism. Our author, feeling that a history of the Crusaders is in fact an historical comparison between Eastern and Western societies in their origin, is led to contrast the different populations most mixed up in these wars. In the course of this comparison, he sets before us three different kinds of barbarism:—the barbarism of the Western nations,—the barbarism of the Greek empire,—the barbarism of the Turks;—which he contrasts thus :

“ However, the barbarism of the people of the West did not resemble that of the Turks, whose religion and habits rejected every sort of civilization and enlightenment, nor that of the Greeks, who were no longer any thing but a corrupt and degenerate people. Whilst the Turks had all the vices of a nearly savage state, and the Greeks all the corruptions of a state in decay, there was mixed up with the barbarous manners of the Franks something heroic and generous, which seemed to resemble the passions of youth, and gave hopes of future amendment. The brutal barbarism of the Turks made them despise every thing great and noble. The Greeks had a barbarism learned and refined, which filled them with disdain for heroism and military virtues. The Franks were as brave as the Turks, and valued glory more than the other populations. The sentiment of honour, which produced chivalry in Europe, directed their courage, and stood them sometimes in stead of justice and virtue.”—*Histoire des Croisades*, chap. i.

What is intelligible in all these unmeaning changes on the word barbarism? And yet, had it not been for the word, our author must have renounced the task of writing on the Crusades; for how, with his limited knowledge of the Turkish character, could he have described the redoubted, and finally successful, antagonists of the Crusaders without it?—how vented his spleen against a people the furthest removed, so to speak, from the Christian republic? In the first place, we find that it was the *religion* of the Turk which rejected all civilization and light. That religion was Islamism—Islamism which, like Christianity, has been found

associated with many shades, not to say with every shade, of civilization and of barbarism. But Islamism has more unity in its character as a worship than the various denominations which, under the general name of Christianity, even in the same nation, and at the same period, exhibit characters of dogma, of practice, and of policy, so totally at variance the one with the other. Was not Islamism more refined and ennobling than the degrading superstitions that passed under the name of Christianity at the period of the Crusades? Perhaps Islamism has impeded the progress of civilization and enlightenment; but that has depended on collateral circumstances. It was *after* the Arabs had embraced that religion, that they made such astonishing progress in the arts, literature, and the sciences. Nay, more, it was through Islamism that science and literature were communicated to Western Europe. Such expressions respecting Islamism show no less ingratitude than ignorance.

We should recommend M. Michaud to look into some of the Arabic books on legislation and political science,—which, unfortunately for Europe, have been only recently translated into European languages,—and then compare the state of Europe, as it regards these sciences, with what the Arabs accomplished. The variety of subjects they handled, the learning, ingenuity, depth of thought, they displayed in each, and the voluminousness of their literature, suggested to Mr. Turner the title of “encyclopedists,” by which he designates them; and yet he was ignorant of the language which is the sole key to their lore. Von Hammer, speaking only of their historical literature, says—

“He that possesses the advantage of drawing from these Oriental sources, which, for the most part, remain concealed from the western world, will be astonished at the richness of the treasures still to be brought to light. There lie open before him—the sovereignty of the great monarchies emerging from one point; the power of single dynasties, shooting out into a thousand rays; the fabulous chronicles of the most ancient, and the exact annals of the most modern empires; the period of ignorance anterior to the Prophet, and the days of knowledge that succeeded; the wonders of the Persians; the exploits of the Arabs; the universally ravaging and desolating spirit of the Moguls; and the political wisdom of the Ottomans.”

And he subsequently remarks that—

“More than one generation must pass away before the literary treasures of the East can be completed in the libraries of the West, either by the patronage of princes, or the industry of travellers.”

But “there was something in the Turkish character, in their nomade and barbarous habits, that made them repudiate every approach towards civilization and enlightenment.” Now, how do

historic facts bear out this assertion? Was it not under the dynasties of the Seljoukians and Karasmiens that the literature of Persia both arose, and her poetry and philosophy reached the highest pitch of glory ever arrived at in that country? Did not Syria produce her greatest geniuses under the fostering protection of the successors of Toghrul? Was not the beneficent, active, and learned Nizamolmulk himself a man of letters, and the enlightened patron and encourager of scientific and literary men, the vizir during the reigns of Alp Arslan and Malek Shah? Were not both these princes distinguished patrons of science and of literature?

The Turk, Nourreddin, is described by the historian as passing his life engaged either in the "*lesser holy war*," with weapons in his hand, and combating the enemies of Islam, or in the "*greater holy war*," with fasting and prayer, night and day occupied in political duties and study. He paid the most marked respect to all men of attainments. The most celebrated he rose from his seat to receive at his door; and this was a distinction particularly reserved for men of literary merit, and not conferred on his emirs or princes. Jurisprudence was his favourite study, and he was himself an author. He wrote on policy, morals, and legislation; and, taking the traditions of the Prophet on these subjects, he reduced them to principles. It is needless to bring forward the reign of Saladin; we shall content ourselves with adducing one fact.—When Cairo fell into the hands of this illustrious Kurd, there were in the treasury, besides countless riches, according to the testimony of Aini, 2,600,000 books that had been collected by the Fatimite Sultans. The Maned Ullatafet mentions 120,000 of the rarest description. The other treasures were sold,—part distributed amongst the soldiery, part given in alms, part reserved for political purposes, but the literary treasure was carefully weeded and husbanded by this "*enlightened barbarian*."

But it may be said, that this love of literature, as exhibited by the Turkish Sultans, was the effect of the study of Arabic authors. To observe the natural bent of Turkish tact, influenced by the Arabs only indirectly, we must turn our attention to the state of literature in Turkey under the earlier Ottoman Sultans, the type and model of the Turkish race. Now we find that, as soon as the Ottomans became a power, their literature arose and developed itself with rapidity. Long before the Turkish power was established at Constantinople, even before it had set foot in Europe, a constellation of literary talent had illustrated that pastoral race. The golden era of their poetry was the reign of Bayazet I. There is not one of their earlier Sultans who was not the patron and lover of literature; not one who, while encou-

raging the study of letters in others, did not himself set the example, by devoting to literature all the time he could spare amidst the cares of government, the tumult of war, and the distraction of politics and ambition. Mahomet II. was one of the most accomplished scholars of his day. What was Soliman the Canonist? Did he leave unstudied, as the Franks did before him when they were in possession of Constantinople, the Pandects of Justinian? The error pretty generally disseminated, respecting the Turkish character being averse to literary pursuits, originated from a secret comparison being always instituted between the Turks and the Arabs; but what people of ancient or modern times can bear a comparison with that singularly gifted nation? However, more deliberate and cautious, less daring and versatile, less liable to be carried away by bold speculations and dazzling novelties, than the ingenious Arab, the Turk yields to no nation in a keen appreciation of nature and truth, whether as exhibited within or around us. So far from intellectual progress being repugnant to the genius of the Turkish people, the stagnation of mind observable in later times amongst them is immediately traceable to the introduction of principles foreign to Turkish maxims. Those same noxious political principles, which, originating in the Byzantine government, had formerly quenched the light of literature amongst the Greeks, and had converted the talents of that lively race into a sterile agitation, being incorporated partially into the Turkish system, operated so on the Turkish mind as to render it stationary, and caused it to retrograde in the intellectual career. But every attempt at political, moral, and mental improvement failed as long as the body of Janizaries existed. It was reserved for the happy genius of the present Sultan to overthrow this body. Amongst his other reforms, he has not forgotten the cause of literature. Himself the most elegant writer in Turkey, he is causing all the annals, histories, and poems, in the Turkish language, to be printed. He is gradually getting the most useful works translated out of European and Oriental languages; and has commenced a system for diffusing education universally among the people. Many acts and changes of the Sultan have been both unsuccessful and unpopular; not so whatever is connected with the progress of instruction and the honour of letters: and while in Europe we are fatigued with the nonsense of the Sultan being before his people and forcing on them reforms for which they are not yet prepared (!), we have heard in Turkey the Sultan excused for errors which no one defended, on the grounds of his having done so much for literature. His humble attempts as yet may be beneath the notice of the supercilious European, but philosophy does not disregard such beginnings as these.

But, asserts our author, "the Turks could appreciate nothing great or noble. Contrasted from the Franks, they had nothing heroical or generous in their nature. They gave no promise of future amelioration. The spirit of honour which gave birth to chivalry in Europe stood the Franks somewhat instead of virtue and justice." The generality of historians that have written on chivalry have laboured to discover when and how it arose, and in vain,—because they looked in the wrong place. They imagined that it arose in Europe, whereas its native soil was the deserts of Arabia. It was subsequently transported into Europe, partly through Spain; but it became more universally diffused there after the Crusaders had had intercourse with the Mahommedans in Syria. In Europe it was engrafted on a feudal stock, to which circumstance it owed much of its eccentricities and extravagances. In fact, it never flourished in Europe as it did amongst the Arabs. What with us was only a poetic fiction, lived, breathed, and moved, in Arabia, even before Mahomet arose to concentrate the energies of his people. It was chivalrous feeling, in which was incorporated a high sense of honour and a susceptibility of praise and blame, that nerved the arm and tempered the blade of the Saracen. The Turks inherited this feeling from the Arabs, however divested of its eccentricities, which this simple and sober-minded people could little bear. To this day survives that keen sensitiveness to reproach and disgrace, although concealed under the calm and dignified demeanour, which so strongly distinguishes the East from the West, and which perhaps as strongly distinguishes the Turks from other eastern populations. "They valued not true nobility." Look at the characters of the populations and chiefs that were the antagonists of the Crusaders as portrayed in history, and contrast them with the chiefs and armies of the Crusaders:—look at Malek Shah and his successors—at the Seljoukian princes in Asia Minor, Soliman and Kilidgi Arslan, and see whether these lose by a comparison with even a Tancred or a Godfrey. Take the character of Nourreddin, the redoubted opponent of the Crusaders, the chief of a great people at a period of great excitement and great success, and therefore the type of that people. The Christian historians, even while employed in detailing the mischief he caused them, cannot refuse the praise due to his great and noble qualities. One anecdote we may be suffered to quote. A widow presented herself before the crusading chiefs, complaining that her children had been carried into captivity by Saladin's troops. *They sent her to Saladin himself.* Her petition was granted;—her children were liberated, and Saladin wrote to the Crusaders thanking them for the pleasure they had afforded him. It is not possible to cite the numberless instances of generosity

evinced by individual Turks and Arabs during the course of these wars. Our author, however, supplies himself a sufficient number to refute his own charges; but we would beg our readers to compare the anecdote above-mentioned with the massacre of 2,700 Turkish hostages by Richard the Lion-hearted. After this monstrous breach of good faith, Saladin retaliated on the Christian prisoners who fell into his hands, and therefore historians place Saladin on a par with Richard. Compare the horrid atrocities that were committed on the taking of Jerusalem by the Crusaders with the wisdom and forbearance of Saladin's conduct when he regained it. Did he attempt to interfere with the opinions of the Christians who submitted to him? Did he or his Turks attempt to molest them when exercising the rites of their religion? When Jerusalem was ceded to Frederic Barbarossa by Melik Kamil, an express stipulation was entered into that all Mussulmans should enjoy a free exercise of their religious rites. Every one knows the storm that this excited; how exasperated the Crusaders and clergy were on finding the Emperor disposed to act with good faith; how every thing was done to inflame the passions of the populace; how the Mussulmans in the Holy City were insulted; how frequently the terms of the treaty were infringed; and how zealously the sovereign pontiff preached a new crusade, in order that the whole treaty might be set at defiance with impunity. In fact, look at all the Crusaders, the chiefs and degraded people, and see whether the "vices of a nearly savage state" were not rather to be found in them than in the Mussulmans. It was not till Europe came in contact with the East that that impulse was given to science, of which at this day we experience the happy effects.

We might go on accumulating evidence on evidence and proof on proof, of the past and present injustice done to history and to truth, in the vulgar abuse of a people whose instincts have ever been simple, generous, and noble: it may suffice to retort the accusation to prove its absurdity; and not the less so that the retort is seriously made by one who from the East looked back on the West. The friend and countryman of M. Michaud, the gifted M. De Lamartine, contrasting Europeans with the Turks, exclaims, "*We constantly make the lowest feelings take precedence of the highest and most ennobling, because we are sons of barbarians, and our manners and ideas still savour of their origin.*"

But it is natural to expect the greatest injustice when our historian is detailing the origin of the causes that first led to these Holy wars.—"It was the brutality of the Turks," he says, "in persecuting Christian Pilgrims." Now, had our author looked at the animating spirit of the religion which the Turk had em-

braced, he would have found, that it was out of the nature of things for him to persecute any religion, unless provoked. The genius of Mahomet soon discovered in his countrymen the elements of national greatness, provided he could combine them, and impart to them national unity. He effected this by preaching to them the grand truth of the Unity of the Godhead. But, the religious teacher being mixed up with the political legislator, he preached conquest not as another leader would have done, who had arrived at concentrating the energies of a mighty nation, by political means as a political maxim, but as a dogma of religion. He inculcated another precept which went hand in hand with that of the extension of dominion—all who professed the religion of a book, and who, on submitting, preferred adhering to the faith of their forefathers, were allowed to do so. No coercion was used to make them abandon it, but, instead of being liable to be called on to serve, they were to contribute *financially* to the exigencies of the state, by the payment of an annual tribute. Provided this were paid, the Mussulman could neither interfere with the free exercise of worship nor with the local usages and customs. This principle has survived to the present day; and, however the Mussulman may labour to extend the bounds of his dominion, politically, it is contrary to the spirit of that religion to do violence to the conscience of the Christian, and contrary to his feelings of hospitality to interfere with the religious scruples of the stranger that dwells on his soil. Turkey has been the place of refuge for the persecuted Christians of Europe. The Jews, driven by Christian fanaticism from Spain, found an asylum in Turkey. And now, within the last ten years of transcendent international barbarism, when every treaty or protocol penned by the mighty and enlightened potentates of Christian Europe does violence to the feelings and honour, and injury to the interest and existence of the Ottoman power,—when we, enlightened and liberal as we call ourselves, when *we Christians and Europeans, have stipulated for the disinheri- tance and expulsion of every Mussulman from those provinces that we have wrested from her or over which we* (we use the pronoun as applying to Europe collectively and of course embracing Russia) *have acquired diplomatic influence*,—witness Greece, Servia, Wallachia, Moldavia,—at this very time has the Porte relieved the Christians of her empire from such disabilities as they laboured under before, and has raised them now to absolute equality with her Mussulman subjects.* And all this while we go on as heretofore despising that people, whom it is no less our interest to know than to support, not through honest fanaticism,

* The Jews have been equally favoured.

but because we are the dupes of a power, that must no less despise our intellect than covet our wealth.*

The fiery animosity which had driven these fanatics by tens of thousands across Europe and Asia, must have been damped in its progress eastward by suffering, disaster, and experience, but the flame was blown upon by fresh importations from the West, who were under the impression that the millennium was at hand, that our Lord was about to descend, to establish on earth the reign of the saints. Besides this, there were continually new importations of priests, whose pretensions increased as the papal power extended its political domination, till at last the arrogant Hildebrand had animated the Church with his haughty soul and restless ambition. Consequently the Moslems had a difficult card to play, if they chose not to lose a city which they equally venerated with the Christians. They made a regulation, that each Christian pilgrim, previously to his entering the precincts of the Holy City, was to pay a tax. Now, we think that European historians, before they visited this regulation with so much displeasure, ought to have looked at home at such things as alien laws, *droits d'aubaine*, commercial regulations, &c. Supposing it was only a financial measure, would Europeans be justified in condemning it? But it was a measure of self-defence, to keep out the poorer pilgrims; as experience had taught the Turks that this class, being more ignorant and fanatical, was more liable to have its passions worked on and to be excited to turbulence by artful and designing men. We must, however, not forget that Jerusalem is looked on by the Mahomedan, as on a par in sanctity with Mecca. The spot where the prophet of Christianity preached, is as hallowed in his eyes as the city in which the prophet of Islam preached. Mahomet acknowledged his inferiority to Jesus, though he gave out, at the same time, that the revelation which he was charged to communicate was to supersede all previous ones. Jesus is, however, clothed with Divine attributes, and is, according to the Koran, to judge the world.

When Omar, the third Caliph, gained possession of Jerusalem, he was advised by some of his followers to convert the Church of the Holy Sepulchre into a Mosque. But the Caliph declared that he would not infringe the rights of his conquered subjects. He therefore contented himself with founding, on the ruins of the temple of Solomon, to which no people laid claim, the grand mosque which bears his name to this day; and such is its peculiar sanctity, that no unbeliever is allowed even to enter the sacred enclosure. Had no feeling of fanaticism whatever existed in the minds of the Mussulmans, which of course could not be—it must have been awakened by the fanaticism of the Christians, and

by their persecuting spirit. Fanaticism became even a necessary bond of existence against the monstrous aggression of the western armies, pushed on by frenzied zeal for the destruction of Islamism. The character of the two churches is epitomised in the following anecdote. One morning, a dead dog was found polluting the sacred limits of this mosque, where it had *intentionally* been thrown. As dead animals of any kind, and dogs particularly, are considered unclean by Mahommedans, and no Mussulman is allowed to touch them, it may be easily imagined what a commotion was excited amongst the Mahommedans by such a wanton insult. The act was distinctly traced to the Christians, and therefore the Christian authorities were summoned and told that, unless the offender was delivered up, they should be held responsible. This anecdote is given by M. Michaud to prove the brutality of the Mussulmans! (These authorities were answerable for any crime committed by the community which they represented, and by whom they were elected.) At last a young man came forward, confessed himself to be the culprit, and suffered capitally. M. Michaud reproaches the Turkish authorities for not recognizing in this confession an act of generous devotion. However, we are not sure whether they could have acted so as to please our author on the one hand, and an exasperated people on the other. We wonder, if the case had been reversed, how the Catholic militant Church would have thought fit to act!

Having now seen the ignorance and prejudices of our author, as an historian, and the effect these two words, Civilization and Barbarism, have had on him in concealing his prejudices and his ignorance from his own observation, we prepare to follow him in his peregrinations. He went into the East, *after* he had completed and published his history. He allows that he might have done better had he visited Oriental countries before. We are of the same opinion; but our reason for coming to this conclusion differs from his. We do not think that he had only to improve his geographical and topographical knowledge. M. Michaud tells us, that it is never too late to learn. Unfortunately, it is but too generally too late to learn, when one considers *one's-self* pledged to opinions, from having published them. The volumes before us teem with proofs of this assertion. In defiance of facts, which must have every where met his eyes, if he used them at all, he did not see any thing to change in his opinions respecting the national character of the Turks. There was nothing noble or generous to be perceived in them. The only thing requiring correction, respected the topography of Constantinople. It could not be surrounded by water, as he had stated in his history! But we leave the Crusaders to their own fate; "like the silkworm," he

says, "I have spun my silken web, and now I burst my enclosure, and cleave the air with my wings."

At Toulon, previously to his departure, M. Michaud meets General Bourmont, then at the head of an army which was to sail against Algiers. He establishes some analogies between himself and the French marshal, which we do not ourselves distinctly comprehend, but which we quote for the benefit of such of our readers as delight in the solution of riddles. They were both, he says, marching at the head of a crusade; that of the marshal was a crusade of civilization. A few words on this crusade will be sufficient to show how much it was founded in justice, whatever may be thought of the crusades of Christianity. The French government, during the late war with England, had become indebted to a considerable amount to an Algerine Jew, who had contracted to supply Malta with provisions when in possession of the French. He constantly sent in his claims to the French government, and received nothing but promises. In order to fulfil his contract he had become deeply indebted to the Algerine government, which pressed to be paid. The Jew, therefore, referred the matter to the Dey. The Dey, at a conference with the French Consul, remonstrated, and the Consul replied in language which he must have well known would lead to a rupture of some kind, especially as the insult was in public, in the presence of the Dey's secretaries and attendants. The enraged Turk did not knock him down, as an Englishman probably would have done; did not strike him with his fist, but with his fan. The government of Polignac seized on this golden opportunity as a means whereby at once to cancel a just debt, and to divert the attention of the French public from the consideration of internal grievances, by a *spectacle* of military bustle, conquest, and glory. In this scheme is to be perceived the finger of a certain wily diplomatist, then in Paris, who foresaw in it a means of compromising the French government in plans of ambition, of implicating them with Russian views of encroachment and aggrandisement, and of securing for his master an easy and convenient ally, who would connive at his seizing upon Constantinople, when his plans were ripe. Many a vast design and far-sighted scheme, which we have not leisure to specify, lurked under this "*Crusade of Civilization*." Our modern Godfrey, on gaining possession of Algiers, commenced his holy task by trampling on rights, usages, and property, seizing the money treasured up in the Beit-ul-Mahl, and set apart for the use of orphans and widows, and his crusaders by insulting the feelings of the people, and committing deeds of outrage and violence, of which even M. Michaud would scruple to accuse the Turks. But he left France under dismal forebodings. A fearful

presentiment weighed down his spirits that his friends, the Polignac ministry, would gain nothing by their dishonest proceedings. From Alexandria he writes to a friend, on hearing that the prince and his colleagues were standing their trial, that "if the Levant were allowed to plead in defence of the accused, she could show how liberal the prince has been. She would speak of emancipated Greece! of vanquished Algiers!!" and he might have added, of Mahommed Ali instigated to rebel against his sovereign, and to cause the dismemberment of Turkey!!—"Oh the injustice of revolutions!" The idea of revolution haunts him wherever he goes. No dog can bark without his thinking it in a state of revolution. In the peaceful reforms of the Sultan, during the years 1830 and 1831, he sees, what?—a revolution: and many a simple Turkish peasant he not a little alarmed, by putting to him such questions as these—"How goes on your revolution?"* "Will it succeed?" &c.

Our traveller, *en passant*, visits Greece: touching at Navarin, he lands at Napoli. In Greece he finds that Capodistrias, assisted by the French troops, had succeeded in introducing into Greece two symptoms of civilization, viz. mendicity and street prostitution. For the former Greece was indebted to the enlightened administration of the president; for the latter, although Capodistrias had done much in preparing the way by the action of his government on the public morals, no small share of praise is due to the French soldiers. The "brutal barbarism" of the Turks had steadily resisted all such approaches to civilization as these. At Napoli, our author sought for and obtained an interview with the president, at which he was simple enough to recommend that something should be done effectually to develop the agricultural resources of Greece. Capodistrias parried the attack with his wonted dexterity. The fact is our author had taken a narrow and isolated view of the case. He looked merely to the prosperity of Greece. He did not take into account the effect that that development would be likely to have on the corn-market of Odessa!

Describing his coasting voyage from Napoli to Athens, he avails himself of the opportunity to give us a piece of information, which sufficiently illustrates the style of observation of travellers in the East—that, "during the Greek revolution, the islands of Hydra and Ipsara had been sacked by the Turks and the inhabitants put to the sword. Hydra particularly suffered, where there does not remain one stone upon another." Thereupon follow reflexions quite as worthy of the attention of the moralist and politician, as the *facts* are of the historian's.

* There is no such word in Turkish.

At Athens, our author is indebted to the kindness and hospitality of the Turks, as most other travellers are, and which he repays in the usual manner. The Turkish general, or *desdar*, received him with great affability. He recognized in him "a striking likeness to the portraits drawn by the Scotch novelist, which," as he says, "resembles neither the *barbarism* of the Mussulman nor the *civilization* of modern Europe." He was not barbarous as the Mussulmans are generally, because he was kind, courteous, dignified, and hospitable! and, what is more, had no objection to a glass of wine. The Porte, indeed, had recommended him not to be altogether a Turk!!!—to be only "half a barbarian." He was not civilized as the Europeans are, because, although he was originally a Kurdish peasant, he had not (previously to his leaving his native mountains to seek his fortune in the military career) made himself acquainted with the history of Saladin; who, although he ruled over Egypt and Syria, was "the ancient glory of the nation of the Kurds," so that he was unable to answer the questions that our author put to him on that head. It was well he could not, for he thereby escaped having to unriddle many knotty enigmas, which our author had *in petto* against him, particularly about "one Anacharsis," "who we all know," he says, "came from the north of Asia." Ergo, the Kurds should know every thing relative to his birth, parentage, and education!

Our author was not permitted to enter the Acropolis. The detestable barbarians, who prevented him from seeing the Parthenon, except from a distance! After the battle of Navarino, the Porte had issued a general order to all governors of fortresses not to allow Europeans to enter and spy out the secrets of their weakness. This order had not been repealed, although the motive that gave rise to it had expired, and the military commandants did not think themselves authorized to act contrary to the letter of their former instructions, until fresh ones had arrived. He sighs for the time when the ensign of *barbarism* shall no longer wave over the citadel of Athens, that strangers who wish to see the Parthenon may be able to gratify their curiosity. But when this wished-for event arrives, he proposes that "a statue should be erected to the barbarians, for having religiously preserved whatever escaped the cannon-balls of Mortisui and the *spoliation* of Lord Elgin. When posterity read the history of Eastern Ruins, they will be astonished at finding that the two great monuments, the Parthenon and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, should have remained standing amidst a general destruction; but greater still will be their surprise on learning that these two monuments, to which are attached the grandest recollections and the noblest thoughts, traditions of the Christian

"religion and those of philosophy, in a word all our ideas of civilization in modern times, have been preserved by Turks!" Great indeed will be the astonishment of our descendants on learning this fact, if they remain as ignorant of Turkish character as M. Michaud and his western cotemporaries.

At Smyrna M. Michaud becomes acquainted with his distinguished countryman, M. Blacque, to whose talents, sagacity, and disinterestedness he does justice. At a time when Europe was led astray by a frenzy somewhat resembling that which carried it away during the period of the Crusades, he raised his voice to set Europe right respecting the nature of the Turkish government. He fairly showed how we were imposing on ourselves in being the dupes of Russia, and abandoning ourselves to the fanaticism of civilization. In a journal which he established at Smyrna, he reviewed "the conduct of statesmen, and the harangues of political declaimers, relative to the East." He particularly turned his attention to the affairs of Greece, and unmasked the system of Capodistrias. "Excepting some few exaggerations," our author remarks, "the *Courrier de Smyrne* is the only journal that has spoken of regenerated Greece as history will speak of her." If this be true, what cause have not the enlightened governments of Europe to congratulate themselves on their handiwork! M. Michaud laments that a man of M. Blacque's attainments should be thrown away on a country that did not appreciate him; that "the Osmanlis were ignorant of his merits;" that "the Smyrna newspaper was for them a dark-lantern, which they carried in their hands whilst refusing to profit by its light." Whilst M. Michaud was still in the country, the Turkish government showed how it appreciated the merits of M. Blacque, by inviting him to Constantinople, to assist with his counsels, to aid in the task of reform, and to refute with his powerful pen the calumnies industriously propagated in Europe to the prejudice of Turkey.

At Constantinople our traveller gives us his views of Turkish reform. We should have expected that, before pronouncing an opinion on reforms going on in any country within the pale of civilization, he would have thought it necessary to make himself acquainted with the abuses that called for reformation. But such information is altogether superfluous when discussing questions arising in a land of barbarism. With him the epithets good and bad are synonymous with Turkish and European; consequently he only calls "reform" what appears to him a kind of approach to European practice; he sees nothing but a change of dress, and an attempted imitation, as he says, of European military discipline. Yet these reforms do not please him. He finds fault with the sultan for having forced all

the Osmanlis to dress in the Frank style, because formerly Constantinople, on account of the variety of costumes and different-coloured turbans, resembled a garden of tulips; whereas now, (i. e. in 1830,) all, except a few Armenians, Greeks and Jews, wear the monotonous dress of the Franks, surmounted by that eternal red cap; and he complains, that the sultan, by prohibiting the turban, has abolished a head-dress handed down to the Turks from time immemorial. Now it happens, unfortunately for the accuracy of M. Michaud's representations, that the turban is the national dress of the *Arabs*, not of the *Turks*; that the turban did not come into use until at least the reign of Mahomet II.; and it was in consequence of the too servile adoption by the Turks of the forms and some of the noxious principles of the Byzantine government, that an enactment was framed, regulating the form, size, and colour, of the turban according to the calling and creed of the wearer. This enactment led to all those phenomena which Europeans erroneously attribute to religious fanaticism. Now, had the sultan issued a proclamation ordering all to be dressed alike, abolishing the turban, and requiring all to put on that eternal red cap, it would be merely a direct return to original Turkish habits, excepting that they in old times wore felts, the origin of our hats. But this he has not done; and, had M. Michaud used his eyes when passing through the bazars, instead of listening to his Frank informants, he would have found that the generality of the Turkish population still wear their many-coloured turbans, and that Constantinople almost as much resembles a garden of tulips now as it ever did. Whose dress did Sultan Mahmoud then change? He changed his own, adopting one which put him on a par with all his subjects, Christian as well as Turk. He gave a uniform to his troops and his *employés*, took from them the turban, in order that those who had arms in their hands, or who were placed in offices of trust, might be sensible that the day was gone by for looking down on and treating with contempt individuals and populations that differed from the Turks in the matter of religion. We have spoken of this change of dress as fully as the subject demands in a preceding article, to which we refer our readers.* As to the change in matters of military discipline; this, too, so far from being an imitation of European practice, is but a return to old Turkish principles. The Turks declare, with justice, that they are only taking back what Europe borrowed from them originally. They do

* See the former article on "The Character and Opinions of Turkish Travellers," in No. XXX. of the Foreign Quarterly Review.

remember, if we have forgotten, that the first organized, disciplined, and paid troops passed into Europe from Asia Minor under Turkish commanders.*

But there were other changes which the sultan attempted to introduce, which for the most part failed, and, though important in illustrating the state of Turkey, our author does not mention them, either from his ignorance of everything going on in that country, or from thinking them beneath notice, through his ignorance of all the principles of administrative science. The sultan, partly seduced by his zeal for novelty and his respect for Europe, where he saw many things better arranged than in Turkey, partly misled by ignorant or interested counsellors, manifested a desire of imitating the financial system of Europe. His progress in this ill-advised direction has experienced resistance from the practical good sense of his people. That people, which had ever been docile and submissive to *accidental* violations of right and justice, steadily resisted when, in imitation of European practice, he attempted to introduce principles which would systematize oppression, and to enact regulations which would interfere with those rights which they have enjoyed from time immemorial, viz. of buying where they can cheapest, and selling where they can do so to the best advantage. Thus, in his own capital, the sultan was obliged to abandon an excise on tobacco; the Turks declared that they would give up smoking rather than submit to such an indignity. An excise on dried fruits met with a similar fate. He attempted to establish a monopoly of silk. This too failed. The Turks were jealous of seeing introduced any principle militating against free trade, considering it as a *natural* right, which they are not so ready to part with as Europeans. They will bear no "change in those commercial laws that originated in the Desert;" and we think with perfect reason, seeing that their legislator anticipated all the discoveries of political economy, and *prevented those evils from which that science has taken birth*. This then is the reason why it will be impossible to introduce M. Michaud's civilization into Turkey,—this the reason why he need not have given himself the trouble of bestowing a thought on such a scheme. We think that Turkey is to be congratulated, when we reflect on the constant terror in which M. Michaud lives amidst his civilization,^a apprehending a repetition of those scenes which he once witnessed in the Temple,—whether we extend our views farther over the pages of history ever since that civilization was established, or confine it to the temper of times in the present day.

* See in Busbequius the parallel drawn between the discipline and order of the Turkish camps and the disorder of the European hordes of his day.

But our author, wholly ignorant of every thing Turkish, and therefore of the errors to which a Turkish reformer is liable, occupied with his European prejudices, predicts terrible consequences to the Ottoman empire, not from the ambition of Russia, whose designs he informs us are all chimeras (!) not from financial or administrative errors, but from a change of dress and the introduction of European tactics—as if the sober-minded and reflective Ottoman would be driven seriously to quarrel with his sultan for putting on his troops a red cap, and teaching them to form in squares and to march in line, as their ancestors did. As he always judges of Turkey from Europe (things most dissimilar), and as he has seen that the rectification of abuses in Europe, from their being dovetailed into the social system, is an experiment always attended with considerable danger, he seems to come to the conclusion, without examining whether his analogy holds good, that reform in Turkey, no matter of what kind, must be equally dangerous. To this latent conviction we owe several diatribes upon revolution, one of which we extract.

“All the revolutions in the world have a certain resemblance: I only remark what in that of the Turks is new to us. That which struck me most in all that was told me is the silence that prevails amidst the greatest agitations. Amongst the Turks, disturbance in the minds of the people is often carried to a great height without the country appearing in the least agitated. In our cities of France, factions can do nothing without noise. The chariot of revolution rolls only in the midst of popular clamours. Here anger has no desire to show itself,—feels no necessity to spread itself to satisfy its impulse. With us, madness inflames itself by its own harangues,—seems to fear that it will go out, if it does not stir itself up by imprecations and menaces. The Turks, whom I will call, if you please, the Revolutionists of Barbarism, have been seen to murder each other, pillage, burn a whole quarter of the city, without a single complaint or menace being heard, without the utterance of a single word—a real phenomenon, which would astonish our civilized revolutionists. The capital of the Osmanlis never heard a drum beating to arms at the instant of sedition or insurrection. I need not tell you that it never heard the tocsin or bells. Only some public criers pass through the streets and proclaim the intentions and demands of the government to the multitude, at the peril of being strangled by the malecontents, or those of the opposite faction. To make a revolution at Paris, we must have tribunes, orators, journals, pamphlets, elections. All this would make too much noise, and would be only a waste of time for the Turks. Some inhabitants of Pera, during the mutiny of the 16th of June, who pointed their telescopes towards the palace of the Grand Vizir, thought they saw some furniture thrown out of the windows. They knew thence that there was a revolution at Stamboul; they were sure of it later in the day by the noise of the cannon that sounded towards the barracks of the janizaries. The next day they

might know more, by the sight of houses burnt down, heads exposed at the seraglio, and dead bodies lying in the streets or thrown into the sea."

Is it a fact, then, that M. Michaud's informants, the Franks of Pera, knew nothing of the storm brewing in Stamboul previously to the memorable 16th of June? Was it really the case that, while the Turkish mind was in such a state of fermentation, the Peraites were perfectly unacquainted with what was going on, until the sultan sent a request to the several embassies that none of their subjects (as the Europeans are called) should be allowed to endanger themselves by passing the Golden Horn? Was it only then that they bethought themselves that some catastrophe was about to happen?—that they pointed their telescopes to learn as well as they could the state of the case, and escape from the anxiety of suspense? Did they not know what was the nature of the contest, till the sound of cannon, proceeding from the quarters of the janizaries, broke on their startled ears? So much, then, for the value of M. Michaud's information. Fermentation and agitation there were—enough to satisfy any reasonable man's desire. The coffee-houses rang with imprecation and menace, as much as they would have done in the heart of civilization. The doom of the janizaries was sealed in the minds of the population, before the sultan pronounced the word "Vur!" Though the janizaries could not discern the signs of the times, being intoxicated with their late successes against Selim III., yet, when the sandjak-sheriff was raised, and criers passed through the streets, or from the minarets called on all true Mussulmans to arm themselves, in the name of their Prophet to defend their faith, in the name of the sultan to preserve order, no fewer than 80,000 men rallied round their prince and the sacred standard.

However, as this is the last revolution likely to occur for some time in the Turkish empire, in this respect resembling the *revolutions of civilization*, (that is, unless Russia's projects for convulsing society in the East be allowed to proceed unchecked,) it may be of use to point out one remarkable difference which M. Michaud observed, it is true, but in his usual manner. "In Europe, revolution proceeds from the people: in Turkey it emanated from the government." But why is this the case in the former instance? and is the assertion strictly correct in the latter? European governments are, generally speaking, the chief patrons of abuses: possessed of no fixed principles to guide them, statesmen fear changes of any kind; besides, there is danger from the abuses being systematically, as we remarked, dovetailed into the constitution. It is not till the people make a demonstration of their force and determination that any concession is yielded, and then the concession is timid, partial, and temporizing. But this

is only what is done by the more prudent statesmen. Most men in that station consider prudence and forethought as weaknesses unworthy of the disposers of the powerful machinery of modern European governments. The people are maddened by resistance, rush on with blind fury, and destroy. Then we have M. Michaud's revolution. In Turkey, the government is the leader and director of the people. M. Michaud observed as much in a passage in the fifth volume of his *Crusades*: he designates it, "as the generalized expression of the national will"—"l'expression de toutes les volontés"—and therefore placed in opposition to every organized body whose existence is incompatible with the welfare of the people. We have seen that the people passed sentence on the military oligarchy *before* the sultan carried it into execution. But this, in a manner, civilized revolution, was confined to the capital, and to the capital alone. In the provinces, where the people, from not having seen so many Franks, we suppose, were still barbarians, the revolution was carried on strictly according to the maxims and practice of barbarism. We have before us an account of the manner in which the extinction of the janizary body was managed at Trebizond, furnished by the French consul, which may illustrate our meaning. The pasha of that province received orders to put down the janizaries there. He had no force at his disposal to coerce them. What did he do? He assembled the principal men among them—informed them of what had taken place at Constantinople—confessed he had not the means of putting them down by force. "But," said he, "the orders I have received from my imperial master are imperative; I cannot disobey him: if you choose to resist, you will render me your victim, but dread the vengeance that will ensue." On this the body of janizaries came to the resolution to dissolve itself quietly; and so effectually was it extinguished, and its associations destroyed, that hardly two years afterwards, when the Russians attempted to resuscitate the janizary feeling, they utterly failed. Turkey, then, having got rid of this body, every other reform has been carried on by simple persuasion, by appealing to the good sense of the people; and there is no instance of a judicious reform having miscarried.

Now what were the reforms that M. Michaud had as much an opportunity of observing as ourselves? In the first place, we observe the sultan abolishing the cumbrous court ceremonial, introduced in later times and copied from Byzantine practice,

* Suleyman granted the bounty to the Janizaries on the change of the sultan for the purpose of predisposing them to unseat the sovereign should he prove unpopular.

† We have been thus careful in showing the connection between the abuses in Turkish and Byzantine practice, because there is scarcely an abuse in Turkey that does

no longer immuring himself or his children in the harem, but placing himself on a par with his subjects, making himself personally acquainted with their feelings, wants, and complaints.

He had long felt the necessity of troops regularly disciplined by and dependent on the crown. This necessity was the more urgent, when the empire was deprived of those who were nominally its defenders. It is true that they are disciplined and organized after the European fashion, but they are not intended for European purposes, not to keep the people in subjection, not to form a body of police, not to repress a revolutionary spirit and a feeling of discontent in the nation; for 40,000 men would be hardly a match for 30 millions of people, if bent on resisting and many of these, too, familiarized to the use of arms; but as means of discipline, in order the more readily to form an army whenever the Porte may find it necessary to oppose her foreign enemies.

He also found means to hold in check the pashas, who by gradual usurpations had arrived at power, such as was formerly wielded by the Roman proconsuls. It was necessary to separate the military from the civil department. This was done by the institution of regular troops. Thus not only the pretence was taken away from the pashas for surrounding themselves with armed retainers paid by themselves, but also of detaining the revenue levied in the provinces to pay them, instead of transmitting it to the Porte. The necessity of the pashas having men in arms, dependent immediately on themselves, had induced them to pursue plans of private ambition. Their feuds among themselves endangered the peace of the community and arrested the progress of the empire. To support the expenses necessarily incurred thereby, they taxed the provinces more than the resources could bear. The armed retainers too extorted from the peasantry, and thus a feeling of insecurity was spread through the country. But we must caution our readers from being led to imagine that this state of things in any wise resembled the state of things in Europe during the feudal times. As a proof of this, the subjects of the Porte were seldom brought to desert their homes and wander into foreign lands, no matter what might be the inducements held out to them to do so. In Turkey the degrading doctrine has never been received of looking on the cultivator of the soil as

not trace its origin directly to that degenerate government; no one that did not arise in consequence of the later sultans adopting its principles; which will appear to any one on analysing them. Strange infatuation then that the Koran should be called in to account for them! If any religion is to bear the blame, we should say it was that spurious imitation of Christianity, which passes with so many for Christianity itself.

property; on the contrary, *every man there is a proprietor*. The provincial governor was held considerably in check by the freedom of the municipalities and by the popular organization. Every order emanating from the Porte was received with profound respect by the proudest pashas; and not one, even the most powerful, could do other than bow his head to the bow-string, as soon as the emissary of the Porte succeeded in showing to him publicly, or in the presence of his servants, the sentence of death pronounced against him and signed by the Sultan. No subject of the Porte ever dared to entertain projects militating against its supremacy. Pashas disobeyed, though they never disputed, the commands of the Sultan; but, if they did, it was because the will of the sovereign was not pronounced strongly or was not made public.

All these abuses, however, were swept away by the mere establishment of organized troops. Subsequently, the power of life and death was taken out of the hands of the provincial governors, and for some time their names were changed from Pashas (vice-roys) to Mousselims (civil governors), with less extensive jurisdiction, to break up the feelings of insubordination associated with the name Pasha. And now, when this feeling has been effectually put an end to, whilst some districts are still consigned to the charge of Mousselims, the more important provinces are confided to Pashas, whose character has undergone a considerable change. We of course except Mohammed Ali—the creature and tool of foreign intrigue, and whose power is rapidly on the wane.

The several enactments for putting an end to the feeling of superiority, so long inherent in the mind of the Turk, would have that effect in no country but amongst a people so docile, so easily led by right reason, as the Turks.

But what are the effects? The Christians of all denominations are now the most attached subjects of the Sultan. The Hospodars of Servia, Wallachia, and Moldavia, the two latter the nominees of Russia, placed there for Russian purposes, and whom Russia would persuade us to consider as her adherents, partly induced by the conciliatory tone which the Porte has been able to assume, partly from the jealousy and fear of Russia, look with attachment and affection to the Porte. Egypt, Greece, Syria, and Candia, which European diplomacy has severed from Turkey, sigh to return to their former allegiance. Tripoli and Tunis, formerly merely nominal dependencies, have of their own accord sought the protection of the Porte. Shall we hear any more of the decrepitude of Turkey, when she merely put forth her hand

and annexed these distant provinces to her empire? But how the internal condition of the country has been ameliorated may be seen by the unexampled increase of the import and export trade;† by her having exported corn to Odessa during the year of famine, 1834, whereas Turkey formerly imported corn from Odessa;

* The faults and errors committed at Tripoli are quite another thing. We are dealing with feelings and habits established by the practice of centuries. The errors of Turkey now are more our fault than her's.

† "During the same time (from 1827 to 1834) all our exports to Turkey, with scarcely a single exception, have increased in a most astonishing manner, to wit:—

Manufactured cotton	has, during seven years, increased	..	132	per cent.
Earthenware ditto	..	137	ditto.
Refined sugar ditto	..	170	ditto.
Woollen manufactures ditto	..	335	ditto.
Iron and steel ditto	..	150	ditto.
Hardware and cutlery ditto	..	118	ditto.
Pepper ditto	..	150	ditto.
Rum ditto	..	1038	ditto.

(viz. from 8539 gallons to 97,108.)

Indigo has increased	..	1067	ditto.
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(viz. from 13,053 lbs. to 152,430 lbs.)

Cassia lignea has increased	..	834	ditto.
Cloves ditto	..	439	ditto.
Cochineal ditto	..	2846	ditto.

(viz. from 1302 lbs. to 38,357 lbs.)

Sugar unrefined has increased	..	561	ditto.
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"The export trade to Turkey has increased at a rate so rapid, that, although in 1827 its value was only 30 per cent. in comparison to that of Russia, it became almost equal in the year 1834, being then 87 per cent. With such a tendency to increase, it is difficult to foretell what extension this export trade might attain, were we to adopt such commercial regulations as, instead of repressing, might encourage our trade with Turkey. It must also be remembered that our trade with Turkey is carried on entirely in our own bottoms, whereas that with Russia is divided with foreign ships. The table relating to shipping shows a decrease of British tonnage employed in the Russian trade, amounting to no less than 100,000 tons. Our ships, too, go light to Russia, to fetch the produce of that country; but they go to Turkey laden with our manufactures or colonial produce. Moreover, the voyage being longer, the Turkey trade must be more advantageous to the shipping interest. Why then does not our government, which professes and cannot but feel a solicitude for the independence and stability of the Turkish empire, adopt a system, which, by augmenting the riches and the power of that state, would so powerfully contribute to those results, while it would, at the same time, promote the interests of Great Britain?

"However strong the proof afforded by the above extracts of the increase of our trade with Turkey, it must be observed that the picture which those extracts present is still far below the truth; of course, only those goods which are shipped on board vessels which clear for Turkey form items in the tables; but the fact is, that a vast amount of goods is exported to Turkey in vessels which clear for different ports in the Mediterranean and the Levant, which consequently does not appear in the tables; the same observation will apply to the table of shipping. It must also be kept in mind that a large portion of the demand for British wares at the fairs of Germany is from the provinces of Turkey bordering on the Austrian dominions, and that that trade, and the trade even with Asiatic Turkey, has at all times increased very considerably the apparent amount of our exportation to Germany."—Appendix to Lord Dudley Stuart's Speech on the Policy of Russia.

and by the increase of the revenue*—for the taxes being direct, the revenue could not increase unless the agricultural resources had been developed in the same proportion.

There is one feature in this course of reform, or, if M. Michaud will have it, revolution, which enables us to judge of the nature of the Sultan's power, which shows us that he is powerless (unless Russia succeeds) when he opposes public opinion, and that he only possesses that irresistible power which Europeans misname despotism, when he leads national opinion. This feature is the instrument employed in carrying the later reforms into effect. We before mentioned that M. Blacque had been invited to Constantinople, to assist in the establishment and superintendence of a government Gazette. His coadjutor is one of the highest dignitaries among the Ulema. This journal is printed in French, that *facts* relative to the Turkish government may be known in Europe; and in Turkish, that the subjects of the Sultan may learn his acts and intentions.

The government *employés* are praised or blamed as the government conceives each merits, and the effects are such as may be expected from men who are extremely sensitive to both, and whose ideas are simple and unsophisticated. When any individual is promoted or disgraced, the reason is assigned. But, above all, the Sultan, by giving publicity to his projects, preserves himself from being misrepresented, and allows his measures to be discussed. The pulse of the public is felt, and thereby he learns what measure is judicious, what not. In this paper are published the firmans of the Sultan. These are written by himself. On their style M. Michaud makes the following remarks in a letter on Turkish literature :—

“ When we speak of the literature of the Osmanlis, it would be unjust to pass over in silence many documents emanating from their chancellerie. We remark the purest eloquence in a firman—a hattissheriff—a manifesto—and even in a diplomatic note. The Turks always mix up religion and morals with their affairs. It is this that gives to their political language a character of nobleness and dignity not to be found in those emanating from European governments. Nothing can be conceived more eloquent than the greater part of the discourses and firmans which accompanied the destruction of the janizaries.”

We shall incidentally remark, that the firmans of Sultan Mahmoud are written in the same spirit that characterizes those of all his ancestors. Those simple and touching appeals to the principles on which are founded all natural religion and morals, are according to a custom handed down amongst the

* See England, France, Russia and Turkey, p. 101—107.

Turks from time immemorial. Had M. Michaud reasoned on the style in which the *firmans* were written by Kilidgi-Arslan, Malek Shah, Nourreddin, and all the Turkish princes cotemporary with the Crusaders, what would have become of his assertions, "that the Turks were incapable of appreciating any thing great or noble?"—that "their *religion* and *habits* rejected all civilization and enlightenment?"

But the most remarkable difference relative to the *firmans* of Mahmoud is, that universal publicity is given to them; whereas those of his predecessors, except on occasions of great interest, were known only to a few. Thus, the reforms of the Sultan stand in proud contrast with the reforms of the monarchs of the 16th century. They overthrew internal abuses by an appeal to the sword; he, in a manner worthy of an age that advocates to itself the peculiar attribute of light, principally by an appeal to public opinion. Thus, M. Michaud may see, that this revolution has not been effected without the aid of publicity, although there may be "no tribunes and orators,—no journals and pamphlets, publishing contradictory opinions and statements,—no elections to render the public mind still more confused and distracted." "Madness does not seek to inflame itself with its own harangues," because there is no occasion. The system of government is simple and intelligible, and popular opinion undivided.

In Europe the reverse is the case. The system of government is complicated, and opinions and interests are arrayed against each other. Commerce and industry are sacrificed by financial arrangements, and the necessities of life, and consequently labour, are enhanced in price by artificial regulations. Nor is it any easy matter to depart from this system when once entered on, however incompatible with the common welfare. On the faith of such enactments property has been embarked, and a sudden repeal of them is an act of injustice and spoliation. European governments, having been led by visionary and baseless theories into meddling with the material interests of mankind—having been mad enough to interfere with the conditions on which their subjects eat, are clothed, and gain their livelihood—must expect all the natural results of such a course, viz. that the sufferers should be driven to crime, to evade their unjust and injurious legislation; that their tardy attempts at retrograding should not suit the impatience of a people individually progressing in light, science,

* The Third Report on the Poor of Ireland has just appeared: it presents us with the frightful picture of a third of the whole population in a state of pauperism; and estimates the sum requisite to afford the destitute 2½d. per diem at two-thirds of the net rental, and at one-fourth more than the revenue of the country! The Commissioners recommend boards to rectify this state of things!

and power; but that they should have recourse to a thousand wild expedients to rid themselves of the chain that galls them, which they feel but cannot see. Amidst such distraction it is natural that faction should raise its voice; that people should listen to any demagogue who speaks plausibly and promises them a speedy redress of their grievances; till, at last, at the bidding of such a one they madly rush to harness themselves to the car of revolution, which rolls along amidst popular clamours, for the encouragement of those engaged in the work of destruction, and to drown the cries of the victims crushed beneath its wheels. At such a state however England has not yet arrived; though we see the effects of legislative interference with commerce on opinion and on our social state. On this subject we extract the words of a most impressive writer:*

“ When our unfortunate countrymen were confined in the Black Hole of Calcutta, they complained of intense thirst, and the prison resounded with the cries of ‘ Water! water!’ Water was given, but it increased their sufferings, the thing they wanted was not water but air. Behold an exact picture of England! We are suffering from the effects of *caged* competition. Already wrought up to agony, some of the victims demand ‘ One pound notes,’ others ‘ ten shilling guineas!’ Others, the incurably mad, propose that more bolts be placed on the prison door. But the thing wanted is ‘ Bread,’ in exchange for woollens, cottons, and hardware; and no other thing can supply the want of that one thing any more than water could supply the want of air in the Black Hole of Calcutta.

The late Turkish ambassador, on his return to Constantinople, was asked by the Sultan what was the cause of the pauperism which he understood to prevail to such an alarming extent in England. He stated six different opinions on the subject, all of which appeared so unsatisfactory to the Sultan, that he reproached the ambassador for not having inquired the reason from some of the most enlightened and best informed Englishmen. What was his astonishment, when the Pasha replied that the different opinions he had stated, no one of which satisfied his Highness, and which he acknowledged were contradictory to one another, were however those severally entertained by the most eminent English politicians, and stated to him in answer to his questions!

We are much in want of a work on England or on Europe

* The extract is from the notes to the Poems of Mr. Elliot. This powerful writer long ago saw that, if Parliament would persist in legislating for the people's bread, anarchy and convulsion would be the consequence; that England would be depressed in the scale of nations; and that, on the ruins of her power, Russia would erect an empire destructive to the liberties of mankind. These extraordinary thoughts he has clothed in the language of impassioned poetry.

written by a Turk. We have never conversed with a Turk who had resided for some time in Europe without feeling how exceedingly amusing and how deeply instructive such a work would be. But we despair of seeing it done in our day. If Turkey is preserved from Muscovite discipline, the next generation will witness a great change of position, policy and opinions from the fusion of the East and the West. This can be the work of time alone. An immense deal has indeed been effected within the space of the last two years towards the extirpation of mutual prejudices; but the examination of points which lie so deep in the breast of man and in the foundations of society is not the labour of a day, and must await the chance of powerful genius and profound research coinciding in the investigation.

Not being able to follow M. Michaud through his six volumes, we take leave of him here. His letters were written in 1830 and 31, and published in the years 1833, 34, and 35, during which period circumstances occurred in the Turkish empire, which refuted the generality of his statements and belied all his anticipations. We thank him, however, for having published them exactly as they were at first written, because they show the public how qualified travellers are to judge of such a subject. We understand that, since he published these volumes, he has somewhat modified his opinions respecting some parts of the Turkish system. Whether our information be correct or not, certain it is, that, in a published letter, written after having paid a visit to the prisoners confined in the castle of Ham, he connects old Turkish principles with civilization in a most extraordinary manner. After stating that he had observed in Turkey the absence of all state criminals; that no one there was immured for political offences; that, in fact, there were no state-prisons, and that the longest imprisonment was for a few days:—"Strange," says he, "if France has to learn a lesson of civilization from Turkey!"

And, lest national vanity should lead the French to reject a civilization "coming from the Turks," we will remind them that whatever lesson they might derive from a study of Turkey was suggested to them long ago, by a statesman of their own, whom they have hitherto shown themselves little capable of appreciating—the philosophic Turgot.

We cannot conclude this article without reference to that question which renders the state of Turkey at the present moment one of such vital importance to Great Britain, viz. the progress of Russia towards its final subjugation. That progress has hitherto been triumphant solely by the misdirection given to European policy, in consequence of the errors into which European

opinion has been led. That opinion has been drawn from the false observation of travellers, and no such powerful auxiliaries have the projects of Russia ever obtained, as the flippant rambler's belonging to our great neighbour. The French press has teemed with tours in the East, and we know not of one single French tourist who has not invoked the destruction of the Ottoman empire for the progress of civilization!*

"Latterly," says Michaud, "it has been much the fashion to talk of the ambitious projects of Russia. We are reminded of the policy of Catherine. I cannot examine all these projects in a single letter. I shall confine myself to a single consideration drawn from the character of the Turks. It is not enough to conquer a country, but there must be a possibility of governing it. Now the greater part of the Mussulman population would not fail to abandon a country where the Crescent is not predominant; or, suppose the Osmanlis do not quit Turkey when subjugated by Russia, what is to be made of a people indolent, *lazy, poor, and always ready to revolt*? Can one believe that the Czar desires to add to the wildernesses he has already? or that he dreams of extending his dominions over people whom he can never associate in his designs nor submit to his laws? The Greeks will remain, but will they be enough to people the country, or will they be better subjects? Every thing considered, I conceive there is greater glory in *protecting*, or rather *letting live* (!) an old empire, than profit in conquering. The *accord of cabinets* (!) is sufficient to protect Turkey from foreign invasion. But what causes of disorganization and ruin in Turkey itself!" He then proceeds to say, that the reforms "endanger the stability of the empire, and run the risk of breaking the ties that attach the sultan to his people, the people to their sovereign. Singular nation!" exclaims he, pathetically, "on the eve of perishing and refusing aid; willing to endure neither the disease, nor the remedy, nor the physician; barbarous, fanatical, blind! In order that it should respect a government, the government must respect itself. The fall of the Ottoman empire," he concludes, "will violently shake and convulse the East and the West; I therefore hope it will survive."

Beside this extract we place the following from Count Pozzo di Borgo, extracted from No. 7 of the *Portfolio*.

"When the Imperial Cabinet examined the question, whether it had become expedient to take up arms against the Porte, in consequence of

* A work has just reached us entitled "*Guerre ou Paix en Orient*," by a Saint Simonian. It calls on Russia to march to the East, and proposes a treaty—to secure to her, *inter alia*, "la jouissance de la Mer Noire, la suzeraineté sur Constantinople et sur cette partie de l'Asie Mineure, où domine aujourd'hui son influence." This work, which is wholly in the Russian interest, admits nevertheless the reaction of opinion which we have pointed out. "L'influence russe," says he, "a l'air de s'effacer dans l'empire Ottoman auprès de l'influence Anglaise. . . . La race Ottomane, si profondément humiliée il y a trois ans, a fait effort avec quelque succès pour n'être point platement absorbée."—p. 112.

the provocations of the Sultan,* *there might have existed some doubts of the urgency of this measure in the eyes of those who had not sufficiently reflected upon the effects of the sanguinary reforms, which the Chief of the Ottoman empire has just executed with such tremendous violence, and also upon the interest with which the consolidation of that empire inspired the cabinets of Europe in general, and more especially those which were less disposed towards Russia: THE EXPERIENCE WE HAVE JUST MADE MUST NOW REUNITE ALL OPINIONS IN FAVOUR OF THE RESOLUTION WHICH HAS BEEN ADOPTED. The Emperor has put the Turkish system to the proof, and his Majesty has found it to possess a commencement of physical and moral organization which it hitherto had not.*† If the Sultan has been enabled to offer us a more determined and regular resistance, whilst he had scarcely assembled together the elements of his new plan of reform and ameliorations, how formidable should we have found him, had he had time to give it more solidity, and to render that barrier impenetrable which we find so much difficulty in surmounting, although art has hitherto done so little to assist nature!‡

"Things being in this state, we must congratulate ourselves upon having attacked them before they became more dangerous for us, for delay would only have rendered our relative situation worse, and prepared us greater obstacles than those with which we meet.

"If required to add another proof of this truth, I would seek it in the whole tenor, and in the views contained in the confidential note of the Imperial ministry. Far from lowering the demands and conditions of the peace, I have seen with lively satisfaction that it augments them,

* "See the Quarterly Review, No. CV., for a luminous exposure of as much of the art as then had been laid bare, by which Russia brought about the war; after driving Greece into insurrection; the Porte into a seven years war with it,—after causing England and France to destroy Turkey's principal means of defence against the North—her fleet, and after causing them to declare war virtually by withdrawing their ambassadors; and this is termed, in the familiar dialogues of the cabinet of St. Petersburg, the provocation of the Sultan! The following passage will be read with the deepest interest—it indicates the real cause of the war hitherto unsuspected.—Ed."

† "The destruction of the Janissaries and Dêrè Beys, who might be compared to what the Indian Zemindars would be with a weak central government, are memorable efforts of self-regeneration, which, if Turkey be preserved, will immortalise the reign of Mahmood, and render it one of the most important in the history of mankind. * * *

"If the Sultan could be brought justly to appreciate his own position, the merits of his nation, and the faults of his government, he could, by a mere declaration of his enlightened will, effect such a revolution in the fortunes of Turkey as no empire has ever undergone. In fact, the destruction of the Janissaries leaves Turkey, politically, in the state in which she was, with precisely the same extent of territory, as under Suleyman the Magnificent, excepting foreign influences over her councils."—*England, France, Russia, and Turkey*, 62—64.

‡ "Her allies will always find her ready to concert her march with them in the execution of the Treaty of London; and ever anxious to aid in a work, which her religion, and all the sentiments honourable to humanity, recommend to her active solicitude: always disposed to profit by her actual position, ONLY for the purpose of accelerating the accomplishment of the clauses of the treaty of the 6th of July, not to change their nature or effects."—*Russian Declaration of War*, April 26, 1828.

"Russia has remained constantly a stranger to every desire of conquest—to every view of aggrandisement."—*Russian Manifesto*, 1st October, 1829.

after the campaign has afforded it a more correct estimate of the real state of things, and has convinced it of the necessity of multiplying precautions, in order to diminish the dangers of the future."

On this deeply important document the editor of the *Portfolio* makes the following observations, with which we conclude for the present:—

"Compare the views of the cabinet of St. Petersburg, of the nature and tendency of the regenerating movement in Turkey, and of the reforms of the Sultan—with those of tourists and travellers—not then—now eight years ago, but up to the present hour! Compare them with official reports and official opinions, addressed to and emanating from England and France!—but observation or remark is superfluous. This despatch settles the question of Turkish regeneration.—It has thrown a new light upon Russian intelligence and, upon Russian policy, and cast a deeper shade on the incapacity, the ignorance, and subserviency of the cabinets of Europe.

"We cannot conclude these observations without calling attention to the anti-social spirit that characterizes this remarkable document, and to this unparalleled exposure of the destructive principle, which facts had sufficiently proved already to be the leading feature of the policy of St. Petersburg. It is really mockery to talk of the peace and progress of Europe, when the greatest event of the last twenty years—when the sole great European war that has occurred during that period, has been undertaken for the purpose of arresting a great and wonderful movement of internal and peaceable amelioration. What must be the position of Russia, when she must treat national regeneration as a hostile principle!—what the state of the intelligence of Europe, when it is indebted to the disclosure of a secret document for the knowledge of Russia's motives—and that eight years after the event!"

ART. X.—*England im Jahre 1835.* Von Friedrich von Raumer. 2 vols. Berlin, 1835.

THE Lettels of M. von Raumer, written during his six months' visit to England last year, are already so generally known, that some of our readers may perhaps be inclined to think that we might dispense ourselves from noticing them. The name of the author having become familiar to the literary world here by his great work on the House of Hohenstauffen, of which we gave an extended review in our sixth number, and by his historical illustrations of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, much interest was naturally excited by his visit to this country, and by the avowed object of it—to explore the treasures of the British Museum, the State Paper Office, &c. for the purpose of collecting materials towards a history of modern Europe, of which several volumes had already been published. His official recommen-

dations introduced him at once into the highest ranks of society, and his own character procured him easy access wherever he desired it, so that he possessed opportunities of seeing and hearing, which few foreigners enjoy in the same proportion. As it was known, even while he was still here, that he would publish an account of his visit, and that arrangements had been made for its appearance in an English translation, and his declared opinion of the state and prospects of the country being highly favourable, the promised translation was impatiently expected, and we have reason to believe that it was much wished that it should appear before the opening of parliament. As the translation is published, and copious extracts in different journals have contributed to make the work known, we shall not fill our pages with long quotations, but rather give a few general remarks upon it, and especially on some points on which the author's views do not coincide with our own.

In the first place, it is evident that the immense mass of new facts and new impressions oppresses the author—if we may use such an expression in speaking of such a man. The tone of pleasantry, which elsewhere relieves the patient explorer of the mines of learning, under the pressure of ponderous facts, is nearly banished in these Letters; and the author himself indicates the point of view in which we are to consider this new production of his indefatigable activity. "Accounts from England must differ, both in tone and contents, from accounts from Paris." In fact, these English Letters are as unlike his much-talked-of Letters from Paris in 1830, as the present state of England is unlike that of France at the time alluded to. A remarkable peculiarity in these Letters is the absence of private anecdote and personal detail. The English reader, indeed, will not find it difficult to fill up most of the names, of which only the initials are given; and will feel grateful to the author for having abstained from anything like scandal or mere gossip, and for endeavouring to impress on his countrymen the decided conviction, which fills his own mind, of the moral and political greatness of the British empire. When we find that he wrote all these letters and political essays, (often of considerable length, and the result of much study and research,) in England itself—that, besides visiting and observing everything remarkable, he was daily at dinners and evening parties, at the theatre, concerts, the parliament houses, on excursions to the country, studying the English character as exhibited in the modes of life of all classes, we cannot but admire the economy of his time and his activity, especially when we see him day after day in the Museum and State Paper Office, sedulously collecting materials for new works, among which are a ^{Vol. 1} ^{Vol. 2} ^{Vol. 3} ^{Vol. 4} ^{Vol. 5} ^{Vol. 6} ^{Vol. 7} ^{Vol. 8} ^{Vol. 9} ^{Vol. 10} ^{Vol. 11} ^{Vol. 12} ^{Vol. 13} ^{Vol. 14} ^{Vol. 15} ^{Vol. 16} ^{Vol. 17} ^{Vol. 18} ^{Vol. 19} ^{Vol. 20} ^{Vol. 21} ^{Vol. 22} ^{Vol. 23} ^{Vol. 24} ^{Vol. 25} ^{Vol. 26} ^{Vol. 27} ^{Vol. 28} ^{Vol. 29} ^{Vol. 30} ^{Vol. 31} ^{Vol. 32} ^{Vol. 33} ^{Vol. 34} 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Queen of Scots and Elizabeth, and a history of Frederick II. of Prussia. As during his stay in London he obtained access, through his recommendations, to all circles, from the saloons of the Duke of Devonshire and the Marquis of Lansdowne to the tables of simple shopkeepers—visiting Sir R. Peel in the morning and O'Connell in the afternoon—so, on his tour through England to Wakefield, Sheffield, Leeds, York, &c. to Scotland, thence to Ireland, and back to Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Oxford, &c., where he explores the immense *ateliers* of English manufacture, we find the same spirit of observation, the same desire impartially to do justice to all parties.

As M. von Raumer arrived in England only a fortnight before the resignation of Sir R. Peel and his colleagues, his official recommendations naturally brought him chiefly into contact with the Whig party, Lord John Russell, Mr. Spring Rice, (with whom he had frequent interviews,) &c. We cannot, therefore, be much surprised, if he has adopted, in general, their opinions on many subjects—that he condemns the king's sudden dismissal of the Melbourne Administration, after the death of Lord Spencer—that he highly approves of the Reform Bill and the Municipal Corporation Bill—that he advocates the admission of Dissenters to the English universities—that he would have no difference whatever made between the followers of various religious sects and the Church of England—and, especially, that he would have the Catholics in Ireland placed on a precisely equal footing with the Protestants.

Ireland, indeed, and its wrongs, is a fruitful and often-recurring theme in these Letters; and the account given by the author of what he saw and felt in that country shows, in a very affecting light, the misery of the wretched population; and, the existence of this misery being generally allowed, the question remains, how is it to be remedied? On a question so difficult of solution, the opinion of a foreigner, however able and learned, cannot be expected to have much weight; but there is, we believe, little difference of opinion on the necessity of substituting for tithes some other mode of remunerating the clergy. With respect to the real causes of the agitation that disturbs the peace of Ireland, we are convinced that religious motives have nothing whatever to do with its origin; it is, in its essence, its objects, and its means, wholly political, enveloped by artful and factious priests in the mantle of what they are pleased to call religion, but which they take good care to hinder their wretched dupes from examining by the light of divine truth,—which they studiously veil in impenetrable gloom. Till those men are put down, there will be no peace or prosperity for Ireland. Among the remedies which the author proposes for the

relief of Ireland, some, such as the introduction of poor laws, and a commutation of tithes, will doubtless be adopted, and it may be expected that they will be beneficial. He proposes, also, a heavy tax on absentees, "the complete abolition of the system of tenants at will, and the conversion of all such tenants into proprietors," a proposal, he says, "which will make the Tories throw his book into the fire, and strike the Whigs dumb with astonishment."

M. von Raumer frequently recurs to the necessity of educating the Irish. We have "granted twenty millions," he says, "to abolish slavery, and to secure freedom to some hundreds of thousands; yet, to apply any part of the revenue of the Church or State to giving a sound and religious education to five or six millions of Irish, is called impious and revolutionary." Begging M. von Raumer's pardon, this is not the question; but what ought a Protestant government to consider as a sound and religious education, and would the Catholic priests permit their flocks to partake of it? The English government has endeavoured, it is true, to obviate part of this difficulty, by taking a middle course, and establishing schools, in which select portions only of the Bible shall be read; but this plan does not appear to have had the success that was expected from it; and it is, besides, seriously objected to by many persons whose opinions are entitled to respect.

The objections to the admission of Dissenters to Oxford and Cambridge have been so often and ably discussed, that it would be a work of supererogation in us to enter on it, even did our space allow it. Were all sects admitted, we do not see how they could all attend divine worship, or receive instruction in religion, unless of the most general kind, as there could be neither professors nor chapels for all the various shades of religious opinions.

Another point, in which we partly differ from M. von Raumer, is his idea respecting the observance of the Sabbath. We, indeed, agree with him in deploring the desecration of that Holy Day by the vice of drunkenness, but cannot lament that singing, dancing, music, and the theatre, are not allowed on that day; nor can we assent to his opinion, that Sunday is so dull as he considers it. In opposition to his opinion, we hope we shall gratify our readers by giving them an extract from the remarks of that eminent scholar and excellent man, the late Professor Niemeyer, Chancellor of the University of Halle, who visited England in the year 1819.

"Almost all travellers protest that nothing is more melancholy than the observance of Sunday in England. They assure us that everything seems dead, and that every sound of joy becomes mute. They pity the people who are denied every innocent pleasure, and extol the happiness of other countries where this restraint is unknown. I candidly confess that the English Sunday has not appeared to me so dull and so joyless;

say, that I even reckon several Sundays passed there among my most agreeable recollections, and cannot refrain from expressing the wish, that we might have among ourselves something more of what we there find, in families as distinguished for intellectual endowments, as respectable for their character. I do not address those whom a religious feeling causes to regard as sinful the most innocent occupation, and who think they ought to keep the Sabbath more in the spirit of the Old Testament than of the Christian religion; but those who would wish that a certain harmony might be observed among us also here in Germany, in the employment of Sunday. I foresee that many readers will be of a different opinion. But how is it possible that all people should be of one mind?

"It is not to be denied that the difference between the six week-days and this seventh is more striking in England than anywhere else. It is as if a long continued ebb had set in, which would be followed by no flood; or, as if animated life had quitted the streets and public places, and retired to the back part of the dwellings; or, as if every one breathed more softly, to recover from the fatigues and exertions of a restless activity. The latter is really the case. In this respect alone, the law, which commands repose from usual employment, is a real blessing for thousands of people, who have borne for six days together the burden and heat of the day, or in the bustle of worldly concerns have not been able to rest themselves, or hold intercourse with their family; and that is accomplished which the ancient Mosatic institution of the Sabbath had for its object, Exodus, xxiii. 12. On Saturday, when the clock strikes the midnight hour, the curtain in the theatre must be let down, and it is not drawn up again till Monday. Those shops only in which the indispensable necessities of life are sold are open; all others are closed throughout the day, and the shop windows being covered with painted shutters, the city assumes quite a different aspect. Where the law, originating in ancient times in religious dissension, is observed in all its rigour, even large entertainments, card parties, and private concerts are avoided, and no work done. The streets, however, begin to be animated between ten and eleven, when divine service is about to commence. The number of well-dressed persons repairing to church increases in all the streets—the citizens, for the most part, husband and wife together, and the children before them, with the Book of Common Prayer and their Bibles in their hands. The churches being so numerous in all parts of the city, the masses soon divide; and here, as well as elsewhere, some places of worship are more crowded than others. Some of the churches in particular, where evening service is performed, (beginning at six o'clock,) are so exceedingly crowded, that any one coming in late can scarcely obtain a seat, however willing the pew-opener may be to procure him one.

"He who does not consider the theatre, balls, and games for money, as indispensable, in order to be happy or to keep off ennui, in whom those artificial pleasures have not blunted a taste for the scenes of nature and the pleasures of cheerful society, I really know not what should hinder such a man from spending his Sunday agreeably, either in or out of London. I at least have seen, on fine Sundays, the roads almost more thronged with carriages and pedestrians than during the week. The

Thames was covered with boats, conveying numerous parties to the beautiful places, country seats, &c. on its banks. * * * Many indeed, both high and low, who go into the country on a Sunday, do not readily neglect to attend the village churches, before the doors of which you may often see whole rows of carriages from the neighbourhood,—but then they enjoy the remainder of the day in the open country or in the elegant environs of their houses. * * Further, it is true, they do not go in England. Even he who perhaps has religion less at heart than the preservation of certain national customs, requires that *Sunday shall maintain its peculiar character*, and that there shall not be too glaring a contrast between its principal destination and the employment of the remaining hours of the day. Thus, for instance, every true Englishman would consider it a most indecent contrast, if the same parents who had in the morning gone to church with their children, and there perhaps heard a sermon on modesty and decorum, could go with them in the evening to the theatre, and there see some laughable farce, or such luscious scenes, drawn after nature, as we find represented in some of our favourite pieces, to the eyes of our youth of both sexes. But so ought, in reason, every one to think and feel who does not regard the whole of life as a farce. Truly, *decorum* often borders nearer than we believe on *morality*."

M. von Raumer's fifty-seventh letter on the difference between the system of school education in England and Prussia is very interesting, and points out the erroneous notions entertained by some eminent men in England respecting the Prussian system; he is particularly indignant at what he calls "the calumnies of Lord Brougham, who, had he looked beyond the title-page of M. Cousin's work, would know that all he has said (in the Report on the State of Education, 1834) was entirely visionary, and could only serve to mislead those who believe him." In his remarks upon the schools, M. von Raumer argues on the facts which he finds stated in parliamentary and other documents, to show how little is done in England for the education of all classes, in comparison with Prussia. No country in the world possesses so many ancient, venerable institutions for education as England, and yet, with proportionably the amplest means, the least is done. He is much struck with Oxford, "in which city, full of the noblest, the most astonishing monuments of an ancient period, almost every thing modern is but an insignificant accessory." Considering what Oxford has been and still is, he proceeds to show what he thinks it might and ought to be. The colleges are far inferior to the German gymnasia, and the university to those of Prussia; their circle of study is too narrow, for the wants of modern times: "some faculties, as medicine and jurisprudence, are, properly speaking, entirely wanting in Oxford, and those of divinity and philosophy are by no means completely filled, in comparison with the German universities. The professors give

so few lectures, and during so short a period of the year, that they appear in comparison with the colleges to be only a trifling addition and subordinate matter. No English university is a *universitas literaria*, in the German sense of the term."

We agree with our author in thinking that advantageous changes might be made in the system of university education, even without violating the will of the founder, which, besides that it does not strictly prescribe every thing, must in some cases be understood according to his real meaning and intention. If he directed, in the sixteenth century, that the best Greek grammar then existing should be used,—will it be acting in conformity with his wishes to retain it, after it has become the worst? But it is equally wrong obstinately to abide by what is antiquated and to indulge in rash innovations. If a judicious middle course be adopted, general approbation will follow. The halls of Oxford are founded for eternity, and the tenants will not suffer themselves to be expelled by the first new comer who might take a fancy to erect in or near them a noisy machine. How then shall the requisite improvements be effected? M. von Raumer thinks that the legislature should interfere,—that no object of private right or private property can be unconditionally withdrawn from its power. Much, he thinks, might be done by the university itself, and where it doubted its power to deviate from the will of the founder, it might apply to the legislature to sanction the proposed change.

We have dwelt on this particular subject, because it has by far the most important claim to general attention. All parties will agree that some education is necessary; and though some would restrict it within much narrower bounds than others, yet all desire that a good system should be adopted. Our author is decidedly adverse to the voluntary system, and considers it the duty of a government to take on itself the care of providing the means for a general education of the people, as is done in Prussia. How far this could or should be done in England is a different question, which is well worth the sincere consideration of every real friend to the happiness and prosperity of his country.

In conclusion, we must repeat our admiration of the exemplary activity of Professor von Raumer, his sense of justice, his varied knowledge, and the clear insight which he shows into the manifold subjects of which he treats. The English ought certainly to be grateful to him, for having given to foreigners a highly favourable view of their country, their character, and manners,—for having proved by irrefragable arguments, founded on facts that cannot be disputed, that, far from hastening to inevitable decay, it contains within itself the undying germs of constantly increasing

prosperity. If he at times points out defects which he thinks capable of remedy, or if he now and then touches too tender a string, let us listen to his counsels as to the voice of a friend who wishes us well, even though he should be mistaken both in the disease and the remedy. Let us ascribe to the difference of feeling, arising from a continental education, an occasional apparent levity of expression, which, though not ill meant, is calculated to offend those whose views differ from his;—with respect, for instance, to the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, which, even those who do not wholly approve of them, can never look upon as fit to be lightly treated, involving, as they do, the dearest interests of the Christian world.

In our review of M. von Raumer's "Letters from Paris, illustrative of the History of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," (F. Q. R. No. XXII. p. 452,) we have adverted to his great work, "The History of Europe during the last Three Centuries." Of this work five volumes have already appeared. It was intended to be completed in six, but as the fifth comes down only to the year 1660, it seems probable that it will extend to at least ten or twelve.

To the particulars of the author given in the number of our Review just quoted, we may add that he is a man of highly independent spirit, and considerable surprise was occasioned by his undertaking to write a History of the Fall of Poland, in which, though he was receiving a salary from the state, he admitted that the conduct of the Prussian government had been unjust. For the misfortunes of Poland he has always expressed the greatest sympathy. Another proof of his spirit is his resignation of office, when a member of the Supreme Board of Censorship, because he disapproved the narrow views of his colleagues. On this occasion he expressed his sentiments in an energetic remonstrance, which, finding its way into the papers of South Germany, excited particular attention. He has nevertheless always enjoyed the favour of his sovereign, who has given him leave of absence for his different journeys to France and England; and we learn that his majesty has granted him permission to pay a second visit to England, where he is expected to arrive about the end of April or the beginning of May.

ART. XI.—1. *Bericht über eine Reise nach den Westlichen Staaten Nord-Amerikas, &c.* von Gottfried Duden. (Account of a Journey into the Western States of North America.) 1 vol. 8vo. Bonn, 1834.

2. *Europa und Deutschland von Nord-Amerika aus betrachtet*: von Gottfried Duden. (Europe and Germany considered from North America.) 2 vols. 8vo. Bonn, 1835.

THOUGH the first of these works is the account of a visit to the United States, undertaken above ten years ago, and therefore cannot be expected to contain much that is now new, we are induced to notice it for several reasons. In the first place, it caused a very considerable sensation in Germany on its first publication soon after the Author's return, a very large edition having been sold in a short time, and it met in many instances with great opposition, and was very severely criticised. The author, whose object was to prove the great advantages of emigration from Germany to America, was accused of having drawn far too favourable a picture, and even of having falsified and misrepresented facts, in order to promote the purpose he had in view. In this second edition he has made considerable additions of a later date, and has embodied in a preface the various criticisms on his work, the most violent of which he reprints word for word, with his answers to them, many of which show the critics in no very favourable light. But what many may perhaps consider to be more in his favour, is a letter from the celebrated historian Niebuhr, who, having seen, shortly before his death, a portion of the second work, "Europe and Germany," wrote to him as follows:

"I am extremely obliged to you for the friendly communication of the table of contents of your projected work. Even in the general part, the plan of which you have specially stated, I see many points touched upon, respecting which we agree in differing from the prevailing opinion. But those which will be discussed in the following part excite my expectation in a still higher degree, as your views proceed from the same clear and unprejudiced observation, the same love of truth, and independence of spirit, which render your account of America admirable, nay classic, and as the counsels founded upon your views will be suggested by your practical mind. May those plans of colonization which we have often discussed be carried into effect, and your ideas be duly considered by those who have it in their power to contribute to that object!"

A testimony so honourable is more than sufficient to outweigh the censures of a dozen such critics as those whose observations Duden has himself quoted.

With respect to his own views, the author observes, that, notwithstanding all that had been written on the subject of emigration to America, the question was by no means so fully decided as to render his undertaking superfluous, and that the information which he communicates is not a compilation from European or American books, but the result of his own experience, which he recommends to the attention of his countrymen. Speaking of the impartiality which

some would require, he says, if the results of experience bear, more or less, the stamp of the individual, this is particularly the case in matters which so nearly touch upon human inclinations and aversions, and all the wishes arising from them. Who will demand a pure testimony from a prejudiced person, and who can pretend to be unprejudiced on such a point? Who can believe himself to be fully impartial, when he visits distant countries, to decide the question whether emigration is advisable? Therefore, as perfect impartiality is not to be conceived, the reporter has no other means, if he wishes his opinions to have an effect corresponding with their value, than first of all to acquaint his reader with the nature of his standard, with the peculiarities of the intellectual eye with which he beheld the subjects of which he treats.

"The resolution of separating from one's native country, and choosing a new home in a distant region, is (except in cases of imperative necessity, or of enthusiasm), in civilized men the result of manifold thoughts and feelings. It is clear enough that, in order to give advice in such a crisis, it is not sufficient that the counsellor should have seen the country proposed for a new home. He must above all things be able to judge of the situation of those who require relief, and duly to appreciate what part of the blame properly belongs to the native country, in order that the important preliminary question may be decided, whether any advantage is to be gained by a change of residence."

The author, considering the distress which undoubtedly afflicts part of the inhabitants of Europe, and especially of Germany, persuaded himself that it arose from excess of population, and that it could not be remedied, unless this population were reduced; he saw that, as a certain degree of population is indispensable for the development of the individual and of the whole, so excess of population disturbs in a deplorable manner the state of civil society. The ancient states of Asia, Africa and Europe, accordingly provided for the emigration of superfluous numbers, before individuals were compelled to it by famine.

Now though we might concede to those who hold the same opinions as the author, first, that, if a country were really over-peopled, it might be desirable, nay necessary, for part of the population to emigrate, and secondly, that, such emigration being proved to be necessary, it would be better that it should be undertaken on a fixed and well-regulated plan, rather than left to the unconnected operations of individuals; we are very reluctant to believe that any country has yet such a superabundance of population, as to render expatriation absolutely necessary. We are persuaded, on the contrary, that many, many years may yet elapse before any part of Europe will be reduced to the melancholy necessity of banishing a part of its citizens, to preserve them from famine. We believe, even without taking into account the vast tracts of uncultivated land which Europe still possesses, that improved modes of cultivation may increase, to an extent of which we have now no conception, the produce of the soil. We think it probable that Science, particularly chymistry, may discover means of rendering land, now barren and wholly unproductive, capable of producing as much as the most favoured soils do now. Though Providence doubtless intended that

the whole earth should one day be peopled, it does not appear to have been deemed that the object should be attained by the distress of those who were to carry it into effect. Surely, if increase of population were so great an evil, we should be reduced to the necessity of changing our opinion of the merits of individuals who have hitherto been considered as benefactors of the human race, and of looking upon the introduction of inoculation and vaccination, by which thousands, nay millions of lives have been preserved, as a curse instead of a blessing.

The first, and most considerable part of this volume, consists of thirty-six letters, in which Dr. Duden gives an interesting account of his travels and observations in America, during a period of about three years. This part of the work was highly commended, even by the critics who were most severe upon him; their attacks being directed against the second part—"On the Political Nature of the North American Republics,"—which they considered to be far too partial, and highly coloured in favour of the American Institutions. We have so many much more recent and valuable works on this subject, for instance, M. de Tocqueville's "*Democracy in America*," of which we gave a short notice in No. XXX. p. 470, of this Review, that it would be a work of supererogation to examine the opinions of Dr. Duden. The last part of the volume contains some instructions and advice to persons intending to emigrate to America, whether with a view to agricultural or commercial pursuits.

The object of the second work is stated by the author to be, after having by the first work made the reader acquainted with the situation of the North Americans, to avail himself of the knowledge so communicated, for introducing his opinions to the Europeans, and especially to the Germans. This new work, therefore, is to be considered as a supplement to the preceding, and he accordingly incorporates into it the result of his further correspondence with North America. But he adds, that it would be a mistake to consider it as nothing more, or to believe that he has been guided in the performance by his own favourite views. He declares that he had it always in sight to come to an understanding with every one, respecting the most important interests of their common country, whatever may be thought of his plans of colonization. He proceeds then to describe the state of society in Europe, as it formerly was, and as it is now; and it must be acknowledged that many of his observations are perfectly correct, though the inferences that he draws from them may not be admitted.

"There was a time," he says, "and it is not very remote from us, when the sober countryman minded only his field and his cottage. If he thought, he thought only upon them;—his wishes and his hopes never drew him from the beaten track which had been followed by his fathers, and it never occurred to him to seek the happiness of his life beyond the quiet narrow circle of his native home. The mechanic had not a thought beyond his business; the merchant thought only of his trade; the man of learning of his science; the civil officer of his employment; the warrior of his profession. Strictly limited to such individual pursuits, and without troubling himself about the affairs of his neighbour, every one sought the final object of his

earthly existence in the career opened to him, as it were, by the indentures of apprenticeship, considering him to be foolish or worthless who did otherwise. The state went on, as if it were a part of the system of inanimate nature, and people dreamt as little of fundamental changes, as of alterations in the course of the stars. Only he who could not resist the sting of necessity or the impulse of passion, made an effort, always limited to individual particulars, and never embracing the whole. In spite of the many interruptions caused by wars, every one returned, when peace was restored, to his old course, and, if there were exceptions, they were caused rather by accident than by the will of man. *So it was formerly, but now it is quite different.* A restlessness, a struggle, manifests itself among all classes and stations, of which modern history offers no previous example. The wish for happiness in this world still predominates, it is true, in the minds of men, but every one despairs of finding it in the career which education has pointed out to him. Formerly, if any man mistrusted his own pursuits, still the pursuit of another seemed to promise what he sought; thus the peasant praised the lot of the mechanic, the merchant, that of the man of learning. But now, no class believes another to have any peculiar advantage, and, as every one despairs of his own career, he despairs also of that of others.

"In all the countries of Europe the governed, as well as the governments, feel, that both public and private life are surrounded by many embarrassments. Things cannot go on so. All is wrong—there must be a great defect somewhere—in this all agree. But where is the defect? This is the question which now forces itself upon everybody.

"But the old complaint of the weakness and indolence of human nature is too well-founded for us to hope, that many men will give it constant attention, without some more powerful excitement. The defect was perceived long before the days of July; but, whatever may be thought of those events at Paris, they did this good, that they roused an intellectual activity in Europe, which will decide the fate of the world. Now or never is the time when we may venture to propose a general investigation of our situation. The more clear the conviction of the stoppage and disturbance of the political machine, the more powerful must be the wish to explore the nature and the seat of the evil."

Our author accordingly proceeds to explain his views of the present state of society, and the causes which have produced the great change that has taken place, and respecting which there is an infinite variety of opinions.

"One party," he says, "considers the change as a corruption. The consequence of which opinion is, that its advocates cannot expect any improvement of our situation, except from the improvement of man himself, and if they do not promise themselves much good from changes in external circumstances, they surely cannot be expected to call such part of our institutions bad as were formerly manifestly good: they are consequently inclined to defend everything established against reform. However, if many agree in calling a great part of mankind corrupt, they seldom agree in the reason they assign. The party opposed to innovation throughout Europe must therefore consist of many groups, which, for the sake of convenience, may be reduced to two principal groups; for, as the grounds of all complaints of corruption are either of a religious or temporal nature, our attention is naturally drawn to the parties principally interested in these two points of view, namely, priests and princes."

We have not space, nor do we think it necessary to follow our au-

thor in his discussion of those questions. Though he thinks that in general the clergy, both Protestant and Roman Catholic, are adverse to religious reform, and princes to political reform, from motives of self-interest, often ill-understood;—he will by no means have this aversion unconditionally ascribed to selfish feelings. Many priests may defend some dogmas, even against their own conviction, but it may be equally true that there are many who are actuated solely by pious conviction in praying against all innovation. Princes, it is true, have many personal grounds for maintaining things as they are. But as the prince is frequently compared to the father of a family, we all know instances of fathers who obstinately adhere to the old system in the management of their families, disregarding the changes effected by time, or the considerations which the more advanced improvement of the children requires. But nobody thinks of accusing them of being actuated by selfish motives.

Our chief object in drawing attention to these works is not that they contain much that is new to the English reader, who is acquainted with the numerous publications on the United States, but because they afford a proof of the increased consideration that is paid in Germany to general political questions, and the freedom of discussion which is allowed, when they are treated in a temperate manner. The works before us, it is true, are printed in the Prussian dominions, where authors, perhaps, enjoy more license than in some other states, but still the press, even in Prussia, is under a very strict censorship, and we may therefore consider the free discussion of such subjects as an indication of the liberality of the government.

ART. XII.—*Geschichte der kaiserlichen königlichen Hofbibliothek zu Wien, von Ig. Fr. Edlen von Mosel, k.k. wirkl. Hofrath und erstem Custos der Hofbibliothek.* (History of the Imperial-Royal Court Library at Vienna, by I. F. Edler von Mosel, Aulic Councillor and Head-Keeper of the Court Library.) Vienna, 1835. 8vo. pp. 398.

Just at this juncture, the account of any foreign public library is of peculiar interest. The Committee which has been appointed by the House of Commons to inquire into the affairs of the British Museum, has manifested a very laudable anxiety to ascertain, from authentic sources, whether they really manage these things better or worse abroad. It is indeed beyond all doubt, that common fame proclaims us much in arrear of all our rivals on the continent in this particular; but that common fame is a common liar, the proverb assures us, and experience often proves. We are much mistaken, if some of the statements we shall extract from the volume now under our notice will not a little astonish the wholesale praisers of the liberal management of foreign public libraries.

In the first place, we find, from the regulations attached to the volume before us, that the persons who make use of the celebrated imperial library at Vienna are divided into three classes. To the first

belong only the Emperor, the imperial family, and a numerous train of officials, who all have the privilege of borrowing the books from the library: private learned men are not admitted into this class. It is rather disagreeable, in one's own inquiries at the King's or Georgian library at the British Museum, to find that, after all, not every individual book that is inserted in the catalogue has yet been transferred from the shelves of Buckingham House to those of Great Russell Street; but what are these slight checks to those which a student at Vienna must inevitably encounter, every now and then, by finding that the volume he wishes to peruse is actually in the hands of Majesty or of Metternich? "To the second class," say the regulations, "belong all the studious, whether native or foreign, to whom the use of the Court Library is permitted, but only on the premises of the same and with observance of the laws of censorship." The third class consists of non-resident learned men, who are at liberty to address queries to the librarians, request them to make extracts from books, &c.; it is not stated whether under an obligation to return the compliment with an honorarium or not. It will thus be seen that the second class, which makes use of the reading-room and has not the privilege of taking books out of it, exactly answers to our readers of the British Museum, with but two differences, both in favour of the London student; that here we are under no subjection to the laws of censorship, and that there is no "first class" to annoy us with superior and vexatious privileges. Let us now then endeavour to ascertain to which of the "reading rooms" the superiority of accommodation belongs.

A description of that at Vienna was laid before English readers fourteen years ago by Dr. T. F. Dibdin, in his "*Bibliographical Tour through France and Germany*," a work which, with all its defects, (and their name is legion) will yet be found to furnish a fuller account of the public libraries the author visited abroad, than the reader will easily obtain from any other source. "Almost the first room which you enter," says Dr. Dibdin, "is the Reading room. This may hold about thirty students comfortably, but I think I saw more than forty on my first entrance, of whom several, with the invincible phlegm of their country, were content to stand leaning against the wall, with their books in their hands. The room is doubtless too small for the object to which it is applied, and, as it is the fashion in this part of the world seldom or never to open the windows, the effect of such an atmosphere of hydrogen is most revolting to sensitive nerves." Steps it appears have since been taken to remedy these inconveniences. The reader who is impressed with an idea of the liberal management of German libraries will not perhaps conjecture a method "identically the same" with that which was actually adopted in the year 1826.

"The reading room of the Court Library," Mr. von Mosel, its head Custos, acknowledges, "is neither large enough for its numerous visitors, nor light enough for its purpose. It is an oblong square, which at the two small ends has on one side two windows, on the other only one. In the middle is a long table furnished with writing materials, at which about forty persons find room. Partly in the recesses of the windows, partly against the walls around, are the desks for two librarians (custoden) and four clerks (scriptoren), who, often

disturbed by the readers, must pursue their literary labours. The throng of the reading public was so great, that the seats at the table were no longer sufficient, and many persons were compelled to read standing against the walls or before the desks of the officers; while, owing to this overcrowding, the heat in the room was often insupportable, and it became uncommonly difficult to keep the readers under proper survey. To remedy this unpleasant state of things, the prefect, (the head officer of the library,) had a notice put up at the foot of the staircase, that only so many persons would be admitted as could find room at the table. In addition to this, opportunities were taken to refer the students to the University Library, and to get rid of readers for amusement, while the prefect afforded to distinguished men of learning, either native or foreign, a place in his office, though exceedingly cramped for room. Thus at last the *number of visitors was brought into a better proportion to the space at disposal*, which must however still be acknowledged very insufficient, when it is considered that many learned men, in the course of their inquiries, have need of several works at once for comparison, that sometimes maps and folios are required for study, and that it is here even that amateurs and artists must inspect the copper-plate engravings, which are generally contained in volumes or portfolios of the largest folio size,—all which, from the close neighbourhood of the readers to one another, is hardly possible, and often downright impossible."

This reducing the number of visitors to a proportion with the space at disposal seems to us but a very sorry method of making both ends meet. At the British Museum, although accommodation is there provided for one hundred and twenty readers, the same complaint of want of room is beginning to be made, and is about to be remedied, not by depriving those desirous of knowledge of the means of acquiring it, not by decreasing the numbers, but, simple-expedient, by increasing the room! As to the second inconvenience complained of by Mr. von Mosel, the difficulty of keeping under survey some forty students whose elbows touched, we cannot but regard his mention of it as a very left-handed compliment to the learned of Vienna. In such close contact, they might, one would think, survey one another; and, unless a large proportion of them consisted of downright abandoned characters, there would be very little danger of theft. As Mr. von Mosel speaks of learned men in their inquiries often having need of several works at once, we were rather surprised to find, in the regulations, that to each reader only one work can be allowed at a time, with merely such auxiliary books as may be necessary. At the British Museum the number of works that may be had at a time is altogether unlimited.

We have no doubt that our readers have now come to the same conclusion to which this work has led ourselves, that admission to the reading room in Great Russell Street is much more desirable than to that at the Imperial Palace of Vienna. We are obliged to add, that in other points the comparison is not so much in our favour;—the Imperial Library, which contains about 300,000 volumes, acknowledges but three equals in Europe, that of the Vatican at Rome, and the Royal Libraries at Paris and Munich. Our own great national collection is not only inferior to that of the capital of Bavaria, but to that of the University of Göttingen; and ranks but eighth or ninth among

the distinguished libraries of this quarter of the world. The number of books contained in it, even with the addition of the late king's munificent present, does not amount to more than about two hundred and twenty thousand, or little more than half that of the great depositary of knowledge at Munich.

We hope that one result of the labours of the recently appointed Committee will be to direct a vigorous augmentation of the stores of foreign literature at the Museum, so as to place our national library a little more on a level with our national pretensions. Several of the most distinguished works which have issued from the press on the continent have not yet found their way to it, but we suspect that, after all, foreign public libraries may even be as censurable on this score. It appears, by the work under notice, that Stuart and Revett's *Antiquities of Athens* did not make its appearance at the Imperial Library till 1814, some twenty years at least after it ought. Be that as it may, we cannot help regarding it as a national disgrace, that the richest and most populous capital in Europe should not boast one library at least of the very first rank; and we are encouraged to hope by the signs of the times that many years will not pass before it does so.

Within the last few years, much has indeed been done towards this desirable object. The splendid library-hall at the Museum has been added to the too scanty catalogue of the "*Lions of London*." Mr. von Mosel speaks of that at Vienna as declared by all the learned men of Germany, England, France, and Italy, as without its equal in Europe. It is true that Dr. Dibdin spoke of it in 1821 as beyond comparison, but we suspect that in our own it has since found its rival. Dr. William Horn, who recently published an account of his travels in Germany and England, speaks of the library at the Museum as the most splendid building of the kind he ever saw, though he had been at Vienna not many months previously.

We have hardly left ourselves room to add that Mr. von Mosel's work is less of a description, and more of a history, than we could have wished it,—a fuller account of the works contained in the library might perhaps have usefully occupied the place of rather uninteresting biographical accounts of its various librarians, many of whom did nothing worthy of especial notice. A view and a plan of the library are given, which we should not have mentioned, as thinking the reader would take it for granted, had they not been unaccountably omitted in Wilken's otherwise commendable history of the library of Berlin.

ART. XIII.—*Des Meisters Godefrid Hagen, der Zeit Stadtschreibers, Reimchronik der Stadt Cöln aus dem dreizehnten Jahrhundert. Mit Anmerkungen und Wörterbuch; nach der einzigen alten Handschrift zum erstenmale vollständig herausgegeben von E. von Groote, Stadtrath.* (The Rhyming Chronicle of the City of Cologne, during the thirteenth century, by Master Godefrid Hagen, Town Clerk at the time. Now first published, with Notes and Glossary, &c., by E. von Groote.) Cöln am Rhein. 1834. 8vo.

THERE is no class of books to which we are disposed to extend a more ready welcome than those productions of the days that are past, whether they consist of the chronicles of the historian, or of the fables of the poet, in which are shadowed forth, as in a mirror, the spirit and tendency of the age in which they were composed. They are the only trustworthy authorities to whom we can apply, when we would learn the animus which influenced the doughty actors of those stirring times. In the imaginative details of the minstrel, and in the quaint records of the annalist, the charms of their narrations are heightened by casual and accessory touches, unwittingly copied by the writers from the busy scenes acting before them, which serve to give an increased interest to their pages, and make those pages faithful pictures of the era in which they were composed, by exhibiting of the very age and body of *that* time its form and pressure.

This Rhyming Chronicle, from the pen of the worthy Town Clerk of Cologne, Master Godefrid Hagen, who perhaps wrote himself Master from his connection as master-singer with one of the good old guilds of poetry, is one which will justify to the fullest the remarks which we have just made, and to all who admit their justice the publication of this volume cannot but be highly acceptable. Those readers, on the other hand, who would estimate it only in proportion to the amount of *exact* historical information which may be found in it, must also be under obligations to its editor for bringing before the public an account written by an eyewitness, and one, too, who was enabled by his public situation of Syndicus to collect information from every source, on some of the most important events in the history of Cologne. This chronicle, the value of which is sufficiently proved by the fact that the editors of the "*Monumenta Germaniæ Historica*" purpose including it in that Collection, contains nearly 7000 lines, and is, with the exception of about 700 lines at the commencement, in which the writer, in accordance with the fashion of his times, narrates the introduction of Christianity into Cologne, and sundry wonderful circumstances which attended and followed that event, devoted to a history of the affairs of that short but eventful period in the history of the city, which intervened between the years 1250 and 1270.

"One of the most important periods in the history of Cologne," says the editor, "is indisputably that during which the writer of this rhyming chronicle flourished, and the events of which he describes, for the most part, as an eyewitness. It is the time in which the city, contending against the re-

peated assaults of the archbishop and nobles of the archbishopric of Cologne, not only gained its freedom, but fortunately maintained and established it, while many of the neighbouring German cities failed in similar attempts; in which, moreover, the class of artisans and tradesmen endeavoured by increasing industry and wealth to diminish the ancient, for the most part benevolent, but also oftentimes misused, authority of the aristocratic party; and in which, although not until after many fruitless contests and bloody discomfitures, they still by degrees accomplished their object. Already, in preceding times, had the archbishops frequently endeavoured to bring this rich, and, from its extensive population, powerful, city under their dominion; but even the vigorous Anno failed in this, partly for that the doughty burghers knew how to protect themselves, partly for that the jealousy of the neighbouring princes, and even of the emperor himself, would not allow them to look on indifferently, and suffer the power of the archbishop to receive such an important accession of strength."—*Preface*, p. 1.

This is the language of the editor with regard to the state of parties when the dissensions here described broke out between the archbishop and the city on the right of coinage. At a time when the quantity of currency in circulation was but small, but an active commerce introduced coins of most various degrees of value, there arose in the city of Cologne an officially constituted guild under the name of *Husgenossen*, whose duty it was not only to superintend the coinage of the city, but to ascertain the relative value which all foreign money introduced into it bore to the standard of Cologne, and to make the same known. And, for the more ready discovery of fraud or error, the money of Cologne was always impressed with the same stamp, and a pattern piece was deposited in the sacarium of the cathedral, with which the coin in circulation might at all times be compared. The archbishop had, on the other hand, mints at several places, but the city authorities refused to receive money of his coinage, if it differed in stamp and standard from their own. By an arrangement entered into by Cardinal Hugo and Albertus Magnus, in April, 1252, on the occasion of a dispute between the archbishop and the city, it was agreed that the archbishop should be allowed to coin money of different impress and value, upon three occasions only, namely, when a new archbishop was elected and confirmed; secondly, when he followed the host of the emperor beyond the Alps (against the infidels); and lastly, which is, however, not to be found in the document referred to, although expressly mentioned by the chronicler—

"Dar na als hie zo Rome komet in die stat
Umb syn pallium ind brengit dat,
Dan so maich hie die ander muntze maichen"—v. 714, &c.

when the archbishop should go to Rome to bear his pall there. The archbishop, who had frequently attempted to alter the impress of his coinage and impair its standard, could not forgive the city for the perseverance with which they maintained their ancient rights and privileges; and hence arose those feuds between them and him, which led to his removal from Cologne, and thereby to a long series of disputes and hostile measures.

It is not our intention to analyse the progress of the dissensions here

commenced, and of the events which arose out of them; our object has been rather to call attention to the volume than to epitomize it: we shall therefore content ourselves with giving another extract from the preface, and terminate our notice with a few lines from the Chronicle itself, as a specimen of the dialect in which it is composed.

“ Remarkable is the resemblance which the events here described as attending the historical development of the municipal constitution of Cologne, in the thirteenth century, bear to those of Florence in the fourteenth, as described by Macchiavelli. The comparison between the cities might easily be carried even to the most minute points, and to the characters of the acting personages. For instance, the second book of Macchiavelli’s History shows us how Walter di Brienne, Duke of Athen, sought about 1343 to make himself master of the city of Florence, for which purpose he employed the same means which Conrad von Hochstetten had attempted against Cologne from about 1240 to 1250: both endeavoured to win over the lower classes of the people to their side; to divide the nobility into contending factions, and, where the end in view could not be accomplished by open violence, recourse was had to bribery and intrigue. As Engelbert of Falkenberg had the party of the ‘Weisen’ on his side, and had through their breach of faith nearly brought the city under his power; so were there in Florence the Buondelmonti and Cavalcanti, who fought upon the side of the duke; in both cities, however, were treason and perjury justly punished with banishment. These feuds lasted above a hundred years in Cologne, as in Florence, and a Matthias Overstolz in the one, like a Lorenzo di Medici in the other, will remain for ever distinguished for his great personal energy and virtues as a citizen.”—pp. 10, 11.

As our promised extract from the Chronicle must be a short one, we cannot, perhaps do better than give our readers the few lines with which Master Godefrid commences, in all piety, his task.

- “ Dich ewige Got van hemelrich,
 Dynen sun, de eweliche
 Mit dyr is, ind dynen hilgen geist,
 Want ir dry vermogit alremeist,
 5. So biddē ich, dat ir myr doitt volleist
 Zo eyne boiche, dat ich wil begynnen
 Van dingen, die zo Coelne enbynnen
 Der hilger stede sint gescheit.
 Nu en byn ich leider so kunstich neit,
 10. Dat ich dat boich moge volmaichen
 Van alle den dingen ind den saichen,
 Die Coelne schade haint gedain,
 Ir dry eyn Got ir en wilt myr bestain
 Mit vrre helpen also by,
 15. Dat is ummer bliue ind sy
 Warnynge der vil hilger stede,
 Der Kirst durch syner moeder beide
 Ind der hilgen die da ynne restent
 Zo Gode wert haint so geuestint
 20. Dat Coelne ain alle miswende
 Ire dinck noch her zo goeden ende
 Haint braicht, die ire sint weder waren,” &c.

ART. XIV.—*Le Monde comme il est.* (The World as it is.) Par le Marquis de Custine. 2 vols. 8vo. Bruxelles, 1836.

WE seldom bestow our time or pages upon the innumerable novels incessantly pouring from the French press, unless impelled thereto by extraordinary merit or demerit, or, what to critics is more attractive, by a combination of both. We are, however, occasionally tempted to deviate from our rule, and one of the exceptions even now occurs. Of M. de Custine we know nothing, and his "*Monde comme il est*" displays neither the brilliant talents, nor the pernicious abuse of those talents, which we have had to deplore and condemn, even whilst irresistibly admiring, in the productions of the *soi-disant* George Sand; but there are some two or three points about this novel, that induce us to make brief mention of it. The first point is that we may venture to name it to the fairer portion of our readers without dreading to tarnish their mental purity, or if we are to speak the exact truth, with less apprehension than French Novels usually excite, though it must be confessed that the World as it is, in *M. le Marquis de Custine's* notions and volumes, is a world with which we had rather that our wives and daughters should remain unacquainted. The second point is that the story is essentially original, inasmuch as the heroine, a prodigious heiress, is very ugly; not merely plain, but positively and strikingly ugly, and the whole distress and interest of the book arises from her being unable to believe in the genuineness of the passion, deep if not ardent, with which her intellectual charms and moral qualities have inspired a dissipated young man of fashion and gallantry, with whom she is herself secretly but invincibly in love. The third point is that these volumes offer us a picture of south-western Normandy, physical and social, somewhat comic, and yet more discordant with the boasts in which *la belle France* is wont to indulge, of being in advance of all other nations, England included, in civilization. We should however, in justice to the author and to Normandy, observe that the tale dates a few years back, prior to the revolution of the *Three glorious Days*, and when the Jesuits, or the Congregation, their modern title, were endeavouring to entangle France in their cobweb toils; the exposure of which, though assuredly no longer politically important, seems to be one of our noble author's objects.

M. de Custine gives us various sketches of manners. We are first introduced to *la vie de Chateau* (country-house life); the pretenders to the hand of the ugly heiress, Jacqueline de Senaer, with their respective allies, being assembled in a Norman chateau, most picturesquely situated, where she is visiting; the cabals and trickery, wise and unwise, of the opposing parties; and the provincial manners of the better class, are well hit off. Hence the hero, Edmond d'Offize, when reluctantly but decisively rejected by the over-prudent Jacqueline, repairs to his own chateau, where he has never resided; and which, though not very remote, is situated in a yet more retired district. We extract part of his journey as exemplifying the physical and

moral condition of this part of Normandy—which will perhaps remind the reader of Ireland.

"In this part of France, as in some others, what is called a road of communication might better be called a ditch of separation, especially along valleys. There the intercourse between different parishes is carried on through ravines or quagmires, ploughed from one end to the other by three ruts, which serve respectively for the passage of the two wheels and the horse of the cart. One journeys for hours over rolling stones, like fragments of a broken wall; and these heaps of ruins are intermixed with rocks, stumps of trees, and logs of wood, and lucky is the traveller who is not brought to a dead stand by abysses of mud, known in the country under the name of *molières* (are we to translate this soft places?)

At about half a league from his own house, Edmond was aroused from his reverie by the sudden stopping of his carriage. The nave of the hind wheel rested upon the edge of the rut, whilst the fellies could not reach the bottom, so deep was the gulf. The horses made an effort to proceed. Traces and harness broke, and the postillion's horse fell with his rider. Edmond, fearful that the man might be seriously hurt, sprang from the carriage and flew to raise him. He was unharmed, and rose, saying:

" 'I knew we couldn't get through.'

(Of course so much of the joke as turns upon the Norman dialect, we must lose.)

" 'And to whom did you state that the road was impassable?' asked Edmond.

" 'Me? To nobody. You asked for horses to Offize. I'm the post-boy, I'm no counsellor.'

" 'Are we past the worst of the road?'

" 'No, Sir, your carriage 'll never get through.'

" 'Where are we?'

" 'Oh! that's more than I can tell you. But this way goes along the hedge of M. le Marquis d'Etang's court-yard.'

" 'Is the marquis come back from his tour?'

" 'That's more than I can tell you.'

" 'What? Do you not know if he's at home?'

" 'Nay, he has been seen hercabouts.'

"Edmond leaped over the hedge into M. d'Etang's court-yard, and, looking about for the house, was surprised to see nothing but grass, spreading as far as the eye could reach, under a wood of apple trees, through the stems of which might be seen slated buildings for making cyder. M. d'Offize did not know that in Normandy a court-yard (*cour*) means an orchard surrounding a mansion, a farm house, or often only a barn, or other such building."

After some search he finds the *chateau*; the reader will recollect that a French *chateau* is not quite synonymous with an English castle.

"A vestibule, strewn with fragments of broken windows, led him to a staircase, at the top of which he met a stout servant-girl, who, with a bunch of nettles was cleaning an earthen milk-pan, that she was about to place before her master's fire, the only one in the house; for, when alone, M. de l'Etang had his dinner cooked in his own room. The girl with her finger pointed out her master's door to the visiter."

The marquis, however, annoyed at being thus surprised, received his neighbour with courteous kindness; sent help to extricate the

carriage, and detained the traveller for the night. In the course of conversation he inquires,

“ ‘Well, my young neighbour, what political colour will you assume?’ ”

“ ‘None. I come here to arrange my own affairs, and not to govern the country.’ ”

“ ‘That answer shows me that you know *neither the country nor the age*. Here, to avoid assuming a colour, is to let one be given you; and an odious one, that of *indifferentism*, of egotism.’ ”

But, as we propose not to spare M. de Custine many pages, we cannot extract the whole of the *liberalist* Marquis's dissertation upon the miseries of political neutrality, or his explanation of how disagreeable M. d'Offize's arrival will be to his ultra-royalist, lawyer-steward, who having, as the representative of the Seigneurs d'Offize, once Suzerains of the district, with the Marquises d'Etang for their vassals, long been *the* great man of the neighbourhood, and must accordingly dislike being supplanted by his principal, or in vulgar parlance, his master. Neither can we find room for the gradual offence taken by M. Lamazure, the said *notaire-steward*, at the simple manners of the man of real fashion, which appear to him supercilious, overbearing, and rude, because not formal. We will rather select, as giving the same feelings more condensed and more comically, a visit paid by M. le Comte d'Offize to one of the notabilities of the market town (*bourg*) of Offize, which its inhabitants will on no account endure to have called a village.

“ The first house at which Edmond called, was that of M. Lecointel, tipstaff, and assistant to the mayor (*huissier, et adjoint*.) ”

“ Madame Lecointel was in her kitchen, but not in wooden shoes (*subots*), because she had just returned from mass. M. d'Offize entered so abruptly that he caught her before she could rush into the parlour, shut the door behind her, and, unseen, put the room to rights, whilst she sent the servant-girl with a message of excuse, requesting M. le Comte d'Offize to wait a moment. Being hindered from observing this rustic etiquette was a heavy offence to the good lady.

“ M. d'Offize observing that, by way of doing him honour, she was about to lead him to an uninhabited part of the house, civilly objected, saying the kitchen would do quite as well for him as for Madame Lecointel. Her embarrassment now gave place to resentment. Pale with anger, she paused, said within herself: ‘Does he think the kitchen good enough for me? that I am not fit to have a parlour?’ and then, speaking with an effort, added aloud: ‘Ah, M. le Comte d'Offize, for a Parisian it's not very civil to want to stay in the kitchen.’ ”

“ ‘I do not think of Paris now, Ma'am.’ ”

“ ‘Do you then suppose that you are amongst savages?’ rejoined the lady sharply. ‘To be sure we poor folks do not know how to receive great lords, but at all events we don't let them sit down in the kitchen.’ And, in her wrath, shaking the sugar-loaf shaped cap upon her head, she led him into the parlour.

“ There she placed him opposite to that side of the room which was papered with views of Paris. When he was seated, when the window-shutters had, with some difficulty, been successively opened, when, after sundry whisperings with the servant-girl, the leg of mutton and the basket of eggs had been re-

moved, the broken crockery swept away, the cat turned out, and a favourite hen shut up in a dark closet; when all these arrangements were completed, the lady, full of her new paper, asked her visitor, 'Do you recognize your own country?'

"M. d'Offize, who was not thinking of the parlour paper, supposed she spoke of the valley of Offize, and answered 'I had no recollection whatever of it.'

"'Humph!' thought the lady, 'these Parisians are not quite so clever as we are taught to believe.'

* * * * *

"Edmond finding it heavy work to make Madame Lecointel chat, asked for M. Lecointel.

"'He's out on horseback, Sir,' she replied.

"'I am sorry for it, I wished to speak to him about M. Lamazure, who is leaving me.'

"No answer.

"'You know that he is leaving me?'

"'Hush!' said his hostess at length, anxiously laying a finger on her lips. 'That is the paling of his garden.'

"'And what of that?' asked Edmond.

"'We might be overheard.'—The garden paling was a hundred yards distant from M. Lecointel's house.

* * * * *

"Edmond tried a new topic, which he thought might be congenial, and said, 'I find a great charm in country life. It is so unlike Paris—such complete repose.'

"'I don't know, never having been there,' rejoined Madame Lecointel disdainfully.

"'Oh, you have never visited Paris?'

"'I spoke of the country, M. le Comte.'

"And Edmond recollected he had already been told that Offize was a town.* * * * * M. Vatar, the sparkling, airy, elegant, M. Vatar (tax-collector of the *Commune*), now entered. To show his fashionable ease, he was scarce civil to M. d'Offize, stretched his neck in greeting to his fair neighbour, flung himself noisily upon the nearest chair, and tossing back his head thus addressed M. d'Offize:

"'M. le Comte must have been pleased with the vicar's sermon. Ah, ha! He is something different from the curate. He knows the world.'

"Edmond was displeased by M. Vatar's self-sufficient tone and manner; but quietly answered: 'I cannot yet quite judge of your vicar's talent, but I did not think his subject well chosen.'

"'How so, M. le Comte?' asked Madame Lecointel sharply.

"'He preached against luxury and fashion,' rejoined Edmond; 'and I should have thought Offize safe from such vanities.'

"'What, M. le Comte, you think us unfit to profit by the lessons addressed to the inhabitants of great towns! Really that is holding us rather too cheap. What, can I have no luxury because I am but a poor *bourgeoise*? * *

* * Do you deny us even vanity? What do you take us for?'

But we are running into greater length than we had intended, and shall lay down the pen, satisfied that we have given a sufficient sketch of the Norman *bourgs* and of M. de Custine's talent.

ART. XV.—*The Portfolio; or a Collection of State Papers, illustrative of the History of our Times. No. I. to No. V.* London. Ridgway.

We have taken occasion in one of our late Numbers to refer to this publication, respecting which it is but fair to admit that opinions are much divided. Agreeably, however, to our plan, announced in No. XXIX., of giving the opinions of eminent continental critics on English publications, we shall extract a few passages from a critical analysis of the Portfolio, by Dr. C. F. Wurm, the able editor of *Die Zeitschrift*, a periodical work, commenced with the year 1835, at Hamburg. It appeared in the "*Blätter für literarische Unterhaltung*," printed at Leipzig, (Nos. 54—57, for 1836), and as illustrative of the state of public opinion in Germany on some of the important questions touched upon in *The Portfolio*, we conceive that this notice of it will not be uninteresting to our readers.

Referring to the despatches of Prince Lieven, Count Matuszewicz, and Count Pozzo di Borgo, in the years 1826 and 1829, published in the 4th and 5th Numbers of *The Portfolio*, the Reviewer thus remarks,—

"But have we occasion for these despatches to prove that in those years it was the interest of Russia to occupy France with the Peninsula, and that Russia has found means to keep one English administration after another (Tories and Whigs alike) inactive, whilst she was preparing in the East that which is now coming to maturity before our eyes? Even the councillor of state, Nebenius, must, it appears, be content to see his prediction quoted (No. IV. p. 169), that England, if she should soon take a fancy to stand forth again as mistress of the ocean, would find the Black Sea closed against her. 'The question concerning the Dardanelles is become a vital question for the naval power of England. . . . A crisis is at hand—a serious, nay, an awful one—which threatens to reach the hearths and the homes of far distant nations, whose opinions are not even asked, unless the conciliatory policy of Prussia, unless the firm bearing, or—have we not witnessed much that was not to be foreseen?—an imposing resolve, of Austria, should succeed in laying the storm.'

The Reviewer then proceeds to notice the Russian Memoir published in Nos. II. and III. of *The Portfolio*, in the following manner:—

"There is a very remarkable article (II. 57—92; III. 114—155), which, under the title of a Russian Memoir or a Russian Note, has been mentioned in many German papers, and from which considerable extracts have been given in the Hamburg '*Zeitschrift für Politik, Handel und Handelsrecht*.' But this communication is founded only on such passages as had been published before the appearance of the Portfolio in the British and Foreign Review. . . . The only conceivable object of such a paper would be to excite in Germany hatred against Russia, and in Prussia, in particular, jealousy and suspicion of that power. But in this case there would be displayed, together with much cleverness of invention, too great clumsiness of arrangement; inasmuch as the document lacks all those marks which might contribute to deceive, and to cause it to be considered as a diplomatic communication emanating from the Russian government. It is far more probable that this paper has really been written—no matter by whom—to render the idea of a Russian protectorate agreeable to the second-rate German powers. How far it may contain the views of the cabinet of St. Petersburg, how far the writer and his work may enjoy the patronage of that cabinet, is a matter on which the reviewer feels himself not called upon

to hazard any conjectures. But assuredly, it is the affair of every German to concern himself about the star of political salvation which is here announced, about the new guarantee of German freedom which is here presented."

"To say nothing of measures that are already designated as provisional, there arises from the peculiar tendency of this Memoir, a question, on which not a single word is bestowed:—if, namely, Russia is so much better qualified than Austria or Prussia for the Protector of the German Confederation, is it because Russia's principles of intellectual intercourse so far surpass in liberality those of the Austrian and Prussian governments? What the author thinks of the German nation, of the German states, of the German princes, may be collected from the following passage:—

"The princes of the small constitutional German states, oppressed by their ambitious legislatures, as Louis XVI. was by his National Convention, in remembrance of this great warning example, have now themselves acknowledged that, on the further licentiousness of their chambers depend their existence or non-existence. They now offer a hand to Prussia, to curb the liberty of their chambers, whilst they willingly submit themselves to the general decrees of the Diet, and only give way, in one common spirit of conservation, to the necessities of the times."

"Further, what is to become of the constitutions? Only the peculiar local and provincial interests need be drawn into the sphere of public discussion. (II. 79.) It may, perhaps, do the author a service, to remind him that Elizabeth of England warned her parliament against interfering in *state affairs*, and that at a time when in Germany not an inch of territory could be alienated, not a treaty concluded, not a sovereignty erected, not a war carried on, without the assent of the states. This may serve for a reply to the assertion that, in the constitutions of Bavaria, Würtemberg, Nassau, Baden, and Weimar, the constitutions of England and France are copied almost *verbatim*, without any regard to the ancient institutions of those countries of Germany (II. 80.) It is, certainly, edifying to see here, in the first place, how English and French institutions are thrown pell mell into one bag; and in the next, to find it in exulting simplicity affirmed, that the English constitution is described somewhere—(perhaps in the 'Statutes at Large,')—so compendiously, that one may copy it out word for word; and, lastly, that such a total ignorance prevails on the subject of the earliest, the most important, of all German rights, a right that existed before parchments—the right of granting or refusing taxes. After the author has persuaded himself that the German princes have learned to separate their interests from those of their people, he shows them how to separate their interests also from the Prussian, that is to say, as soon as the end which caused them to offer the hand to Prussia has been attained. This point is connected with the principles of material intercourse; and in the above-mentioned spirit, the dissolution of the Prussian custom-house system, calculated for political objects, is predicted."

"The last disquisition," proceeds Dr. Wurm, "treats of the development of the German Confederation, under the equal or unequal influence of Austria and Prussia." An equal influence is not conceivable. Immediately afterwards comes the startling proposition that 'sooner or later the influence of both powers may be paralyzed' (III. 124.) Austria is thrown in every way into the background: but of Prussia, it is said, that she will have in time to expect a much stronger opposition from the Diet than from the cabinet of Vienna; that this circumstance may perhaps induce the cabinet of Berlin to attempt to reduce and to break the political power of the Diet; but, fortunately, Austria will, on the like grounds, strive to uphold its influence and stability.

"Hence it is, that the writer pretends to infer that the independence of the smaller German states cannot be guaranteed, either by Prussia or Austria, and

that the guarantee of some great foreign power must be welcome to the Diet. It is, however, difficult to persuade one's-self that this conclusion is actually drawn in this manner. In each of the two great German powers lies the guarantee against the subjugation of the weaker states by the other—*therefore*, the guarantee of a third foreign power is necessary! England, we are then told, from its insular position, and as a merely naval power, is not adapted for this purpose, consequently there is no other choice but between France and Russia.

"Assuredly, as for England, she would decline the protectorate of Germany. The connection with Hanover has already given cause sufficient for discontent to the nation, and for vexation to the first, second, and third George. England's policy is purely national, or, if you please, selfish—and what policy is not? The German liberals would egregiously deceive themselves if they imagined that England would raise a finger for the preservation of their constitutions. England is no further interested in the matter than in so far as it could not be doubtful, in case of a war of principles, which party the people of the constitutional states would espouse. But even then, the policy of England consists in avoiding such a war. As to the independence of individual states of the Germanic Confederation, England is interested only in a limited degree—in regard, for instance, to the mouths of the Elbe and the Weser. Again, it is a general interest of England's that the German states should not fall under the supremacy, mediate or immediate, of any foreign power; that all Germany should be upheld, without caring much within what limits or in what number of separate states. But, in the interior, indeed in the greater part of Germany, there is no confidence, no cordiality towards England; and it will not be otherwise, friendly political relations will not take place between England and Germany, till England has purified her commercial system and made an arrangement with the German states founded on just principles of reciprocity. After long hesitation, such an arrangement on the part of England will appear, not as some heated declaimers in the states of the Union (*Vereinstauten*) imagine—as the compulsory result of necessity, but as so completely grounded in the interest of England, that in Germany the proffered hand will be still eagerly grasped, though not with warmheartedness as that of a friend.

"As a matter of course, the Germans will not solicit a French guarantee of their Confederation any more than a Russian. The anonymous writer has certainly enumerated abundance of services rendered by Russia to German independence. Were we to admit them all without any question, the necessity of a Russian protectorate would by no means follow. It would be superfluous to waste further words on the subject, were not the Germans charged with ingratitude—'the most despicable ingratitude.' This accusation demands a brief reply. The author goes back to the time of Catherine the Great and her 'guarantee of the peace of Westphalia.' Was the way in which she supported the Bavarian plan of exchange in the spirit of the peace of Westphalia? It is declared to have been an unprecedented, incomprehensible blindness in the German electors not to have thrown themselves at once, in 1790, into the arms of Russia, as one of them (the Elector of Treves) did in the following year. Do people, then, take the Germans for children, or for imbecile old men who have lost their memory, that they talk to them of such things in such a tone? Are, then, the works of those times annihilated? Are the documents and the facts swept away together? The truth is, that the peace of Westphalia was, as usual, renewed and confirmed at the peace of Teschen, in 1799. Russia guaranteed the peace of Teschen before the emperor and empire acceded to it, and without her guarantee being solicited. Upon this was founded the claim of the Russian cabinet to interfere thenceforward in the affairs of the empire. Was it any wonder if the Germans recoiled from such a foreign interference? But Russia guaranteed the Polish constitution just as well as the peace of Westphalia. Not Russia's ene-

mies—no, the Russian cabinet itself, drew the parallel in the manifesto of May, 18, 1792:—

"C'est ainsi qu'ils ont eu la perfide addressé d'interpréter l'acte par lequel la Russie garantit la constitution légitime de cette nation, comme un joug onéreux et avilissant, tandis que les plus grands empires, et entr'autres celui de l'Allemagne, loin de rejeter cette sorte de garantie, les ont envisagées, recherchées, et reçues, comme le ciment le plus solide de leurs propriétés et de leur indépendance."

We shall not follow Dr. Wurm through his further strictures on the policy of Russia, but merely quote his concluding remarks:—"A state which cannot subsist without foreign guarantee is lost. A nation that cannot preserve its independence without foreign guarantee deserves it not. The German Confederation needs no foreign guarantee, so long as the two great powers are true to the Confederation, the princes to their people, and the people to themselves. In the contrary case, no guarantee can save them."

* * To the inquiry of a Correspondent at Hull, the Reviewer of Rossellini's work makes the following reply:—The argument of Sir William Drummond, that the chymists of Egypt (from the names of which, Cham and Chemia, the names of chymistry and alchymy are derived) had the art of retaining gold in a liquified state, is inferential but fair. Moses possessed the art, as appears from Exodus, xxxii. 20, where he is described (and the original Hebrew is more express upon the subject than our translation) as fusing gold, making it potable and causing the Jews to drink of it. This modern chymistry cannot do. Now if Moses possessed the art, the fair inference is, that the Egyptian chymists possessed it too; inasmuch as Moses was an Egyptian by birth, though a Jew by faith;—and inasmuch as he was educated under the sanction of an Egyptian Pharaoh, who united the character of pontiff, presiding over all the Egyptian scientific and sacred orders of *Sophoi*, with that of king. He is moreover recorded to have been versed in "*all the wisdom of the Egyptians*;" and, finally, a profane authority, viz. Manetho, expressly says, that the Moses who led forth the 2000 leprous Jews out of Egypt was brought up as an Egyptian priest, and was, in fact, a *Hierogrammateus*, or sacred scribe, of Heliopolis. The inferential allegation is thus fairly made out.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

No. XXXIII.

FRANCÉ.

THE Royal Library at Paris consists of four departments:—1. Printed Books; 2. Manuscripts; 3. Antiques; and 4. Prints, Maps, and Plans. Of the first division, more numerous than all the others put together, there is yet no complete catalogue, though the books are tolerably well arranged according to classes; and a period of four years is required for preparing one. The printed books, which in the general catalogue are confusedly intermixed with the manuscripts, amounted, in 1791, to 153,000 volumes; their number is now nearly doubled, being 351,000. Of others there are special catalogues; and of many the titles are no where specified. These two latter classes include full 150,000 volumes, exclusive of pamphlets, about 100,000 in number, which are arranged in 7000 portfolios. The typographical rarities, editions of the 15th century, editions on vellum, and other scarce works, with manuscript notes, are at present wholly withdrawn from the public view, and deposited unarranged in a damp place. A catalogue of the editions on vellum was drawn up by Van Praet, and printed at his own expence. Of the editions of the 15th century, there exists no catalogue; neither is there any for the editions of Aldus, Etienne (Stephanus), and Elzevir. There is a tolerably good catalogue of the almost complete and highly valuable collection of Dutch plays, and also for the collection of dramas connected with the history of the Revolution. For the three following classes there is yet no catalogue: 1. The books printed in France which have been deposited here in the way of the *Dépôt Legal*, chiefly since 1816; 2. A great portion of those books which have been added to the library by donations and bequests; 3. Many confiscated books, and such as formerly belonged to monastic libraries and emigrants. It may be assumed that, under these heads, at least forty or fifty thousand works are still unspecified; a large proportion of these are theological works. Since the year 1791, neither a single work on law or divinity, nor a single novel, has been inserted in the catalogue. The deficiencies of this department of the Royal Library call more especially for the procuring of new books, the binding and completion of defective works, and the replacing of such as are totally lost. The number of stitched books amounts to 145,995 volumes; and 80,312 urgently require new binding. The expense of binding the latter is estimated at 150,000 francs, and the former, at 250,000. The incomplete works are not yet inserted in the catalogue beyond the third letter of the alphabet: taking the usual average of each letter, we may calculate the incomplete works at 4,248, consisting of about 23,000 volumes, of which we may assume at least 11,500 to be wanting. Among the works which this library has never possessed, we need only mention the translation of Strabo, to show what important chasms yet remain to be filled up under this head. In foreign literature these chasms are particularly conspicuous. When, in 1811, Napoleon, with the Empress Marie Louise, inspected the library, he was astonished at the great deficiencies which were pointed out to him, and promised to furnish it with a

fund of a million of francs to supply those deficiencies. Towards this sum 130,000 francs were actually paid: the reverses of the succeeding years rendered it impossible for the Emperor to fulfil his intentions in regard to the remainder.

The department of manuscripts consists of four sections: Greek, Latin, Oriental, and manuscripts in modern languages, especially French. The first section has a complete catalogue; that of the second is defective; and the two latter have no catalogue at all. The number of manuscripts that need binding is calculated at 10,000. Among the Indian manuscripts are two imperfect copies of the Ramayana, and but one, likewise defective, of the Mahabharat. Of the Chinese books a catalogue is preparing.

The library possesses a rich collection of the later medals, comprehending more than 10,000. This collection was completely arranged in 1833. Three thousand of them present a series of celebrated personages, arranged chronologically, according to the countries to which they belong. The 7000 others form an historical series of the states of Europe, great and small, likewise arranged chronologically. It is hoped that the classification of the French and other modern European coins will be completed in the course of next year. The loss sustained by the cabinet of antiques is still painfully remembered. Accident has, however, led to the recovery of some of the gold coins stolen in 1831. The cover of the golden goblet of Rennes, the seal of Louis XIV., the medal of Napoleon's coronation, and many other valuable articles, have also been recovered. According to a statement given in a French journal the total number of coins and medals stolen amounted to 3,889; of these 1136 have been recovered, so that 2763 are lost.

The geographical collection of the library is very far behind the other departments. It is yet in want of the most important foreign maps; though it is said that it would require no more than from 12,000 to 15,000 francs to supply the principal deficiencies under this head.

A fire which occurred at Paris on the 12th of December, in the workshops of Perrotet and Monnot, bookbinders, in the Rue du Pot de Fer, has made great destruction of literary property belonging to various booksellers, who had ware-rooms in the same building. Of the "Archives curieuses de l'Histoire de France, par Cimber et Danjou," alone, 7,400 volumes were burned, together with the whole impression of the 7th volume, which was to have been published in a few days, by Beauvais, senior; who has also lost Galisset's collection of the Laws for the years 1832 and 1833, and two historical works on the 16th century, by Victor Boreau. The loss sustained by the house of Paulin is not less considerable; it includes 500 copies of the "Histoire Parlementaire de la Revolution Française," by Buchez and Roux, in 21 volumes, including the whole edition of the 22d, which would speedily have been published; besides the whole edition of the first three volumes of Toreno's "Histoire de la Guerre d'Espagne;" the translation of Ritter's Geography; "Histoire des Sciences Mathématiques," by Libri, &c. Ladvocat lost 600 copies of the translation of General Colletta's "History of Naples," and 1500 copies of one volume of Memoirs of the Prince of the Peace; Mame, the "Histoire du 16me Siècle, par le Bibliophile Jacob," and a new edition of the Memoirs of the Duchess of Abrantes, in 12 volumes; Aimé André, Malte Brun's Geography; Ambroise Dupont, the whole impression of Edgar Quinet's heroic poem, "Napoleon," which was to have appeared on the following Monday, and of which report spoke most favourably; the third volume of the Memoirs of Fleury the actor, and 6000 volumes of novels. Dumont also lost 15,000 volumes of novels, besides "Scènes de la Vie Castillane," by the Duchess of Abrantes, which was to have been published the day following; the house of Gosselin,

Furne, and Perrotin, 50,000 volumes of translations from Walter Scott and Cooper. Many other houses, and among them Bossange and Co., who had a stereotype foundry in the same premises, have been considerable sufferers. The first volume of a new work of fiction, by Jules Janin, "*Les Chemins de Traverse*," which had been eagerly expected, Tocqueville and Beaumont's works on America, the *Pandects*, by Isambert, and several whole years of some periodicals, are also included in the destructive effects of this accident. The loss in books alone is estimated at the sum of three millions of francs, or 125,000*l*.

The minister of public instruction has presented to the king the first volumes of the great collection of unpublished documents for the History of France, for which the Chambers voted a sum of money in the budgets of 1835 and 1836. The works completed are:—1. "*Negociations relatives à la Succession d'Espagne sous Louis XIV.*," 2 vols. par Mignet; 2. "*Memoires relatifs au même sujet*," par Devault, revus par Pelet; 3. "*Journal des Etats généraux de France, tenus à Tours, 1484*," par Masselin, publ. par Bernier.

A work attributed to the late Emperor Napoleon has just appeared, with the title of "*Précis de Guerres de César*." It professes to have been dictated by the Emperor, at St. Helena, to M. Marchand, and several unpublished fragments by Napoleon are attached to it.

From a letter we have just received from Paris, we learn that the old Breton poems, stated in our last to have been discovered by M. de la Villemérqué, are the poems of Gwinglyaf, and that the manuscript is the same which was described in the preface to the Breton Dictionary of D. Lepelletier, concerning the antiquity and genuineness of whose contents much doubt has been expressed by different antiquaries and philologists. Our correspondent, who is acquainted with M. de la Villemérqué, informs us that the manuscript is again lost—"que ce manuscrit a été aussitôt reperdu que retrouvé."

We have received the first part of the catalogue of the books of the late Mr. Heber, which are for sale at Paris, and which were to be sold by M. Silvestre on the successive days from the 15th of March to the 16th of April. The chief curiosities which it contains are a few early-printed French books. At the late sale in London, Mr. Heber's manuscripts fetched very high prices. The early French and Norman manuscripts were chiefly bought by Sir Thomas Phillips. A few manuscripts were carried away into France, among which were *The Lamentations of the Abbot Gillon le Musit*, a curious and unique early French poem; a vellum manuscript of the Alexandroid of Philip Gualter; the magnificent and extraordinary *Cancionera* of Juan Alfonso de Baena; the *Roman de Palamon et Arcite*, which is supposed to have been the original of Chaucer's tale. The manuscript of the Flemish *Reynaert de Vos* will return to its own country; it was bought by the Belgian ambassador, M. Van de Weyer, for 131*l*. 5*s*. The *Roman de Mont-Saint-Michel*, a manuscript which has been long sought by the French antiquarians, and which was bought by the British Museum, will shortly be published at Paris, under the editorial care of Messrs. Thomas Wright and Francisque Michel.

The *Société de l'Histoire de France* has published its first volume, an extremely handsome octavo, containing an early history of the Expeditions of the Normans in Italy and Sicily, written originally in Latin by Amatus, a monk of Monte Cassino, who lived contemporary with the events he relates, and the Chronicle of the deeds of Robert Viscart, which the editor, M. Cham-

pollion-Figeac, attributes to the same writer. They only now exist in an early and, for the language, from its locality, very curious French version, contained in the unique manuscript of the thirteenth century, in the *Bibliothèque Royale*, from which he has printed them. They are there embodied in a large general chronicle from the beginning of the world. They are admirably edited by M. Champollion-Figeac, with learned and profound prolegomena, and the volume is altogether a credit to its editor and to the society which has published it. Their next volume is announced to be an edition of the History of Gregory of Tours, a translation of which will also be published separately.

Techener, of Paris, has reprinted the edition of the early romance of *Berte aux grands pieds*, by M. Paulin, Paris, which is an elegant companion to the *Garin le Loherrain*, by the same editor. We are informed that the French government, which has lately been very emulous of patronizing literature, has had some communications with M. Francisque Michel, on the subject of a complete collection of the romances of the Carolingian cycle, to be edited by him. This would, indeed, be a grand undertaking.

The third and fourth volumes of the philosophical *History of France*, by Michelet, will appear during the summer. We learn that the fifth and sixth volumes, which will complete the work, are in a state of forwardness.

At Saint-Omer there has lately arisen a serious dispute on the subject of the siege of Calais in the reign of Edward III. of England, and the history of Eustace de Saint-Pierre. We believe it has even been a subject of bitter contention in the newspapers. The *Société des Antiquaires de la Morinie* offered a gold medal for the best dissertation on the subject, and two were presented, each taking a different view of the question. At the sitting of the fourth of December, 1835, the secretary read an "opinion," in which he advocated that party which viewed the circumstance of Eustace's devotion as an established fact, and naturally recommended the dissertation which favoured that opinion; but the Society, by a majority of 14 to 11, gave the medal to the other candidate, with a reserve that "the talent of its author only was crowned, and that no opinion on the question should be attributed to the Society."

Anquetil's "*Histoire de France*," continued from the Revolution of 1789 to that of 1833, by M. Leonard Gallois, is publishing in parts; a part of the History and a part of the Continuation being delivered alternately. The whole will consist of from 55 to 60 parts, forming 16 volumes 8vo.; 9 containing Anquetil's work, and 7 the continuation.

The first part of Charles Lenormant's great work, "*Musée des Antiquités Egyptiennes*," is published. It is to be completed in twelve parts.

Messrs. Didot, of Paris, will soon commence the publication of Jacquemont's "*Voyage de l'Inde*," in 4 folio volumes, containing 300 plates, under the superintendence of the minister Guizot.

Champollion's "*Monumens de l'Egypte et de la Nubie*," the first two livraisons of which are reviewed in our present number, will extend to 4 vols. folio, with 400 plates, some of which will be coloured. The price will be about 600 francs.

Of the "*Voyage pittoresque et historique du Bresil, depuis 1816 jusqu'en 1831*," by M. Debret, professor of painting in the Academy of Rio de Janeiro, the first volume is finished, and the second in progress. It will form, when complete, 3 folio volumes. Each livraison contains 6 plates, with descriptive text.

M. Thibaudeau's great work, "*Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*," is now completed, in ten octavo volumes. We purpose to take due notice of it in an early number of this Review.

M. Monin, professor of history at the College of Lyons, has found among the manuscripts in the Royal Library at Paris, the Chronicles of Jean Lebel, a manuscript which has long been supposed to be lost, and intends to publish a pamphlet on the subject of this discovery.

"*Scènes de la Vie Hollandaise et Belge*," by Alphonse Boyer and Roger de Beauvoir, are in the press, in two vols. 12mo.

It is well known that Chateaubriand is at present engaged in a translation of Milton's *Paradise Lost*. In January last, one of the numbers of the "*Revue de deux Mondes*," contained a fragment of the Introduction, in which the author expresses his opinions of Shakspeare and his contemporaries, and furnishes evidence of his ability as a critic.

M. de Chateaubriand has at length consented to publish his *Memoirs* during his life. They are to occupy sixteen vols. 8vo., and to appear in *livraisons* of two or three vols. at a time. In their publication chronological order will not be observed. Thus the ministry of 1822 and the war in Spain will appear first. The author is to receive for the copyright 150,000 francs; 12,000 francs per annum till the work is completed; and an annuity of £5,000 francs for his own life and that of his wife, from the year 1839.

Lucien Buonaparte, Prince of Canino, has in the press the first two volumes of his *Memoirs*, which will be completed in six vols. 8vo. If he chooses to speak out, the prince certainly has it in his power to furnish many interesting particulars not yet known, especially concerning the celebrated 18th Brumaire.

Scribe, the dramatic writer, has been elected a member of the French Academy, in the place of the deceased M. Arnault.

The first volume of the "*Histoire de la Reformation du seizième siècle*," by Merle d'Aubigné, just published by F. Didot, is a work advantageously distinguished from many others of its kind, by clear arrangement, and an endeavour to penetrate into the true spirit of that age.

A new weekly paper, on the plan of the *English Court Journal*, is about to appear at Paris under the title of "*La Renaissance*." It will be published in a very sumptuous style, and is produced under the patronage of the government, who have contributed pecuniary aid towards its appearance.

A curious work for the history of Middle Age literature has been just published at Paris, an edition of the *Ancient Catalogue of the Manuscript Library of the Louvre*, made in 1373, with historical and critical notes. What is very singular, it contains no less than two copies of the extraordinary

roman of *Eustace the Monk*, both different from the now unique copy from which M. Francisque Michel has published his edition. This shows that that poem must have been once very popular.

The valuable library of the late M. Reina, of Milan is advertised for sale at Paris, from 27 April to 17 May, 1836, by M. Silvestre. We have just received a copy of the catalogue, which contains most valuable early Italian books, with early editions of the Greek and Latin Classics, particularly Aldines, and a few manuscripts. There are also many valuable Spanish and French works. The catalogue contains 1900 articles.

M. de Balzac is preparing "*Iles Vendéens, tableau des Guerres civiles au 19e siècle*," in 2 vols. 180.

M. Cauchois Lemaire is making preparations for the publication of a new periodical work, entitled "*Le Progrès*."

Two new English newspapers have just been established in Paris, the "*London and Paris Courier*," and the "*Paris Herald*." The latter contains some columns in French, and is much approved for its commercial intelligence.

The attention of the Foreign Translation Committee of the Society for Propagating the Gospel has lately been directed to the state of the French versions of the Scriptures, and the importance of procuring or adopting a standard version in that language. From a communication made by the Bishop of Winchester to the Committee, it appears that no fewer than four different versions are indiscriminately used in the Channel Islands, and that there are altogether at least six distinct versions in use among the French Protestants, a circumstance which occasions much confusion in their churches, schools, and families. His lordship recommends, as a remedy for this inconvenience, that the Committee should publish a new or thoroughly revised edition of the Holy Scriptures in French, taking for the basis the Paris edition of Martin's translation, which approaches nearest to the English version. This recommendation has been adopted, and the Committee are taking measures to carry it into effect. With regard to the Liturgy, the Bishop is of opinion that the French version now in use in the churches of the Channel Island may be safely adopted by the Society, subject to certain corrections; the portions of Scripture hereafter to be taken from the proposed new version of the Society.

GERMANY.

The tendency of the works of the writers assuming the distinctive appellation of "*Das junge Deutschland*," or "*Die junge Litteratur*," has been denounced by a resolution of the Germanic Diet, as directed "undisguisedly to attack the Christian religion, to degrade all existing social relations, and to overthrow morality and decency." On these grounds the confederated governments engage to use all the means in their power for the suppression of all works proceeding from this school; "to which belong more particularly Heinrich Heine, Karl Gutzkow, Heinrich Laube, Ludolph Wienburg, and Theodor Mundt," and for the prosecution of the authors, publishers, printers, and circulators of such works. In consequence of this measure, Gutzkow

himself has been brought before the tribunal at Mannheim, charged with an attack on the established religion of the grand-duchy of Baden, and sentenced to an imprisonment of ten weeks, reckoning from the day of his apprehension, and payment of one-third of the costs. The works of the writers named above are of course now prohibited in all the States composing the Germanic confederation. Besides these, the two following works have been declared confiscated in Saxony:—"Die Revolution, ein historisch-romantisches Sittengemälde der neuen Zeit," by August Schäfer, 2 vols; and "Das Manifest der Vernunft," by Fr. Clemens; and the Bavarian government has prohibited "Fieschi," by Ernst Ortlepp; and the work of Clemens just mentioned.

Ludwig Bechstein, whose fondness for the ancient traditions of Germany has been shown in other publications, is engaged in collecting the Traditions of Thuringia—"Die Sagenschatz und die Sagenkreise des Thüringer Landes," the first volume of which is published.

Brockhaus of Leipsic has commenced, with 1836, a weekly publication, with the title of "*Allgemeine Bibliographie für Deutschland*," which will furnish as complete a view as can be given of the books published in Germany, with notices of such as are in preparation, and miscellaneous intelligence, literary and bibliographic.

The second volume of G. G. Gervinus' "*Geschichte der poetischen National Litteratur der Deutschen*," which embraces the period between the end of the 13th century and the Reformation, has appeared. The third and concluding volume will be published in the course of the present year.

Dr. Herman Ulrici of Berlin has published the first volume of his History of Grecian Poetry, "*Geschichte der Hellenischen Dichtkunst*," in the form of Lectures.

F. H. von der Hagen has commenced a collection of Eastern Tales, translated from the Persian, Turkish, and Arabic, by various hands, under the title of "*Tausend und Ein Tag*." The first volume is published.

Weber, of Bonn, has in the press, "*Grammatik der romanischen Sprachen*," by Fr. Diez, a work which promises to furnish as complete a view of all the languages derived from the Latin, that is to say, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, French, Provençal, and Wallachian, as Grimm's well-known work has given of the languages of German origin.

M. Spazier, who has for a year past conducted the *Revue du Nord* at Paris, is engaged upon a work exhibiting a picture of the present state of literature in France, with the title of "*Lebens und Litteraturbilder aus Frankreich*."

Professor Fallmerayer has published an investigation of the Origin of the modern Greeks, read before the Bavarian Academy of Sciences. In this work he enters more deeply into the question concerning the influence exercised by the occupation of Greece by the Slavonians, upon the fate of the city of Athens and the country of Attica, than he had previously done in the first volume of his "*History of the Morea during the Middle Ages*."

A third volume of Prince Puckler-Muskau's *Travels*, published with the title of "*Vorletzter Weltgang, von Semilasso*," has just appeared. It contains a narrative of his travels through the Pyrenees and the South of France, till his embarkation for Africa. Another volume, by the same author, which he calls "*Jugendwanderungen*," was published at the same time with the above-mentioned work. It consists of reminiscences, extracts from diaries, and travelling observations made in earlier life.

Hammerich of Altona is publishing a "*Staats-Lexicon*," or Encyclopædia of all the Political Sciences, edited by C. von Rotteck and C. von Welcker. It numbers among its contributors many highly respectable names in German literature. Seven parts have appeared.

Frederick Fleischer of Leipzig, encouraged by the success which his reprint of Bulwer's works met with, has announced a very cheap and handsome edition (in English) of Captain Marryatt's works; and Vieweg of Brunswick had, shortly before his death, commenced a German translation of them.

Luden's "*Geschichte des Deutschen Volkes*" has proceeded to the tenth volume, which is just published, and contains the history of Germany under Lothair the Saxon, and the first Hohenstauffens, Conrad III. and Frederick I.

Ferdinand Wolf of Vienna, in conjunction with Stephen Endlicher, has reprinted a very curious early German metrical history of Friar Rush, that singular personage of middle age superstition, which they have dedicated to the brothers Grimm, and to our countryman Mr. W. J. Thoms, the accomplished editor of the "*Early English Prose Romances*" and of the "*Lays and Legends*" of all nations. We believe that Mr. Thoms first pointed out the existence of an early German poem on this subject, a copy of which he accidentally met with in England. Several copies of other editions were afterwards found in Germany. Only fifty copies of this curious book have been printed. It is accompanied by a learned introduction.

A very interesting and well-conducted periodical, or rather as we once heard a somewhat similar undertaking styled at Cambridge, occasional publication, was commenced last year at Leipzig, under the title of "*Aldeutsche Blätter*," devoted to the early literature and language of Germany, and edited by Maurice Haupt and Henry Hoffman. Three parts are to be published every year. We have yet seen only two; the third was advertised for publication towards the end of 1835.

The subscription opened for the erection of a monument at Mentz, in commemoration of Gensfleisch, or Gutenberg, the inventor of printing, amounts to about 15,500 florins; the total expense is estimated at 17,000 or 18,000, and the city of Mentz has engaged to supply the deficiency in case further contributions should not be received. The model was furnished by Thorwaldsen; and it will be cast in bronze by Crozatier of Paris, who undertook the work upon condition that he should only be repaid his own expenses. It is expected that it will be erected in the month of August or September next, and opened with musical entertainments and other festivities.

The well-known bookseller and printer, Karl Chr. Traug. Taschnitz, of Leipzig, died suddenly of apoplexy, in the night of the 13th of January. He was born in 1761, at Grossparthau, near Grimma, and was bred a printer. At the age of thirty-five he commenced business on his own account with a single

press; his establishment soon became very extensive; in 1800 he united with it a letter-foundry and the bookselling business. Sixteen years afterwards, he established a stereotype foundry on Lord Stanhope's principles, and thus introduced into Germany an art that was then scarcely known there by name. This undertaking had an important influence upon the other branches of his trade, and especially upon the collection of classic authors begun by him in 1808, and his editions of the Bible. He was most indefatigable in improving and perfecting whatever he took in hand, for which object he spared no cost—as all the works which he produced and his specimens of types sufficiently attest. Such a collection as his new oriental types for instance exhibit, can scarcely be matched in Germany. It was he too who first attempted to stereotype music. With this indefatigable and enterprising spirit in trade he combined that of active and extensive beneficence.

NORWAY.

Christiania, in Norway, numbers at present six booksellers and eleven printing-offices, which are almost exclusively employed upon school-books, periodicals, and pamphlets. Two Penny Magazines, which are published weekly, and chiefly consist of translations from similar German works, have a more extensive circulation than any other periodicals, the number of which has not increased during the last three years. The "*Norwegian Morgenblatt*" continues to be the favourite newspaper; but it has been lately prohibited in the Danish dominions, though no decrease has been perceived in its sale, on account of an article on the Danish provincial states, which involved the proprietors in a suit instituted by the Danish ambassador at Stockholm, that ended, however, in their complete acquittal. The "*Collections for the History of the People and Language of Norway*," a work which appears in quarterly numbers, and has powerfully tended to promote archæological studies, is carried on with zeal and activity. Justitiary Berg, Captain Munthe, and Professor Lunth, are the principal contributors to this learned publication. It is a remarkable circumstance that at the end of 1834 the first Bible printed in Norway was produced, with considerable typographical elegance, by Grøndahl, of Christiania.

RUSSIA.

In the imperial public library of Petersburg there are more than 6000 manuscript and hitherto unpublished documents for the history of France. Among these there are 355 papers and original letters of kings, queens and princes, from St. Louis to Louis XIV. in three volumes; a collection of letters and original papers by Henry II. and Francis II., and 144 by celebrated persons between the years 1477 and 1497, principally addressed to Louis XI. and Charles VIII.; 205, mostly autograph, letters from Catherine de Medici, 62 of which are to her son Charles IX., 42 to Henry III., 59 to Marshal Villeroy; letters and despatches from Catherine de Medici, as regent of France, to Count de Cizy, her ambassador at Constance; 137 letters, sketches and instructions by the hand of Charles IX., in two volumes; 46 letters from the dauphin Francis, 1566—1586; 80 letters and other papers by Marshal de Monluc, 1563—1670; 200 original state papers of the years 1561—1688; 353 autograph letters of Henry III., 64 to the queen, his mother, and his brother,

Charles IX., 87 from Francis, duke of Alençon, the last prince of the house of Valois; 48 original letters of the Montmorencies, three of which are from the constable and 14 from the marshal; 250 autograph letters of the kings and princes of Navarre and Bourbon, 32 of which are by Margaret, consort of Henry IV.; more than 600 manuscript and mostly original papers and letters by Henry IV., together with upwards of 300 original despatches to his ambassadors in Rome, London and Venice; upwards of 300 original letters and papers by Louis XIII., together with the despatches of his ambassadors and statesmen, especially Colbert, Richelieu, Mazarin, &c.; more than 2000 state-papers, reports, and letters from ambassadors, ministers and the most eminent contemporary literati and artists, addressed to the Chancellor Seguier; and, lastly, papers by various literary men, which were deposited in the archives of the Bastille, among which are several from the hand of J. J. Rousseau, and 86 autograph letters, poems, &c. by Voltaire. Besides the above, this valuable collection contains other important materials for French history alone too numerous to be specified in the limits of our brief notice. Add to these a very great number of original letters and state-papers by sovereigns and ministers of Portugal, Spain, England, and Scotland, (among them seven by Mary Stuart,) Savoy, Italy, (from Rome alone 93 original bulls and briefs since the 11th century,) Switzerland, Holland, Sweden, Denmark, Poland and Turkey, and it must be allowed that Petersburg possesses a store of historical documents hitherto untouched, nay almost unknown, that can scarcely be matched in any other country.

The privy councillor von Köhler has lately had printed at the press of the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg, a splendid work in 4to. intitled "Illustrations of a Memoir addressed by P. P. Rubens to N. C. Fabri de Peiresc." This memoir is dated Antwerp, August 3, 1623. Peiresc had sent some gems to Rubens, who took a lively interest in every thing that related to ancient art; upon which the painter replied that he could not explain to his satisfaction the engraving upon one of them. The gem itself disappeared in the course of time, and nothing was left of it but the drawing which Rubens made and inclosed in his letter. The original of the latter is now in the royal collection of engravings at Paris, and bound up with the drawing at the beginning of the first volume of the "*Œuvres de Rubens*." M. von Köhler has been induced by the figure of the bell or vase-shaped symbol on the gem in question, to have representations of a series of gems and amulets, on which similar symbols occur, and the origin of which is ascribed to the Gnostics and Basilidians, drawn and engraved. Only two of them had been previously engraved and very few described. Almost all these stones are hæmatites, and nearly all have upon the reverse the same mythical inscription. In M. von Köhler's opinion the bell-shaped vessel which is found upon the gems sometimes by itself, at others surrounded by figures of Egyptian deities, is a representation of one of the buckets (*περὶ*) belonging to the Egyptian wheels for raising water to irrigate the land; and these gems appear to have been amulets for averting dangerous diseases, &c. to which the never-failing adjuration on the reverse bears reference. The author considers the stone which puzzled Rubens as spurious, and as a deception of Chaduc's, who is mentioned by him in his letter.

A Russian translation of Ancillon's "*Tableau des Révolutions du Système Politique de l'Europe*," is in preparation.

SPAIN.

The Royal Library at Madrid now contains about 150,000 volumes, and, through the activity and judicious management of the new librarian Patino, who was appointed to that office in August last, it has been rendered much more accessible to the public by better regulations, a complete catalogue, &c. New books are also procured from abroad, after a suspension of all intercourse with foreign countries for above thirty years. At the suggestion of M. Patino, the archives of Don L. Salazar de Castro, formerly kept in the dissolved convent of Montserrat in Madrid, have been deposited in one of the rooms containing the MSS. of the royal library. The beautiful collection of coins which, though it does not comprehend 146,000 pieces, as Gonzalez, the librarian, assured the late King Ferdinand VII. in an address to that monarch, is yet one of the most copious and complete in Europe, but had latterly been suffered to get into extreme confusion, has during the last half-year been newly arranged by de Quevedo. It consists of 90,227 coins; 2672 of which are of gold, 30,672 of silver, 51,186 of copper, 366 of lead, 50 of wood; 835 casts in wax, and 4386 in plaster.

ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

Mrs. Davids has completed a French translation of the excellent Turkish Grammar by her lamented and highly-gifted son, Arthur Lumley Davids. When we consider the wide diffusion of the French language, and the utility of the Turkish to the diplomatist, the merchant, and the scholar, we cannot refrain from expressing our satisfaction that Mrs. Davids has been induced to translate the work. The King of the French has been pleased to follow in the steps of the present enlightened Sultan of the Osmanlis, in graciously permitting the French edition to be dedicated to him. We have no doubt that the admirable preliminary Discourse will awaken considerable interest among the Orientalists of the continent.

Pabst, of Darmstadt, has published in 8vo. "*Die Chinesische Sprache in ihren Rechten als Sprache*," or, the Chinese Language in its general Formation compared with that of some other Languages of different Nations, by E. Rautenberg.

A volume by Julius Füst has just appeared at Leipzig with the title of "*Perlenschnüre aramäischer Gnomen und Lieder*," or Aramæic Chrestomathy, with explanations and a glossary; which forms at once a useful exercise book for the scholar, an interesting work for the lovers of oriental poetry, and an important assistant to the promoters of Sanscrit-Semitic studies.

Mr. F. Nies, type-founder and printer of Leipzig, in order to remedy the inconvenience felt by all persons engaged in works in which hieroglyphics occur, and which has hitherto compelled them to resort to the assistance of the engraver or wood-cutter, has had a series cut from the best models on steel and cast them as types, with the greatest success. They will be employed in a work which he is at present printing.

The last Report of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, for the year 1835, contains an interesting Report of the Foreign Translation Com-

mittee. One of the first objects of this Committee, on its appointment, was the state of the Oriental versions of the Scriptures, especially in those languages which are spoken in the British dominions in India. Its inquiries were assisted by H. H. Wilson, Esq. professor of Sanscrit in the University of Oxford, who enumerates thirty-seven versions of the whole, or of portions, of the Bible, which have been accomplished, and fifteen which are in progress. At the head of the Bengal versions the Professor places the Sanscrit. When the present version was undertaken, the language had been but little studied, and no standard compositions in it had been printed. The translation is therefore necessarily defective in point of style, and, though generally faithful, it is such as no native scholar could read with pleasure. He therefore considers it very desirable that a new Sanscrit version should be undertaken, not only on account of the extensive circulation which might be expected, in consequence of its being intelligible to Sanscrit scholars from one end of India to the other, but because it might be made a common standard to all the vernacular dialects of the country for abstract and doctrinal terms. He observes that most, if not all, the current forms of speech in India are dependent upon Sanscrit for words to express metaphysical ideas; and that, if they had a fixed source from which to derive them equally available to all, a uniform phraseology would be established in India, as it has been in Europe. The Committee have authorised the Bishop of Calcutta and the Principal of Bishop's College to take such measures as they may deem proper for effecting a new version of the Holy Scriptures into Sanscrit, upon the principles recommended by Professor Wilson. The other Indian versions which have been recommended by the Professor, and to which the Committee have directed their attention, are Bengali, Uriya, Hinduwi, and Hindustani, for Upper India; Mahratta and Guzeratti, for the West; and Tamul and Telugu, with Kanara and Malayalam, for the South. Some of the versions are expected to require but little improvement to make them suitable for the purposes of the Society. The Committee have also empowered the Bishop and the Principal of Bishop's College to proceed with such Oriental versions of the Liturgy as they may deem requisite upon the principles laid down in Professor Wilson's Report.

A new Arabic version of the Liturgy made at Malta by a learned native of Bagdad, under the inspection of the Rev. C. F. Schlienz, is in a state of forwardness; but its completion is delayed owing to the absence of the native translator, who has been engaged to accompany Colonel Chesney's expedition to the Euphrates.

A modern Greek version of the Liturgy is also in preparation. It will be executed by Professor Bambas and Mr. Nicolaides, under the superintendence of the Rev. H. D. Leeves, whose knowledge of the language and biblical learning peculiarly qualify him for such a duty.

LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL NEW WORKS

PUBLISHED ON THE CONTINENT,

FROM JANUARY TO MARCH, 1836, INCLUSIVE.

THEOLOGY AND ECCLESIASTICAL LITERATURE.

- 1 Bibliotheca liturgica studio Pauli Carli. Vol. II. Fasc. I. 8vo.
- 2 Filatete, Istituzioni di Teologia canonico-morale. Vol. I. 12mo.
- 3 Marchetti, G., Critica della Storia ecclesiastica e de' Discorsi dell' Abate Claudio Fleury. 8vo.
- 4 Summa Summae S. Thomae, sive Compendium theologiae r. patris Caroli Bennati Billiard. ord. fratrum praedicat. etc. 4 Vols. Fol.
- 5 Knobel, A., Commentar über das Buch Koheleth. 8vo. 10s.
- 6 Arndt, F., Der Man nach dem Herzen Gottes. Neunzehn Predigten über Davids Leben. 8vo. 5s.
- 7 Klee, Dr. H., Katholische Dogmatik. 1ster Bd. 8vo. 8s.
- 8 Arnheim, H., Das Buch Job, übersetzt und vollständig commentirt. 8vo. 8s.
- 9 Auerbach, B., Das Judenthum und die neueste Literatur. 8vo. 3s.
- 10 Mühlenhoff, J. A., Predigten. 8vo. 5s.
- 11 Bleek, Dr. F., Der Brief an die Hebräer. 2te Abtheilung. 8vo. 12s.
- 12 Creanes, Dr. K., Einleitung in das neue Testament. 1ster Thl. 8vo. 12s.
- 13 Tholuck, Dr. A., Kommentar zum Briefe an die Hebräer. 8vo. 9s.
- 14 La Clé, Dr., De Jesu Christi instituendi methodo hominum ingenia excolente. 8vo. 10s.
- 15 Collectio selecta S. S. eccles. patr. compl. exquisitis. opera tum apol. et orator. accurant.

LAW AND JURISPRUDENCE.

- 16 Naville, F. M. L., De la Charité légale, de ses effets, de ses causes, et spécialement des maisons de travail et de la proscription de la Mendicité. 2 Vols. 8vo. 15s.
- 17 Sainte-Chapelle, Elémens de Legislation et d'Administration pour la paix et la guerre. 1re Livr. 8vo. 3s.
- 18 Kitka, J., Die Beweislehre im österreichischen Civil-Processe. 8vo. 5s.

MORAL PHILOSOPHY, METAPHYSICS, EDUCATION, AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

- 19 Peyronny, Considerations politiques sur la Colonie d'Alger. 8vo. 4s.
- 20 Blanchard, L'Ecole des Moeurs. 2 Vols. 8vo. 5s.
- 21 Saporita, L. de, Esprit politique et social du 19me Siècle. 1re Partie. 8vo.
- 22 Robiano, Abbé Comte de, Philosophie théorique et pratique de la Littérature. 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- 23 Giorgini, G., Elementi di Statica. 8vo.
- 23* Genovesi, A., Logica e Metafisica. 8vo.
- 24 Schmidt, Dr. E., Ueber Begriff und Möglichkeit der Philosophie. 8vo. 9s.
- 24* Bülow, Fr., Der Staat und die Gemeinde und ihre Behörde. 8vo. 12s.

MATHEMATICS, PHYSICS, AND CHEMISTRY.

- 25 Robin, E., *Chimie medicale raisonnée, d'après une nouvelle méthode.* 8vo. 8s.
- 26 Person, C. C., *Elémens de Physique, à l'usage des élèves de Philosophie.* 1re Partie. 8vo. 4s.
- 27 Gouré, E., *Elémens de Geometrie et de Trigonometrie.* 8vo. 7s.
- 28 Wolf, F., *Die beschreibende Geometrie und ihre Anwendungen.* 1ster Thl. 8vo. 16s.
- 29 Littrow, J. J., *Anleitung zur höheren Mathematik.* Mit 4 Kupfertaf. 8vo. 10s.
- 30 Gruithuisen, F. P., *Neue Analekten, für Erd- und Himmels-Kunde.* 2ten Bdes 2tes Heft. 8vo. 3s.
- 31 Buchner, J. A., *Lehrbuch der analytischen Chemie und Stöchiometrie.* Mit 1 Kupf. 14s.

NATURAL SCIENCES.

- 32 Savi, Paolo, *Studii geologici sulla Toscana.* 8vo.
- 33 Römer, M., *Handbuch der allgem. Botanik.* 1ste Abthl. 1stes Heft. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- 34 Linnæi, C., *Systema, Genera, et Species Plantar.* Uno Volumine. Ed. H. E. Richter. Fasc. I. et II. 8vo. 10s.
- 35 Froriep, Dr. L. F., *Notizen aus dem Gebiete der Natur- und Heilkunde.* 47ster Bd. 4to. 10s.
- 36 Petermann, Dr. W., *Handbuch der Gewächskunde zum Gebrauche bei Vorlesungen.* 8vo. 18s.
- 37 Link, Dr. H. F., *Propylæen der Naturkunde.* 1ster Thl. 8vo. 5s.
- 38 Breithaupt, A., *Handbuch der Mineralogie.* 1ster Bd. 8vo. 12s.

MEDICAL SCIENCES.

- 39 Soubeiran, E., *Nouveau Traité de Pharmacie théorique et pratique.* Tome I. 8vo. 8s.
- 40 Devergie, A., *Medicine légale, théorique et pratique, etc.* Tome II. 1re Partie. 8vo.
- 41 Teallier, P. J. S., *Du Cancer de la Matrice.* 8vo. 5s.
- 42 Ollivier, A. F., *Memoire sur les Maladies inflammatoires, etc.* 8vo. 2s.
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THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—1. *Vorletzter Weltgang von Semilasso—Traum und Wachen. Aus den Papieren des Verstorbenen.* 3 Bände. Stuttgart, 1835. (Travels in Germany and France. By Prince Pückler-Muskau.)

2. *Conversations-Lexicon der neuesten Zeit und Literatur*, 1833. Voce "Pückler-Muskau."

WHEN Prince Pückler-Muskau published his celebrated Tour, which, as our readers will recollect, was most severely and mercilessly attacked by two of our most respectable and influential journals, we thought it our duty to stand forward as the champions of the much-reviled tourist, and to expose the narrowness of those English prejudices which had smarted sore under the sweeping and uncompromising criticisms of a free-spoken foreigner. But our estimate of the German Prince and his Tour was by no means so high, or expressed in such unqualified terms of admiration, as that which appears to have been formed by many cotemporary British and continental critics.* We have, since that period, imposed it on ourselves as a duty to keep a close watch over the literary proceedings of the German Prince, and we have now, especially since the perusal of his latest work,—the mystic title of which stands at the head of this article,—come to the conclusion that Prince Pückler-Muskau, so far from being a writer of whom Germany has reason to be proud, (as the author of the article in the *Conversations-Lexicon* seems to imagine,) is a vain coxcomb, and a frivolous and superficial scribbler of silly sentimentalities, shallow witticisms, and gabbling gossip. This judgment may appear severe; but we hope, before concluding our present observations, to satisfy our readers, that, notwithstanding the undoubted merits of the Tour in England and Wales, such are and ought to be the terms in which the impartial critic feels himself called upon, to characterize the author of

* See our ninth volume, p. 290.

"Tutti Frutti," and the "Penultimate World-walk of Semilasso." The fact of the matter is, that the "*Briefe eines Verstorbenen*" owed their celebrity in a great measure, though certainly not altogether, to extrinsic and accidental circumstances. In the first place, this work contained the tour of a *prince*; in the second place, it was the tour of a *German prince*; in the third place, it was not merely a tour, but a tour made the medium of throwing recklessly about certain theological opinions and speculations, whose novelty, in this country at least, was sufficient of itself to "excite a sensation;" in the fourth place, it was pregnant with gossip of persons in high places, and profusely studded over with those personal charades,—in the shape of Lord B——s and Lady C——s,—which never fail to stimulate the curiosity of even the most dull and apathetic reader; in the fifth place, it was patronized by Göthe; and, in the sixth place, it was, as before-mentioned, most recklessly and unjustly battered down by certain redoubted Aristarchs of periodical literature in this country, whose extravagant censure was with many a sufficient reason, *per se*, for no less extravagant eulogium. Four years have now passed away since Mrs. Austin's translation of the "*Briefe*" was given to the British public; and during that period the Silesian nobleman—ambitious, it would seem, of literary, as he has already earned military honours—has delivered himself of five supplementary volumes, which, along with the previous four of the Tour, form a sufficiently well-furnished record from which to pronounce sentence on the intellectual and moral character of their author. We have made a patient survey of all the papers that compose this bulky record, and are grieved to express our opinion, that whatever merit of no vulgar kind they exhibit is more than neutralized by the superabundant infusion of vanity, frivolity, and affectation with which they are replete. The Prince, indeed, is a strange compound of an English coxcomb and a German *Bursch*. The qualities of mind which we have just enumerated seem borrowed from the former; add to these the girlish sentimentality, the dreamy imaginings, the wayward whimsicality, and the break-neck recklessness, of the latter, and you are in possession of all the ingredients out of which a Pückler-Muskau may be composed. We do not say that the author of the different works above enumerated is not possessed of qualities of mind, which might, under proper regulation, prove of great service either to the state of which he is a subject, or to the general republic of letters. He does not want imagination; he does not want feeling; but the one is under no control of a strong understanding, and the other is affected in its style and feminine in its tone. He is possessed of considerable general information; but that information is by no

means of a sound and solid description, and is composed, in a great measure, of such rags, (some of them purple rags to be sure, plucked from the robes of brother princes,) as a man of common abilities, who has employed a great part of his life in wandering idly from country to country, could scarcely fail to have collected. He is neither a man of science, nor a connoisseur in the arts; he can make, and frequently does make, such pertinent remarks on pictures and buildings as a man of common feeling and ideality, who has seen many cities and lounged through many picture-galleries, might be expected to make; pretensions of a higher order he has none. He does not want enterprise, and a certain rash boldness; but these qualities with him do not go beyond the state in which they are developed in the mind of a Jena student, big with the swelling desire of "renowning." To scale "*la Brèche de Roland*," or the "*Pic du Midi*" in the Pyrenees, and play fantastic tricks before the sun with Mademoiselle Reichard in an air-balloon, are enterprises which seem sufficiently to gratify the appetite of his ambition, which is merely the ambition of impulse. In the year 1813 he was roused—as who with a German soul was not?—to take a share in the military deeds of glory that achieved his country's liberty. There was something romantic and chivalrous in the "rising" of that time, with which his erratic spirit readily sympathized; and, to make it yet more romantic, we are informed in his biography that he signalized himself by a Quixotic duel with a Quixotic French colonel of Hussars, in which the Quixotic German came off victorious. Since that period, however, the Prince has not taken any active share in the public affairs of his country, either as a "*bureaucratist*" at home, or as a diplomatist abroad. He appears to be destitute of that solidity of character, and that manly ambition, which fit an individual for distinguishing himself in the public service; and seems to prefer coquetting with Welsh bar-maids, and pirouetting with dark-eyed rustic madonnas of the Pyrenees, to the rivalry of Stein and Hardenberg, as the coadjutor of "the first Reformer in Europe." The only department of useful activity, in which he has steadily and perseveringly exerted himself, is that of landscape-gardening—and here, to do him justice, his merits are of a high order: here he shows that he can, when he pleases, forget his trifling frivolity and rambling superficiality, and become a serious professional man, instead of a mere gossiping dilettante. But the reader will probably agree with us, that the laying out and adornment of pleasure-grounds, however much it may indicate the man of taste and the agricultural martinet, is but a poor foundation on which to build a literary or a political reputation. Besides, this passion for landscape-gardening becomes with the

Prince—as with weak and vain minds most passions are apt to become—an absolute mania; he exhibits and parades it on all occasions, and suggests improvements as profusely on the scenery of the Pyrenees as on the garden of the Tuileries in Paris.

But wherefore do we thus busy ourselves at such conscientious length in dissecting the character of Prince Pückler-Muskau? We are engaged in a work of supererogation. The Prince has painted himself at full length *passim* in his writings, and especially in a notable passage, *à la Walter Scott*, with which the present “Penultimate World-walk” is introduced. Our fair readers, who lost their hearts to the “prepossessing” mustaches, the dark Byronic eyes, and the star-bestudded bosom of the portrait that introduced the third volume of the Tour of the German Prince into England, will doubtless be much edified by the following “genial” specimen of self-portraiture. After describing, at considerable length, the fashionable *vis-à-vis* curricula in which he set out on his tour, the traveller himself is minutely depicted as follows:—

“The individual, who sat in the box of this trim vehicle, was a man of high stature, to all appearance a little beyond the middle period of life,* of a slender elegant figure, which, however, displayed more delicacy than strength of physical structure, and more of vivacity and mobility than of compactness and solidity. On closer inspection, it was easy to remark that the cerebral system of this individual was much more complete than the ganglionic, and the intellectual part of his nature more strongly developed than the animal. A phrenologist would have been apt to conclude that the Creator had given him somewhat more of head than of heart—more of imagination than of feeling—more of rationalism than of enthusiasm; and that, therefore, the individual was not destined to enjoy much happiness in this state of existence. Every one, however, who had the least knowledge of the world, could not fail to perceive that the stranger, whatever might be the state of his mind, belonged to that class of society from whom men are accustomed to receive quietly the laws of good *ton*, and the etiquettes that regulate the polished and refined intercourses of life. His features, though far from regular, were delicate and striking—of that kind, in a word, which once seen, are not easily forgotten. If they had any peculiar charm, it lay in their extraordinary activity. The eyes were a perfect mirror of every rapid change that passed in the mind, and, in a few seconds, they were seen to vary from dull and colourless to a brightness that rivalled the stars. But the permanent expression of these orbs was rather suffering than active—a strange middle shade betwixt pensive melancholy on the one hand and sarcastic bitterness on the other, that might well have suited with the countenance even of a Doctor Faust. To this dramatic personage, however, we do not believe that the character of our hero had much resem-

* The German scholar will see from the Conversations-Lexicon that Prince Pückler-Muskau was born on the 30th of October, 1785.

blance; it appears rather that the feminine element was predominant in his character, whence arose a certain over-refinement and vanity, which were by no means inconsistent with a great capacity of endurance and self-denial. His great happiness lay in the joys of the imagination, and in the trifles of life. The way, not the goal, was his enjoyment; and when, in the child-like simplicity of his soul, he tumbled motley images together, and played with the many-coloured soap-bubbles of his fancy, he was in these moments at once the most joyous in his own spirit, and the most amiable in the eyes of others.

"While we are thus diligently engaged in scrutinizing our traveller, we perceive that he has laid himself gracefully back, and that he is now looking with his '*lorgnette*' through the wood, as if to detect us in the midst of our criticisms. His bushy black hair—now, alas! not so rich and luxuriant as it once was, and which evil tongues will have to be dyed—discovers itself from beneath a red African *Fez*, whose long blue tassel sports playfully in the wind. Round his neck a motley Cashmere shawl is carelessly thrown, and his high white forehead and pale countenance are in good keeping with this half Turkish accoutrement. A black military frock-coat, adorned with silk embroidery of the same colour, nankeen pantaloons, and light boots, whose lustre vies with polished marble, complete the somewhat ostentatious toilette; and now our fault at least it is not, if our fair readers have not before their eyes a distinct representation of the 'world-tourist,' who hopes that he may never wander far without being accompanied by their good wishes."

We do not know how many self-complacent hours before the looking-glass of vanity the Prince may have been occupied before he fitted himself for penning this most minute and accurate portraiture of himself; but assuredly a more curious, a more perfectly *unique*, specimen of self-admiring self-portraiture has seldom been exhibited to an indulgent and a discerning public. No doubt the ladies in Berlin and Vienna, and the author's fair acquaintances at Almack's, will be suffused with a gentle titillation of delightful feeling, when they recognize in this minute description the same "prepossessing" personage who figured at once so fiercely and so tenderly in the before-mentioned frontispiece to the third volume of the *Tour of a German Prince*. Our author, in this passage, exhibits himself in a double capacity, calculated to captivate the hearts of all his fair readers, from the most sentimental and the most poetical devotees of Byron and Keats, to the most silly and the most trifling "pretty nothings" that serve to furnish and deck out a fashionable ball-room. On the one side, the "strange middle shade betwixt pensive melancholy and sarcastic bitterness", is a composition of the poetic mind, evidently intended to unite all that is most ethereal and most misanthropic in the creations of Shelley and Byron; while, on the other side, the Prince exhibits himself as an exquisite of

the first water, whose elegant and imposing exterior would serve as a fit frontispiece to a neat little duodecimo with gilt edges, bound in red silk, entitled "Hints on Etiquette," or "The Whole Art of Dress." One thing is certain, that, after having penned the above passage, Prince Pückler-Muskau can no longer call us to account for having given a false representation of his character. He is barred, *personali exceptione*, as the lawyers say, from any claim of damages on this score. He has not hesitated to characterize himself, in the above passage, as vain, trifling and feminine, almost the *ipsissima verba* which we felt ourselves called upon to use; our only surprise is that this gentleman should, like Göthe's Philina, so distinctly perceive his own follies, and yet show not the least desire to get rid of them. He seems to sun himself with the most contented self-complacency in the mirror of his own insignificance, and is already so far gone in the fatal malady of conceit and vanity, as to be beyond the reach even of Burns's prayer—

"O that some god the gift would gie us,
To see ourselves as others see us!"

So much, perhaps too much, on Prince Pückler-Muskau's personality. We must now proceed to justify our criticisms by a few extracts from the work itself, which has given rise to the present observations. This work, though ushered into the world with all the quackery and affectation of a pompous and *recherché* title, is in reality, like the author's last work, *Tutti Frutti*, a collection of mere scraps and sketches carelessly thrown together and bundled into a book, in a manner that sufficiently proves the author to have as little respect for the public as he has for himself. But, before presenting our readers with any of those "elegant extracts" which we have selected as the most favourable specimens of the author's powers, we must be allowed to notice a small piece of affectation of which he has been guilty in concocting the titles, or rather the summaries, of his different chapters. Instead of telling us in honest German what we are to expect from each paragraph, and thus saving us, perhaps, the trouble of reading it, the summary of his chapters is composed of such profound witticisms and mystical indications as the following :

"New Bethesda—The Key-hole as an Opera-glass—Descent into Hades—Heavenly Mansions—Will you sleep in the Bed of the Duchess de Berry?—*Pluviance!*—Lord Brougham—Miss Austin—The Modern Lichtenberg—Milk-brother—How to 'rough it'—Blue Stockings!"

The German scholar who is familiar with the writings of Richter will have no difficulty in perceiving from what model the

German Prince has borrowed this most hieroglyphical manner of superscribing his travelling adventures, but he will not be the less disposed to hold in derision the puny efforts by which the nose of a pug-dog attempts to perform tricks that are only competent to the playful power of the elephant's trunk. If the titles of Jean Paul's chapters be eccentric and far-fetched, they are at the same time pregnant with wit, humour, and satire of the most unique and original kind. But the hieroglyphics of the Prince contain no mysteries which repay the trouble of deciphering them. They are clouds without water—empty, shallow, and unfruitful—as may be seen at a glance by analyzing the elegant specimens already given.

No. 1, The "New Bethesda," is merely the affected intimation that the Prince visited "Carlsbad" in the outset of his "world-walk." No. 2, The "Key-hole as an Opera-glass," is a more intelligible announcement that when the Prince was in Carlsbad an English family happened to lodge in the next room of the same inn, and the Prince, in whose character "the feminine element is predominant," and on whose cranium of course the bump of curiosity is largely developed, could not restrain himself from peeping through the key-hole, and there he beheld—angels and ministers of grace defend us!—a beautiful little lap-dog, and a yet more beautiful young lady, with pale face, black hair, and a countenance like an Italian madonna—"who speaks seven languages, plays the piano like Moscheles, has seen as much of the world as Lady Morgan, poetizes like Lord Byron, and is, with all these accomplishments, only sixteen!" No. 3, The "Descent into Hades," means that when the Prince was in Freiberg he visited the silver-mines there; and, perhaps, as his Excellency is a "Rationalist," he means hereby to indicate that the descent of Ulysses, celebrated in Homeric song, is to be explained after the fashion of that learned diving, Dr. Paulus, in Heidelberg, as being nothing more important than a visit to a silver, perhaps a sulphur, mine. No. 4, "Heavenly Mansions," is an epithet applied to the Pyrenean vales by our pious author, who, as the learned reader may recollect, was educated among the "Herrnhuters" in Lusatia, and has retained only so much of the good lessons he received from the Evangelical Brethren as to quote and make allusions to Scripture on all, even the most insignificant and trifling, occasions. No. 5, "Will you sleep in the Bed of the Duchess de Berry?" means nothing more than that when the Prince was in the inn at Gavarny, he was asked by the chambermaid to sleep in the bed where the Duchess de Berry had slept three or four years before—a most important piece of information certainly to occupy two or three pages of a tour in

the Pyrenees. No. 6, *Plouviance!* implies that, when the said chambermaid roused the Prince from his morning slumbers, she announced in a surly voice that it was raining, by which "untoward event" his excellency was prevented from rivalling the enterprising feat of the said duchess, who, it appears, had scaled the "*Brèche de Roland*" upon the backs of no fewer than forty guides! Nos. 7 and 8, "Lord Brougham and Mrs. Austin," indicate, without allegory, that the Prince had the good fortune to meet Lord Brougham at a *table-d'hôte* in Marseilles; and, though he had not acuteness enough to recognize the said lord by his remarkable physiognomy, he nevertheless ingratiated himself by offering his lordship a little "English mustard and Harvey sauce," which he (the Prince), being as much of a *gastronome* as a *Francomane*, never fails to carry with him; and further, that his lordship gratified his excellency's vanity not a little, by sounding the praises of his amiable and accomplished translator, Mrs. Austin. No. 9, "The Modern Lichtenberg," is a new epithet applied by the Prince to Henry Heine, who, after Lord Byron, seems to be the great idol of our author's poetical worship. No. 10, "Milk-brother," is another new epithet, much more suitably applied than the last, with which the Prince commences a most edifying letter from himself to himself, (*Sendschreiben des Fürsten von P—— M——, an den Autor dieses Buchs*), which the curious reader will find in the second volume of *Semilasso's Weltgang*, p. 115. This letter contains a minute description of all the amiable weaknesses, frivolities, and extravagances of which the character of Pückler-Muskau is composed; and, had we not already done the author full justice, by extracting at full length his initiatory self-portraiture, we should have felt much inclined to present our readers with this second dish of vanity and folly. No. 11, "How to *rough it*," is a phrase introduced to show the writer's acquaintance with English slang, and is an intimation to the fair reader that the delicate object of their "good wishes" is obliged for a few days to leave his princely carriage behind him, and travel in an omnibus, along with mortals of common mould. It is an habitual trick of our author to interlard his pages with English, French, and Italian colloquialisms; and there are many people who have as great a reverence for this miserable foppery, as a man who cannot read is wont to have for a printed book. No. 12, "Blue Stockings," does not announce, as the vulgar reader may imagine, a satire in the Prince's most triumphant style against learned and "*übergebildete*" ladies; it is only the symbol of one of those neat little *coquetteries* and rustic flirtations, in the management of which the Prince is known to have displayed such skill as called forth the admiration even of

the octogenarian Göthe. It appears that, on the vine-encircled road between Bamberg and Schweinfurt, and while reclining amid the ruins of an old romantic cloister, the Prince, like another Hercules, encountered two rustic graces, both as beautiful as a sculptor's model, "especially the elder, with chesnut-brown hair, deep blue, clear-shining eyes, teeth like those of a mouse, (*wie ein maïschen*,) lips like purple, and a tint like milk and blood." This paragon the Prince, with that air of noble familiarity which is so peculiarly characteristic of persons of high rank, addressed playfully, asking her "if the neat little feet which were concealed under her light-blue stockings, were as white as her lovely face;" to which the Bavarian beauty, with the most amiable gravity replied, "Of course they are,—for how can it be otherwise when I wear stockings every day!" On which naïve remark the Prince, who is fond of philosophizing, like a second Werther, profoundly observes, "How delightful a thing it is to behold such maiden souls in all their natural and unsophisticated simplicity!"

We shall now give the promised "elegant extracts," only promising that they cannot be expected to be more orderly and systematic than the scraps and sketches of which they are a part. Since Heine's *Reisebilder* gave the "ton" in this department, books of travels cannot contain anything that is out of place or foreign to the theme,—their theme is *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*!—the traveller himself often occupies a much more important place than his travels,—and we think the most proper designation for such medleys would be that which Jean Paul proposes as a title for a modern romance—"Hoppelpoppel, or the Heart!"

From Carlsbad, where, as we have seen, he employed his eyes only in looking through a key-hole, our traveller proceeds to Eger—a place rich in historical recollections, but seldom visited by travellers. We subjoin the short, and not very important, notice which the Prince gives us of this ancient town.

"The blood of a great man is a seed that bears much fruit. The fame of Wallenstein will give immortal memory to Eger when not one stone stands upon another to tell where or what it was. The present inhabitants of Eger, however, do not seem over-sensible of the honour thus conferred on them; they have sadly neglected the holy places of history. There is a good portrait of Wallenstein in the town-house (*Rathhaus*), but the pictures that surround it, representing his assassination, are ludicrous. The stern general looks like an awkward dancer, who, in attempting to cut an *entrechât* in his shirt, has fallen with his ribs upon his stick.

"In this room we also behold Wallenstein's sword, and the halbert with which he was murdered. These relics, however, are like those of a more sacred character,—they exist double and triple.

"The room where the dreadful tragedy, or, as it is here called, 'exe-

cution,' was enacted, is still shown, under the metamorphosis of a *boudoir* for the lady burgomistress, of whose house it is a part—sadly modernized of course, and altogether ruined. The low door through which the murderers entered has alone escaped the whitewashing and papering of modern hands. Who can look on it without emotion! Guilty or not guilty, there can be little doubt that the haughty Friedländer stood in the way, and obscured the reputation, of the emperor. This, if it does not excuse, at least explains the murder. But with what heroism died the man, who, though worn out both in mind and body, without uttering a single groan, opened his garment, and, like Cæsar, gave his breast resigned to the stroke of the assassin!

"Of the castle where Illo, Terzky, Neumann, and Kinsky were surprised, only a few ruins remain, enclosing a court overgrown with rank grass and nettles. Adjacent to this, however, are two buildings, which, though of a much earlier date, are in a much better state of preservation. The first is a curious double chapel of the age of Charlemagne, adorned below with massive granite pillars, and above with slender marble shafts, from Italy. Each pillar has base and capital of a peculiar design.

"Still more interesting is the second of these remains—a Roman tower of immense square Saxon stones, which, with its iron strength and black aspect, has, like an immovable rock, defied the ravages of time. The French, who were here for a short time during the wars of the last century, built an addition to the tower, and planted it with cannon. This plaster-work has already fallen to the ground; while not a single stone of the ancient fabric has followed the frail modern in its descent.

"The whole seemed to me a picture not without deep meaning. At one view the eye beheld the works of the present age already levelled with the ground; the middle age shaken, but great even amid its ruins; and antiquity proudly surviving and overlooking all. Verily our present age is in many respects an age of patchwork! And of all our mighty doings, what will remain to posterity unless, perhaps—books? And yet books are, in one sense, mightier and more important monuments than pyramids and amphitheatres.

"Even my servant was struck with the gigantic nature of this Roman masonry. 'It is plain,' said he, 'that they meant to make it *cannon-proof*;' and strange enough it is, that the Romans, without ever dreaming of such a power as that of gunpowder, have nevertheless displayed such skill in the masonry of fortification as no science of future and more instructed ages has been able to surpass."—vol. i. p. 69.

After visiting Baireuth and Wunsiedel, the birth-place of Jean Paul, Semlazzo proceeds through Bamberg and Wurtzburg, with great expedition to Paris. This nearly concludes the first volume of his tour, but, except the following somewhat ingenious *topological* (not *phrenological*) explanation of Richter's genius, we do not find any thing likely to interest our readers.

Arrived at Wunsiedel, I made a pilgrimage to the room where Jean Paul was born. It is built on the ruins of the *doujon* of an old Ritter-castle: from this came his romanticism. Opposite to this building is

the church: hence he drew his piety. The house, moreover, was a school, in which his father was teacher; hence his various knowledge, and a slight sprinkling of pedantry. As a *point de vue*, on one side was a wine-cellar: here we see the origin of his passion for Bavarian beer."

Paris, that Babylon the Great of modern life, has been so often, so thoroughly, and so recently, discussed by the Heines, and the Börnes, the Raumers, the Bulwers, the Morgans, and the Trollopes of the day, that we may be excused from troubling our readers with any of the Prince's very profound observations on that theme. His excellency is too self-satisfied a mortal to feel any deep sympathy with the political excitement of that volcanic atmosphere. "It is terrible, it is too terrible," says Börne in one of his maledictory letters, "to think how many human corpses a king requires to march over them to his throne!"—but Prince Pückler-Muskau finds nothing terrible in the matter, and partakes of the hospitalities of Louis Philippe in the Tuileries with as much ease and with as much indifference as when he feasted with that king of patriots, Daniel O'Connell, at Derrinane. Our tourist was invited to dine with Louis Philippe and his lady; and as the "dinner-piece" is not less characteristic of the vanity of the entertained than of the magnificence of the entertainer, we subjoin it.

"Shortly after my arrival in Paris, I was introduced at the Tuileries, which has been lately much beautified by the king. The separation of a small portion of the great gardens, forming a ring immediately round the palace, which was so loudly declaimed against by the public prints, is a decided improvement. The king's palace is not now subject to the rude proximity of what was not much better than a common highway.

"The ceremony of presentation to the citizen-king is not encumbered with much of court-etiquette; but the apartments through which we were led, and the saloon, where we were graciously received by his majesty, are not devoid of a certain royal magnificence. The queen, with the members of the royal family and some ladies of the court, were seated at a round table covered with green cloth, and occupied with female handiwork. A few gentlemen, none in uniform, were grouped round the table, or dispersed about the room. After the usual introduction, I entered into a lively conversation with the queen, a woman of that class whom it is impossible to know without esteeming. Madame Adelaide, the sister of the king, is full of vivacity and amiability; and the young princes and princesses are well educated, natural, and simple, without being destitute of that dignity which is the prerogative of their high station.

"Afterwards, the king did me the honour to converse with me, *privatim*, for a considerable time, and, in the allusions which he frequently made to England, displayed a great deal of information with regard to the peculiarities of that country; he, at the same time, took occasion to

drop not a few very flattering potices of my English Tour, and was so condescending as to favour me with several useful hints in reference to my intended trip to America. It is impossible to manage conversation in a more attractive style than his majesty, and the greatest attachment to his person is visible among all those who are about him.

"Among these deserves particular mention General Gourgaud, so honourably known by his faithful adherence to Napoleon, whose acquaintance I had the pleasure to make a few days after I had marked him out on the parade of the Feast of July as the most elegant and dignified officer of the army.

A few days afterwards, I was invited to dine with his majesty. According to an innate trick of my nature, which I fear it is impossible to cure, I came too late. I suspect I was the last, for the queen immediately gave me her arm, that I might squire her into the dining-room. A party of forty sat down to dinner; and, as I had read not a little in the Carlist papers of the excessive economy said to prevail in the citizen-king's family, I confess I was more observant than I should otherwise have been of the festal arrangements. I found, however, quite the contrary of all that the newspapers had asserted; and, except George the Fourth's courtly domesticity, I have found none better organized than that of Louis Philippe. Behind each guest was stationed a servant in splendid livery, and beside him a pure and sparkling *vaisselle*, which, in many of our German courts, from sheer want of polishing, is as dull as tin; kitchenery and wine were very good, and in great profusion, and the attendance ready and nimble, in the best English *genre*, which has now become quite universal in all the best houses in Paris. The king and queen helped some dishes with their own hands, and animated the entertainment with all the kind offices of a royal hospitality.

"After dinner the company retired to the open terrace which overlooks the noble garden of the Tuileries. This terrace, however, is doomed; and must I fear fall before the rage for symmetry, to which our modern architects sacrifice every thing. I ventured to expostulate with her majesty on this subject, and suggested how suitable a greenhouse would be in such a situation, but I am afraid the symmetry-system will celebrate an ovation over more influential schemings than mine. I had here also the pleasure of making the acquaintance of two ladies of the queen, Mesdames de Dolomieu and de Montjoie, who surprised me with their bilingual powers, and spoke German as amiably and as sweetly as French."—vol. ii. p. 16.

If the reader thinks this twaddle tiresome, we agree with him. Perhaps the following *aesthetical excursus* on the French romancers may prove more interesting. It appears to us to contain *ethical* doctrines which might have proceeded—the Prince will take this as a compliment—from the *pure* pen of the "modern Lichtenberg."

"Say what you please of this new French literature, there is life in it—it may be a distorted and a convulsive life, but it is still life,—a life not foreign or borrowed, but born of the age, and like unto that of which it

is the offspring—characterized, too, by an originality which is sought for among our German books in vain. Quite intolerable to me are the English criticisms of these romances. The petrified pedants, who have there assumed the critical sceptre, cannot, by any exertion, wind themselves even for a moment out of their own shells. We have seen with how little understanding they have set about praising Göthe—not less silly is their censure of the French. They have but one measure for every thing—their own one-sided morality, and morbid religion. But Nature is wide enough to contain many things that are not within the Thirty-nine Articles; and what the poet seizes with the eye of intellect, reflects and invents in his work, that can never want its own worth, be it nectar or poison, according to human ways of viewing things—good or bad.

“But, admitting for a minute that a romance must, like a sermon, always boast a moral tendency, how, for example, can Janin’s “Dead Ass” be considered to have any other tendency, and what ground is there for denouncing it as an ethical monster? I, for one, find most instructive moral lessons in it, and ten times more honesty than in the collected tales of Marmontel, *et hoc genus omne*, in which morality is always found parading upon the title-page. There is another poet, however, about whom it may be difficult to form such a charitable judgment,—I mean *Eugène Sue*. In the works of this writer, one seems to detect a secret tendency to debase virtue, and to show, in the character of his favourite heroes, how a certain unfeeling egotism, united with prudence and lightheartedness, produces more real happiness and practical enjoyment of life than the boasted morality of the schools and pulpits. But who is there that sees not in the back-ground of these pictures a deep irony (N.B. The Germans have lately got a cant of explaining all literary phenomena by what they call *eine tiefe Weltironie!*) that sets forth this bespangled image of egotism—the curse of our age—as the idol of the multitude; while, at the same time, it takes care, at proper intervals, to draw aside the glittering veil, and expose the lifeless skeleton in all its hollowness.

“It may also be that Mr. *Eugène Sue* is of opinion, with many others, that, after all, our much bepraised virtue is not a little one-sided, and, if so, cannot of course, of itself, lead to true happiness. The virtue of the ancients principally consisted in courage and enterprize; but our modern virtue seems to delight itself in the opposite of this, and to be closely allied to weakness and fear. Shall we be obliged here, also, to go in search of a *juste milieu* because our ideal is unattainable? That ideal consists in a perfect equipoise of all the intellectual and physical powers. This alone could make us truly virtuous, truly wise, and truly happy. But, from such a thoroughly sound state of body and soul, I fear we are at the present day as far removed as ever; and we must not, therefore, be too severe on such a writer as *Eugène Sue*, if he holds our consumptive virtue a little cheap, and strives to show us how far we are as yet from the true goal. The contrast, certainly, which he exhibits is any thing but pleasing—the indifferent egotist, with whom every earthly plan succeeds, and who even, after drinking every enjoyment of life to the dregs, can enjoy, at last, a calm and happy death. But when we look a little

more narrowly into this masterly portraiture, we shall find that the author gives to his creature nothing higher than the existence and the happiness of a mere *animal*, and makes it appear that even the sigh of a soul endowed with noble aspirations is preferable to the rude, unlimited enjoyment of a creature so low in the scale of existence. On the same principle, every one who has a soul would prefer a chastisement from God to a reward from the devil. But with all this, it may very well be, that Eugène Sue is one of those whose very genius makes them melancholy, and to whom a sad voice seems to come from the desert, saying, *tertium non datur*—and this hopeless thought perhaps it is that lies at the bottom of so many French romances.”—vol. i. p. 138.

Many of our readers, who know not even the name of Prince Pückler-Muskau, will peruse with pleasure the following notice of the veteran of Acre, Sir Sydney Smith.

“At times I pass a few hours with Sir Sydney Smith, who, in defiance of the many years and many laurels that weigh him down, still continues pregnant of new projects and original ideas. Thus, for instance,—he believes that the land may be navigated with sails as well as the sea, that the power of cannon may be altogether weakened by a contrivance for hanging up hides before fortifications, and is of opinion that Africa was originally divided by a belt of the sea into two halves, and that the Phœnicians or Egyptians, who are said to have circumnavigated it, passed through this belt, and not round by the Cape of Good Hope; and a thousand other strange opinions which he defends with great ingenuity and with great enthusiasm, and which perhaps he will one day make better known by means of the press. His darling project, however, is the restoration of the Maltese order,—not on the ancient chivalrous, but on an industrial, basis. A French marquis read out the whole plan to me one morning at breakfast; and, so far as I can trust my memory, it is as follows. The bigotry and exclusiveness of the ancient order are to be changed into the universal liberality of modern times,—all religions are to enjoy equal civil rights, and the order, by special privilege on the part of Europe, is to have the sole right of purchasing slaves for the purpose of civilizing them, which indeed is to be one of the chief ends of the association. Trade and commerce come next in importance. The civilized negroes, as soon as confidence can be placed in them, are to be sent out as missionaries (of industry, not of religion) to reclaim their brethren and call them all into the industrial fold. A capital of sixty millions is calculated as necessary for commencing this undertaking. As soon as the sum is subscribed the society will begin its operations; the grand-master and dignitaries are already named. In the mean time, however, this apparently so simple article of sixty millions seems to be the rock on which the whole project will split. Unless Herr von Rothschild interferes, it is difficult to see whence the said millions are to come. But, be this as it may, the idea is great, and worthy of the man; and now that the French have taken possession of Algiers, there will be no great difficulty in finding Maltese knights who will feel no scruple in complying with the condi-

tion as to the toleration of all religions. The multitude of observations that Sir Sydney has made during his long life render his conversation as instructive as it is entertaining. He lately enlightened me at great length on the subject of the currents in the Mediterranean Sea, which he assured me were now (and not a little by his own exertions) so completely understood, that one might send letters in a bottle from one port to another as safely as by post, and calculate the time of their arrival with as great certainty as if they had travelled in a steam-boat."—vol. ii. p. 93.

From Paris the Prince proceeded by Bordeaux to Tarbes, and from this latter place made several romantic rambles through the Hautes Pyrénées. Perched upon those grotesque snow-clad peaks, where the astronomer Plantage, fixing his last look on the laughing vale beneath, died, with the exclamation in his mouth, "*Grand Dieu, que cela est beau!*"—it is not surprising that such an excitable person as the Prince should have felt himself already in the heavenly mansions which are promised to the blessed; but the manner in which he expresses his delight is in that *exaltado* opium style which may be admired in Germany, but would be apt to be condemned as the *ne plus ultra* of bad taste in England. Besides, the gastronomic imagery of truffles and pasties with which the description is wound up—*finis coronat opus*—will be disapproved of by many who are willing to take the rest of the passage as the quintessence of descriptive sublimity. We translate the following letter to the writer's sister, as a specimen of the 179 pages (German pages) of descriptive rhapsody with which the greater part of the third volume is filled:—

"Argeles, in the Pyrenees, 3d Nov. 1834.

"Now, my dear Lucy, have I at length found the land where I will live and die! Here may we—when I have for a few years longer been a wanderer in the wide world—here may we build our cottage—in this land that unites all the convenience of a champaign with the picturesque beauty of a mountainous district, whose inhabitants are Germans in their honesty and good nature, and Italians in their vivacity, and who possess a patriarchal simplicity that belong to neither; a land, whose climate is so fine that vineyards and maize-fields flourish in the greatest luxuriance, though enclosed by snowy walls thousands of feet high, where sunny meadows shimmer green through the dark groupes of trees, like the harness of a gold beetle; and where to-day, on the 3d of November, (in Germany, the beginning of raw winter,) I can sit under the shade of a majestic chestnut-tree, and breakfast in the open air, while over the old garden-wall a fig-tree spreads its fruitful branches, and blushing roses wind themselves around its stem—a land full of historical recollections and monuments of the olden time, where, far removed from the commotion of the capital, the most undisturbed peace reigns, and no spirit of political strife has as yet corrupted the best enjoyments of so-



ciety—wherein, besides this, you may live three times as cheap as in Germany, and with a revenue of ten thousand francs, one may sport an equipage and maintain a respectable country establishment; where all the refinements of luxury and all the delicacies of the table are at command; where Spain, Provence, and the ocean, reach you the hand—the land of Henry the Fourth—the land of romantic beauty, of *truffles and Bordeaux wine, of snipes and of trout, of terrines de Nérac, and pâtés de Toulouse.* O to this land would I wend with thee, my beloved!

Hoppel-poppel or the heart!—Mignon's song and *pâtés de Toulouse!* This is certainly a strange mixture, and yet we have no doubt that this rhapsody was intended to be the most sublime passage in the "Penultimate World-walk;" and that as such many a German Lucy and Julia will ecstatically receive it. In our humble judgment, it can be likened to nothing so fitly as to a dish of whisked cream, or a plate of soaped water, blown up into bubbles by a child.

The title of the present work, "Penultimate World-Tour," indicates that the ultimate tour is yet to come. The princely author, indeed, (after having served Lord Brougham with the Harvey sauce and mustard, as above at length narrated,) proceeded straightway to Africa, where (unless he has made a second descent into Hades, not figuratively) we believe he is at this present moment.* From thence he travels onward, taking of course his "elegant curriole" along with him, to America; and here, in the new world, will be concocted that "ultimate tour of Semilasso" for which the German publishers and public are at present so impatiently waiting. Of this threatened "*LETZTER Weltgang*," we devoutly say with Lord Byron,

"Tours of such princes, may they be the last!"

for, unless the forthcoming volumes be more edifying than the present, we shall think ourselves justified in passing them over without any further notice. In the mean time, that the Prince may have no reason to complain of our having given to the English public garbled extracts from his penultimate tour, we transcribe his expedition to the celebrated amphitheatre of Gavarny at full length, in which the discerning reader will have occasion to remark the truth of an observation already made by us in reference to a certain *genus* of travelling sketches now fashionable in Germany—that the traveller is generally the most important figure in the sketch.

"Gavarny, 19th Nov. 1834.

"With sun-rise—that is to say, in this locality at ten o'clock—I

* The last account of the author that we have seen left him at Constantinople.—
EDITOR.

found myself mounted on my good steed, and on the road to the famous amphitheatre of Gavarny. The road is most picturesque. For the first half hour we ride uninterruptedly along the course of the Gave, whose waters are enclosed on both sides by overhanging rocks, and rush fearfully down 600 or 800 feet beneath the path of the traveller. The way is extremely narrow, and yet is not provided with any sort of fence or parapet. The guide generally acts as a living *garde fou*—to-day, however, I performed both offices, *du fou comme du guide*, and felt an inexpressible pleasure in galloping along the brink of the precipice upon my trusty steed, and looking down on the milk-white Gave, foaming beneath me. Habit takes away the edge from danger, and apprehension is soon changed into a reckless carelessness, which ever and anon demands an offering. It is only a very few years since a luckless traveller was precipitated from this very foad 300 feet into the rocky bed of the Gave. On this occasion the prior of Gavarny, who happened to be on the spot, gave a beautiful example of true Christian feeling. He let himself down, at the great risk of his life, by means of ropes, and found the unfortunate traveller still breathing and sufficiently sensible to receive the consolations of religion from the pious father, and die comforted in his arms.

"The bump of caution, with which I am largely endowed, happily prevents me from running such risks; for, though I often venture, I never venture without consideration. At the same time, this bump, however useless it may be, is to us anxious mortals the mother of many sorrows. 'Cursed caution!' said the Corsair Trelawny, "to what purpose art thou, unless to turn joy into anxiety! But such is our lot. Every thing in this world has an element of evil to counter-balance the good."

"After a hundred charming prospects of all sorts of rocks strangely thrown together, clad with the most luxuriant vegetation, variegated here and there with some not inconsiderable waterfalls, and in one situation rendered yet more interesting by a very clear and distinct echo, the rich forest-trees begin to diminish, and the rocks remain, where any soil is left, covered only with rhododendron and box-wood. As we advance higher, even these sturdy Alpine shrubs disappear; and here—on a spot where some overpowering gush of water has evidently overturned a huge mountain-colossus, and which is therefore fitly designated the *Chaos*—I found the most striking similarity in character between the Pyrenees and the grotesque mountains of North Wales, although the former surpass the latter in grandeur, almost in the same degree that St. Peter's at Rome does the church of St. Paul's in London, of which it is the archetype.

"After emerging from 'the Chaos,' we behold the marks of four hoofs of Roland's horse impressed on four different rocks, for this is the famous spot where the winged steed alighted, when it made its gigantic leap from the valley of Roncesvalles in Spain into France, while Roland, in a fit of blind rage, cleft the intervening wall of rock (300 feet high) in twain, which to this day bears the memorable name of *la Brèche de Roland*.

"In such a country as this, one would be apt to forget the civilized world altogether, were we not reminded of its existence in the most disagreeable manner by the line of *douaniers*, who are posted in this quarter. Such men in such a place are like devils in paradise, and to the devil I heartily wished them. Much more in keeping with the scene was a band of Spanish smugglers, as I supposed, most romantically habited, whom I soon afterwards encountered. These were men of athletic appearance, and as haughty in their bearing as courteous in their address. I knew from experience that a Spaniard will thank you for nothing so heartily as a cigar; and accordingly I offered one of my store to him who appeared to be the leader of the cavalcade. He seemed much pleased with the present and thanked me, but like a king.

"Without waiting at the inn of Gavarny, and preparing myself for my task by a good breakfast, I hastened impatiently to the amphitheatre, which is about two or three miles further on. But in this sight I was much disappointed. The descriptions of it are all highly exaggerated; and, notwithstanding my love for the Pyrenees, I must confess that Switzerland possesses many scenes of the same class, but infinitely more sublime. The waterfall, also, is much inferior to those in Switzerland, and, though it could boast ten times as much water as it has, would still remain so. A French writer has happily characterized the cascade of Gavarny by calling it a 'woven wind,' while the worthy Gascon who is the author of my printed '*guide*,' without the least discrimination compares it at once with Niagara—Tom Thumb with Goliath!

"Nevertheless, it were no very difficult affair to add by the labours of art to the natural beauty of this imposing spot, and render it in some degree more worthy of the extravagant laudings with which travellers have eulogized it. Nothing more is necessary than to collect together the many petty waterfalls and streamlets that run down into the Gave, and lead them into the cauldrons that are enclosed by the amphitheatre, thus changing them into lakes, as they were originally. An expenditure of a few thousand francs would be sufficient to dam up the stream at the place where it has broken through, and effect the projected metamorphosis of the landscape. A new road might also be made on the right side, which would afford a much more favourable view of the whole; and the snow-crowned '*pics*,' doubling their heights in the clear mountain water, would then actually exhibit that magical effect which is at present ascribed to them only by the generosity of pedantic travellers.

"I hope it may not be considered presumptuous in me to hold forth schemes to the attention of the prefect of this department, who, if I am not misinformed, is no less a person than the celebrated author of the Campaign in Russia, Count Segur; and, should he succeed in carrying it into effect, and adding to the scenery of the Pyrenees that in which it is most defective, a good lake, he will thus have executed a second work—or if he is not the famous Segur—a first work, that will secure him the gratitude of universal Europe. I should even feel inclined, did it not appear forward and impertinent, to mention the scheme to the noble King of the French personally, to whom nothing is unimportant that contributes to the adornment and improvement of his country."—vol. iii. p. 62.

One observation we feel ourselves called upon to make before we dismiss Prince Pückler-Muskau on the present occasion.) Most of our readers are doubtless aware that the Tour of a German Prince was ushered into this country under the special patronage and protection of Göthe. We owe it therefore to them, and to that reverence which we have always professed for the name of Göthe, to reconcile, as far as we are able, the contradiction between our present severe judgment of *Semilasso's Weltgang* and the laudatory criticisms of the *Briefe eines Verstorbenen* that proceeded from the pen of the most liberal and comprehensive critic in Europe. The matter is easily explained. The very mildness and kindness of Göthe's criticism, which is its greatest beauty, led him astray at times from that just medium between unprovoked severity and unmerited eulogy, in which the true tone of criticism lies. It was a weakness of Göthe's mind, both as a critic and as a moralist, that he could not be severe. The consequence was, that such careless, frolicsome, butterfly existences, as our German Prince, often received from him a plentiful meed of praise, which, to more energetic, but less amiable natures, was denied. Besides this general bias, we may remark several special circumstances that may have operated not a little to tune down Göthe's soul into a momentary consonance with that of the Prince. The Prince (though always as a coxcomb) is a lover of nature, and lavish in descriptive writing—so also was Göthe. The Prince mixes up with his love of nature a light, playful, we had almost said a coquettish, sort of religion—of which cast Göthe's religion also was. The Prince, moreover, so far as manners and polish are concerned, is an aristocrat; and the "*Vornehmthun*" of Göthe has always been the object of Heine's and Menzel's bitterest satire. Add to all this that Göthe only lived to see the first flashing *debut* of Pückler-Muskau; whereas, we have seen him progressing, like the crab, backwards, during a period of five years, and there will be little left to explain in the apparently superficial criticism which the octogenarian sage of Weimar passed upon our most frivolous and most coxcombical tourist.

ART. II.—*De l'Éducation des Mères de Famille, ou de la Civilisation du Genre Humain par les Femmes.* Par L. Aimé-Martin. 2 tom. Paris. 1834.

AMONG the yearly prizes founded by the benevolent Count de Montyon is one, to be appropriated to that book which mostly tends to promote the morality and improvement of mankind. The French Academy, who award these prizes, have bestowed several thousand francs on the work now before us, and we have been told, that it has created much favourable sensation in Germany and Belgium. We therefore opened it with a strong prepossession in behalf of its merits, and we have closed it with a feeling that is truly refreshing: it is like an oasis in the present impure state of French literature; and, amid licentious novels and dramas, triumphantly expressed infidelity, or fanatical division of sects, we hail, with the utmost satisfaction, a production which teems with morality and real religion, and we congratulate France on its having been appreciated by even a portion of her inhabitants. From the title, we expected a treatise on education, which would enter into the details of learning and accomplishment; but it takes higher rank and teaches women not only how and where to look for the formation of their minds, but shows them the importance of their conduct, as mothers, over the future character of a nation. We have thus translated the intentions of the author from his own declaration. "Those who hastily or inattentively turn over these pages may accuse me of a wish to revive the *femmes savantes*, but let them rest assured, that genitives and datives, as Montaigne says, are not the object of this work. Setting aside all the acquirements of memory, those mechanical attributes of professors, I call upon women to fulfil their destiny by undertaking that superior education which stamps itself upon the soul. To develop the souls of women, that they may become something more than the plaything of our rude passions; to develop the souls of women that they may become those celestial beings of which we dream in our youth; to develop the souls of women that they may awaken ours,—this forms the subject and the object of my book."

In fact, if we consider the subject properly, we shall find it one great source of the misery or happiness of all civilized nations; for in what Christian country can we deny the influence which a mother extends over the whole life of her children? The roughest and the hardest wanderer, while he is tossed over the ocean, or while he scorches his feet upon the desert sands, recurs in his loneliness and suffering to the cares which maternal affection shed over his infancy; the reckless sinner, even in his

hardened career, occasionally hears the whisperings of those holy precepts instilled by a virtuous mother, and, although they may in the fulness of guilt be neglected, there are many instances of their having so stung the conscience, that they have led to a deep and lasting repentance; the erring child of either sex, will then, if a mother yet exists, turn to her for that consolation which the laws of society deny, and in the lasting purity of a mother's love will find the way to heaven. How joyfully does a hard-working child labour for the comfort of a poverty-stricken mother! how alive is a son to her honour and high-standing in the world! and, should that mother be deserted by her helpmate, does not the son stand forth as her protector? In short, the more deeply we reflect on the subject, the more entirely are we convinced, that no influence is so lasting or of such wide extent, and the more intensely do we feel the necessity of guiding this sacred affection, and perfecting that being from whom it emanates. "The future character of a child," said Napoleon, "is always the work of its mother;" and he delighted in recollecting that to his parent did he owe much of the greatness of a mind, which possibly grasped at too much, but which afterwards enabled him to bear years of privation and exile with fortitude and dignity.

"History," says M. Aimé-Martin, "justifies these words, and, without dwelling on such remarkable instances as Charles IX., and Henry IV., the one the pupil of Catherine, and the other of Jeanne d'Albret, was not Louis XIII., weak, ungrateful, and discontented like his mother, always rebellious and always submissive? Do we not, in Louis XIV., recognize the passions of a Spanish woman, those sensual yet romantic gallantries, those bigoted fears, that despotic pride, which required prostration before the throne as well as before the altar? But," continues the author, "the two great poets of our age, perhaps, offer the most striking examples of this saving or fatal influence. To the one, an unkind fate had given a scoffing, unfeeling mother, whose proud, capricious, and narrow mind, expanded only to vanity or hatred—a mother who unsparingly ridiculed the natural infirmity of her child, irritated, galled, and mortified him, caressed and flattered him, and then despised and cursed him. These corroding passions of the woman were deeply engraved on the heart of the young man; hatred and pride, anger and disdain, fermented within him, and, like the burning lava of a volcano, suddenly burst forth upon the world, in torrents of infernal harmony. The happier destiny of the other poet bestowed on him a mother who was tender without weakness, pious without severity, one of those rare women who are born to be models to their sex; this beautiful and enlightened creature shed over her son all the light of love; the virtues with which she inspired him, the prayer which she taught him, spoke not only to his intellect, but, sinking into his soul, made him return sublime sounds, a harmony which mounts to the skies. Thus, surrounded from his cradle by examples of the most touching piety, the

gracious infant walked in the ways of God, under the wings of his mother; his genius is like the incense which sheds its perfume over the earth, but which only burns for heaven."

In directing the attention of our readers to M. Aimé-Martin's work, we must however premise, that it is exclusively written for the French nation, and, consequently, the handling of the subject is totally different from that which we should employ; no Englishman would write so argumentative a book for his own people, and (we mean not to be presumptuous) no Englishman would make such appeals to his countrywomen on the score of conduct or religion. We have faults and sins enough to answer for, it is true, and which ought to prevent us from setting ourselves above our neighbours; we dare not lend ourselves to the conceit of fanatical reasoners, who, in the midst of their groans and mock humility, yet call this a nation peculiarly under the care of the Almighty, and the only spot on earth where true religion is taught and cherished; but we hope that many of the suggestions of our author would be superfluous, and we cannot think that the efforts which Rousseau and Dessessarts made to restore French wives and mothers to their duty were ever required in this country. M. Aimé-Martin himself says:

"What indifference on the part of women towards important affairs; what ardour for frivolities! their minds, unceasingly agitated by the fashion of the day, turn with passion to the nothings of the moment; for the sake of these do they feign a character different from their own, do they torture themselves, suffer heat, cold and hunger, destroy their health, and risk their lives. Alas! we give to our daughters the manners of courtezans, to our wives the instruction of a child, and then ask for glory and happiness from Heaven. What is the result? The frivolity of one sex necessarily influences the habits of the other: women become trifling to please us, and we must become frivolous to find favour with them."

We suspect that this is too hard upon French-women, but, saving some unfortunate exceptions, we challenge the whole world to pass such a censure on the daughters of Great Britain, and to found their opinion on truth. But there is yet ample room for improvement in the education of our females, and we feel certain, that they will reap much profit from M. Aimé-Martin's suggestions, though they are chiefly addressed to another nation, and that mostly a nation of Catholics. Something must be asked, in the way of indulgence too, for the heaviness, we had almost said prosiness, of several portions of these volumes, but to those who like ourselves will wade through the dullness, and seriously consider the excellent, wise, and liberal principles in-

culcated in them, we promise an ample reward. To induce our reflecting readers to undertake the task, we shall now proceed to make an analysis of the book, and give several quotations, chiefly in English, but selecting a few of the most eloquent passages in the original words.

The first chapters are devoted to a brief examination of the two great writers, Des Cartes and Rousseau, who shed an influence over the women of France; the errors of their systems are pointed out, and the good they effected is duly acknowledged. The power of women and the effects produced by marriage are next treated of, and the succeeding chapter begins as follows:—

“Whatever may be the customs and laws of a country, the women of it decide the morals. Free or subjugated, they reign, because they hold possession of our passions. But this influence is more or less salutary according to the degree of esteem which is granted to them. Whether they are our idols or companions, courtezans, slaves or beasts of burden, the reaction is complete, and they make us such as they are themselves. It seems as if nature connected our intelligence with their dignity, as we connect our happiness with their virtue. This, therefore, is a law of eternal justice—man cannot degrade women without himself falling into degradation; he cannot raise them without becoming better. Let us cast our eyes over the globe, and observe those two great divisions of the human race, the East and the West. One half of the ancient world remains without progress, without thought, and under the load of a barbarous civilization; women there are slaves. The other half advances towards freedom and light; the women there are loved and honoured.”

In summing up the history of female influence, M. Aimé-Martin says,—

“That which has been done to lower women, and that which they have done towards our civilization, offers, perhaps, the most moral and dramatic part of our history. There was a time when their beauty alone wrestled against barbarism. Shut up in castles, like prisoners, they there civilized the warriors who despised their weakness, but who adored their charms. Accused of ignorance, and deprived of instruction, disgraced by prejudice, and deified by love—feeble, timid—seeing around them nothing but soldiers and the sword, they adopted the passions of their tyrants; but in adopting they ameliorated them. They directed combatants towards the defence of the helpless. Chivalry became a protecting power; it repaired injuries, and paved the way for laws; and, at last, after having fought in order to conquer kingdoms, it was softened into fighting for the beauty of women, and civilization began by gallantry. A great revolution was accomplished in France, on the day when a noble knight drew off his men, in consequence of hearing that the castle of which he was just about to commence the siege, had become the asylum of the wife of his enemy, and that this wife was about to become a mother. At a later period, some glimpses of science began

to pierce through the shades which covered the world; all eyes were dazzled by it, and it was then that the destiny of women was pitiable. While men only believed themselves to be superior from the strength of their bodies and the force of their courage, they had ceded to the power of feebleness and beauty; but scarcely had they acquired a smattering of science, when pride seized them, and women nearly lost their empire. But the worst period for them was the age of scribes and doctors; for at that time all the impertinent questions concerning the pre-eminence of men, and inferiority of women, were brought forward. Even the existence of their souls became a matter of doubt; and theologians themselves, amidst these agitating discussions, forgot for a moment, that our Saviour was made human by his mother. These disputes led to this deplorable result, that the ignorance of women became a moral system, as the ignorance of the lower classes had become a system of policy. Our forefathers long confounded ignorance with innocence, and thence came all their troubles; they wished women to be silly for the sake of their husbands, and the people to be ignorant for the sake of power. Women, thus assimilated to the people, like them, did not receive any species of instruction. Every thing was against them; science, legislature, and theology,—that theology which was then mistaken for religion, and which only was virtuous under the lash of discipline, and in the austerities of penitence. It was by depriving them of their souls, by subjecting them to mean and vulgar habits, which stupify the mind, that they hoped to preserve them in spotless purity. . . . In the time of Louis the Fourteenth, when women busied themselves with affairs of state, the Abbé de Fleury declared that girls ought to be taught something besides their catechism, sewing, singing, dancing, how to dress, to speak civilly, and make a good courtesy. But the progress he wished them to attain consisted in knowing how to read, write, and cipher—to know when to ask advice in matters of business, and enough of medicine to take care of the sick. Then came Fenelon, who wished them to read ancient and modern history, to understand Latin, to peruse works of eloquence, literature, and poesy; and yet such was the prejudice belonging to a period when women exercised an almost romantic power, and gave grace and politeness to society, that the archbishop was obliged to add certain restrictions, and to justify himself on theological principles. ‘Women,’ said the venerable ecclesiastic, ‘are half of the human race, redeemed by the blood of Christ, and like us destined to eternal life.’ Thus, to teach them other things than dancing, singing, and courtesying, it was necessary to invoke the merits of the Redemption, and cover them with the blood of Christ.”

A part of the following passage may perhaps be well applied to other than French women.

“ Since the time of Rousseau and Fenelon, great progress has taken place among men, and consequently the education of women has in some measure profited. The question is no longer asked whether it be advisable to instruct them; we consent to the development of their understanding, and lessons are given to them by artists and masters of lan-

guages; they skim, as it were, a general course of study, but in this study nothing leads them to think with their own thoughts: it is chiefly the school routine which gives occupation to their brains, and thus, at an age when the passions are awakened, those passions to which the habits of virtue and the principles of religion ought to be opposed, they find in themselves skill for the piano, a memory for words, and a soul which sleeps. Such is, with some rare exceptions, the woman of the present day, with her forms of devotion, her school morality, her mechanical talents, her love of pleasure, her ignorance of the world, and her desire to love and be loved. It is not that this education has no bright side; on the contrary, it gives grace and tone to society: the duchess and the commoner's wife rival each other in the cultivation of first-rate talents; some compose poems, which are sold for the benefit of the Greeks and Poles; others paint pictures, the price of which is devoted to pious purposes; all write correctly and elegantly; and the pens of Sévigné and Lafayette are become almost vulgar."

Upon this M. Aimé-Martin observes that, if women were to pass all their lives in studios and *fêtes*, if it were only necessary for them to dazzle and to please, the great problem of education would now be solved; but the hours of pleasure are few, and hours of reflection will come—what is there, then, he asks, in all this, to teach them the duties of wives and mothers? In this same chapter the vanity of modern education is admirably exposed: the appearance for the reality, the toiling at that which ought to be only a relaxation, and the forms of religion without the substance, are all touched upon; and, disregarding the opposition of mothers and school-mistresses, he calls it all vanity, and, following the young girl into the married state, when united to a husband as frivolous as herself, he ends the picture by a description of their mutual disgust. We give the closing paragraphs in the original.

"Après un pareil tableau, est il besoin de le dire, ce n'est plus la femme qu'il faut endoctriner par le mari, c'est le mari qu'il faut régénérer par la femme. Que faire donc? Rendre les femmes au sentiment complet de leur dignité, et leur apprendre à distinguer le véritable amour des fureurs qui usurpent son nom. Le premier point, c'est qu'elles veuillent être aimées et respectées; c'est qu'elles ne consentent, à aucun prix, au déplorable rôle que nos passions brutales leur imposent; c'est qu'elles apprennent, enfin, tout ce qu'il y a d'avilissant dans ces hommages qui les transforment en instrument de caprices et de volupté. J'oserai le dire, il n'y a point de progrès possible, pour la civilisation, tant que les femmes ne nous auront pas fait rougir de ces assimilations grossières que la bonne compagnie résume ainsi: le vin, la table, les femmes, les chevaux: triste catalogue des plaisirs de la brute, où l'homme flétrit jusqu'au sein qui l'a porté!

"Mais comment nous en feront-elles rougir si elles n'en rougissent elles-mêmes? Que la délicatesse la plus exquise soit donc dans une

jeune fille la lumière, de sa pudeur, comme elle est dans une jeune femme la marque de sa dignité. Ce ne sont pas les grimaces de la pruderie, c'est la vertu que je demande. En rendant la séduction plus difficile, je rendrai l'amour plus idéal et plus pur, je lui laisserai les illusions qui viennent enchanter notre adolescence, et l'introduisent, pour la première fois, dans le monde du beau et de l'infini ?

"Ainsi doit s'accomplir l'éducation des filles. Et quant à l'éducation du mari, pourquoi nous en inquiéter ? elle se fera simplement et naturellement par les vertus de la femme."

After a brief description of the present moral, literary, and scientific state of France, and public instruction, M. Aimé-Martin closes his first book with a passage which applies to all countries.

"It is therefore religion which ought to vivify nations; they will be just in the eyes of God who love their brethren; they will be powerful among men who love God. Here is revealed the true mission of women—placed among all people, and in all classes, the laws of policy do not reach them, and, pure from our fatal passions, they alone, in the bosom of society, are left to the laws of nature. Nothing need taint the character of women; the cares of business do not tarnish the freshness of their thoughts; they are neither warriors, magistrates, nor legislators: they are wives and mothers; they are such as God wished them to be. They form one half of the human race, and by their very weakness have escaped from the corruption of our power and our glory. Let them cease to regret that they do not share these passions; let them leave to us the tribune, thrones, and war, for, if they partake of our violence, who on earth can soften it! Such should be their influence, their kingdom; they bear within their persons the nations to come, they bear in their souls the destinies of those nations. Let them send through the whole earth the words of humanity and liberty; let them create an impulse towards one common feeling for the love of God and our neighbour; and their destinies will be accomplished. Armies are necessary for conquering the world; one single moral feeling can civilize and save it."

The metaphysical chapters of the second book are intended to give us an ampler knowledge of mankind, and are full of quotations from Kant and other authors; but we will no further pause over them than to extract the two following passages, which appeared to us to be worthy of remark.

"But what is infinity? All my efforts to conceive it are useless; it is equally impossible for me to deny or to comprehend it; all I can know is, that beyond infinity there is nothing. Guided by this faint light, I place a cipher before me to which I constantly add others; I fill an immense space with my calculations; useless toil! eternally increasing, but composed of finite things, the two extremes only meet my eyes, the beginning and the end. Then I look all round me; no end, no beginning; that which the cipher always seeks without obtaining it, that which is before, that which is after, that which is every where and for ever, that

is infinity. The feeling of infinity gives an idea of all things which we cannot perceive by means of the senses ; it realises to us that which is unknown. The infinite is God. It is God that thou seekest, O my soul ! since nothing of that which is finite can detain thee here below. Thou detachest thyself from all earthly joys, because these joys have an end ; thou shrinkest from all limits, because all limit is non-existence. Within thyself alone dost thou repose in this infinity, which passes beyond our passions, and which is at once thy hope, thy light, and thy fulness."

The second passage is from the chapter on the immortality of the soul.

" Mais, dis-tu, je n'ose croire à de si hautes destinées. Dieu ne m'en donne la pensée que pour adoucir les maux de la vie, et cette pensée, ne fût-elle qu'une illusion, est encore le plus magnifique des présents. Qu'est-ce donc que Dieu pourrait me devoir au-delà ? Eh bien ! jette les yeux autour de toi, au milieu de tant de bienfaits prodigués, tâche de découvrir une déception. Il s'agit de savoir ce qui a été promis et ce qui a été donné, si les dons égalent les besoins, si les jouissances manquent aux désirs. Cherche un animal qui ait soif, et qui ne puisse découvrir une fontaine ; une plante attachée à la terre, et sur laquelle le souffle du matin n'apporte de douces rosées ; une pensée humaine qui ne puisse s'accomplir ; un sentiment d'amour qui ne puisse se réaliser ! Dieu dit à chaque intelligence : Ce que tu conçois, je te le donnerai ; et sa magnificence se montre jusqu'aux limites de la nature. Vois ce frère moucheron ! sa tête est couronnée de diamans, ses ailes sont couvertes des nuances de l'arc-en-ciel ; c'est pour lui que le zéphyr balance les fleurs, que la lumière y dépose ses parfums, et que le ciel y laisse tomber une goutte de son ambroisie ; pour lui la terre est un banquet magnifique, et la vie une aurore radieuse toute consacrée à la volupté. Et cependant, au milieu de tant de richesses, au sein de tant de plaisirs, aucune voix n'éveille sa reconnaissance, rien ne l'occupe au-delà de ses appétits, rien ne l'inquiète au-delà de son horizon : il vit, jouit, et meurt ; son destin est rempli. Quoi ! le moucheron n'a pas été trompé, et l'homme le serait ! Il y aurait en nous un sentiment sans but, une inquiétude de la vie céleste sans nécessité, des désirs sans accomplissement, des prévisions éternelles sans avenir, le supplice du néant en présence d'une immortalité promise et refusée ! Promise ! puisqu'elle est montrée.

" Mais la douleur ! mais la mort ! Tu te plains de la mort comme si tu ne portais pas en toi le sentiment qui en triomphe ! Hélas ! ces grandes leçons ne nous sont pas épargnées ; elles se mêlent à la vie de tous les hommes. Dieu nous envoie le plaisir comme un messager céleste qui nous invite à venir à lui, et le malheur comme un maître sévère qui nous y force. Ici, près de moi, il y a peu de jours encore, j'ai vu périr dans sa fleur un enfant, l'unique pensée de sa mère. Hélas ! avec quelle anxiété elle cherchait la vie dans ces yeux éteints pour jamais ! J'entends encore cette voix déchirante ! je vois encore ces regards douloureux ! Toutes les consolations venaient se briser contre ce mot : Il n'est plus ! Tout-à-coup son âme s'exalte, une joie céleste brille dans ses yeux inondés de larmes : elle invoque le nom de Dieu ! elle se ressouvient de ses

promesses ! un sentiment immortel lui rend tout ce qu'elle a perdu. Cette mère inconsolable, qui ne voulait rien entendre, s'abîme maintenant dans les inspirations de l'infini ! Ce n'est plus sur la terre, c'est dans le ciel ; qu'elle contemple son enfant !

" Ah ! si elle ne devait plus le revoir ; qu'elle infernale dérision ! Dieu manquera-t-il de pouvoir ou de justice ? Il y aurait magnificence et vérité dans la vie instinctive du moucheron, artifice et mensonge dans la vie morale et religieuse de l'homme ! La vertu persécutée sur la terre, et tournant ses regards vers le ciel ; les deuouemens à la patrie et au genre humain ; l'héroïsme, qui n'attend plus rien ici-bas ; tous les sacrifices faits au devoir dans le seul but de plaire à Dieu, ne seraient donc que des erreurs de l'humanité ! Ton âme, O Socrate ! aurait eu des pensées plus vastes que la création ! Toi ! l'ami de la vérité, tu serais mort pour un mensonge ! Un Dieu aurait trompé Socrate ! L'être créé serait-il plus magnanime que son Créateur ?

" Non ! Non ! la Providence ne répond pas par une sentence de mort éternelle aux sages qui l'invoquent, au genre humain qui l'atteste. Ce n'est pas sur les tombeaux qu'il faut lire sa réponse, c'est dans notre âme, d'où s'échappe ce cri sublime : Dieu, éternité !"

" Quand l'homme jette ses regards sur la terre, que voit-il ? la création, qui, de toutes parts, s'élève jusqu'à lui. Et quand il ramène ses regards sur lui-même, quand il s'étudie et se contemple, que trouve-t-il au-delà de ses passions terrestres ? un sentiment instinctif de l'infini, une conscience qui tend à la perfection idéale, une raison dont la lumière se projette vers le ciel, une âme enfin dont toutes les facultés rayonnent vers Dieu : intuition mystérieuse de la Divinité, qui nous annonce un autre monde aussi sûrement que les sens nous révèlent celui-ci !"

The second volume, including the third and fourth books, is wholly devoted to religion : the first chapter treats of error and truth, and we strongly recommend its perusal ; it would injure it to make copious extracts from it, and our limits will not allow us to give more than the opening and conclusion, which are as follows :—

" Que puis-je savoir ? Que dois-je faire ? qu'ose je espérer ?* J'élève la voix, j'interroge toutes les philosophies, toutes les religions, et toutes me disent, Venez à nous ! Alors, prêtant l'oreille, j'entends les unes me proposer de ne croire à rien, les autres de croire sans examiner. On commence par exiger le doute, et l'on finit par me demander la crédulité. Si je parle de vertu, j'entends donner ce nom au crime ; si je parle de Dieu, j'entends donner ce nom à la matière. Plus j'avance, plus ma raison se trouble ; je finis par n'être sûr de rien, pas même de la substance de mon âme, pas même de la matière de mon corps : la métaphysique ne me laisse que mes sensations ; la logique, que l'incertitude entre deux raisonnemens contraires. Ainsi je touche à tous les systèmes sans arriver à aucune conviction, et, plongé dans ces ténèbres philosophiques et

* These are well known expressions of Kant's.

religieuses, après avoir tout étudié, tout approfondi, je m'arrête, effrayé de ne comprendre que mon néant !

“What light will guide us in this shadowy path?” (the search of truth.) “It is the great business of life, and it must be confessed that which seems to disturb us the least. It is sometimes discussed in colleges, but, having once entered into the world, we hasten to forget it. Lectures on philosophy are so managed that they do not teach us to philosophize, for their object is to make good scholars, and not good philosophers. For women it is still worse; no one dreams of developing their souls; and for 6000 years they have led the world, without the world thinking that in the exercise of such a power the truth is of any consequence to them. The researches we are now about to make will recompense them for this neglect; for them we shall trace a few pages of human wisdom; then, abandoning those arid paths which philosophers will plant with abstractions and syllogisms, we shall enter into a new road, where Nature herself shall serve as a guide,—where all is easy, all is beautiful,—where the soul, restless about its future state, finds the termination of its fears and uncertainties,—where wisdom is love, and truth produces ecstasy.”

These are bold words on the part of our author, and we will endeavour, by selecting a few passages, to show how far he fulfils his great undertaking, again impressing on the mind of the reader that he speaks to another nation, where education varies from our own, inasmuch as we profess, at least, to give to both sexes a knowledge of God; where the great mass consists of Catholics, and where there are consequently wide differences in manners, customs, and feelings. We hope, however, that we do not err when we venture to assert that Protestants may also derive much profit from an attentive perusal of M. Aimé-Martin's pages.

The fallacy of metaphysical reasoning, taken as a whole, (however applicable we may find certain isolated passages,) is thus handled.

“How can it arrive at a single positive truth, when even existence is to it an insoluble problem? The bodies which surround me, the soul which receives the impressions of these bodies, are denied by metaphysicians, without my being able to refute the denial. For them there is neither matter nor mind,—not a perceptible being, nor a perceptible object: whether we see a city, a river, the sun, the firmament, the marvels of the earth or skies; or whether we see a man who sees all these things, there is not a single sensation within us which can prove their reality. ‘Bodies do not exist,’ says Berkeley. The soul, a spiritual substance, then remains. ‘Spiritual substances do not exist,’ says Hume. Then the sensations remain. ‘What does feeling mean? Am I certain that I feel?’ says M. de la Mennais, (a celebrated modern writer). Thus the highest efforts of the understanding lead us to the last degree of absurdity. Man cannot affirm anything about his own being; he can neither say I am, I feel, or I think. Show me after this what remains of creation. But astonishment is felt because these meta-

physics, which refuse to us the proofs of our own existence, cannot afford us proofs of the existence of a God. How can man prove that God is, by reasoning which cannot even prove to him that his own material body exists? Kant places on two parallel lines the metaphysical arguments for and against the existence of God; then he weighs them and shows their equality. Argument having decided nothing, doubt appears, and the truth remains unknown. Thus one of the noblest of human understandings has employed all the strength of abstract reasoning to establish that this abstract reasoning is powerless when seeking for principles. But, instead of complaining of such want of power, we ought to be thankful for it. What would become of truth, that truth which ought to be universal, if nature had placed her demonstration in reasoning which is unintelligible to three-fourths of the human race?"

We were about to say that the able chapter on the authority of learned theologians would probably apply more to Catholics than to Protestants; but we glanced around us, and we paused. The thronging of our countrywomen to the churches of their favourite preachers; their restlessness and discontent when forced by circumstances to attend any other; their énthusiastic and tender praise of these their holy men; the infallibility with which they clothe them; their blind submission to all they enjoin, in defiance of the authority of the most sacred ties of family and gratitude,—of that decorum which in all other cases they would cherish more dearly than their lives; that influence which they allow their confidential priest to possess, not only over their consciences, but over the most trifling occupation in their domestic arrangements; that sweeping clause of condemnation which they cast over all who presume to differ from the Reverend Mr. A. or Mr. B.—all this, we say, started before us; and we would fain ask them also to pause, and, looking at the number of popes which they ~~thus~~ create, ask themselves how nearly they approach to the errors of that great division of the Christian religion which they profess to abhor. But we must not write a religious discussion, when we are only called upon to give an account of a published work; and, affirming that we are most sensible to the well-directed efforts of zealous and benevolent clergymen,—that we have witnessed with tears the consolation, the soothing, which Holy Writ has imparted, when falling on the ears of the afflicted and the dying from their lips,—that we hail with joy the appearance of the true minister of God among his suffering or thoughtless congregation,—we conclude this passage in the words of Aimé-Martin himself: "No one more than ourselves respects the Holy Scriptures, but, at the same time, no one more fears the interpretations given to it by" (bigoted) "man."

The succeeding chapter is, perhaps, quite equal to that of which we have just spoken, and has for its subject the refutation

of the infallibility of the mass of opinion. We reluctantly pass over the chapters treating of the Unity of God—the influence of one single truth over the world—the attributes of the Divinity—the study of God in the soul of man, and in nature—the laws of creation—the sociability of the human race—physical and moral love—marriage—maternal affection—the propriety of keeping all things in their proper places—and the absence of all design to raise women beyond their own sphere of duty—till we come to the assertion that reaction is always in proportion to the action, on which our author says :

“The action does not always come upon us in a direct manner ; sometimes it strikes the actor, sometimes those who surround him. These proofs of justice may appear to us to be slow and capricious ; they overturn a throne when we only see a guilty populace ; they destroy a nation when we see but the tyrant to be punished. Then come those exceptions which irritate us or strike us with terror. All this proceeds from the weakness of our own sight, and sometimes also from the greatness of our pride. We form our judgment according to the laws of human justice, and not according to those wide and profound views of universal justice which form the justice of God.”

In closing this chapter, which is intended to prove that the natural bent of man is towards that which is excellent, we shall use the forcible words of the author.

“Vous venez de voir les astres se multiplier, comme les sables de la mer ; montez, montez encore ! Plongez avec Herschel dans ces abîmes de lumière et de feu ! Le grand homme aspire à ce qu’il y a de plus beau ; son âme pressent que toutes ces étoiles qui rayonnent dans l’espace doivent avoir leurs êtres animés, leurs êtres intelligens. Qu’est ce pour lui qu’un soleil qui ne ferait qu’éclairer ? Dieu s’est donné partout des spectateurs. Plein de cette pensée, il observe l’astre dont la présence donne le jour, et bientôt il découvre que cet astre est une planète opaque, ténébreuse, assez semblable à la terre, et non un charbon ardent, que la lumière n’émane pas de son sein, mais qu’elle nage dans son atmosphère comme les nuées dans la nôtre ; qu’elle s’y forme perpétuellement pour rayonner sur les mondes, et sans doute aussi sur le soleil lui-même, qu’elle éclaire, qu’elle féconde, et qu’elle aurait cent fois consumé, si, par des moyens qui nous sont inconnus, l’ardeur dévorante de ses feux ne se trouvait sans cesse adoucie. Et il en conclut que le phénomène de la vie se produit dans le soleil comme sur la terre, mais sous des formes et avec des conditions différentes. Ainsi, dépassant les profondes conceptions d’Huygens, qui, en peuplant les astres, n’avait osé peupler le soleil, le jeune Herschel s’élève d’un degré de plus vers le beau ; il sent que l’intelligence est partout, parce que partout il reconnaît un Dieu. Dès-lors tous les points lumineux du firmament s’animent par la prière et par l’amour ; chaque planète, chaque étoile, chaque soleil, chaque voie lactée, est un autel qui flamboie et d’où s’élance l’hymne vainqueur du néant ; et l’ensemble de ces planètes, de ces

étoiles, de ces soleils, de ces voies lactées, c'est le temple de la Divinité ; et les chœurs sublimes qui retentissent de monde en monde, c'est le culte éternel, incompréhensible, entendu de Dieu seul, au milieu de l'harmonie des astres, à travers l'espace et le temps."

With respect to the possible perfection of man, we cannot quite agree with M. Aimé-Martin, and many other learned and good men: that we may be, can be, and shall be, much better, we do not doubt,—nay, we even admit that we are better; but the experience of all ages, the contemplation of mankind only since the Christian era, make us fear that in this life our fallen nature can never reach perfection. In all times there have been examples of brilliant virtue, but that virtue has at best been human, and is mingled with weaknesses which depend on the material structure with which God has enveloped our souls.

The chapters on death, and the application of the laws of nature to those of man, are, perhaps, not so powerful as many others; but in the latter we could not help being struck with some of the remarks on the ancient writers, for they proved to us that in all times fanaticism has made use of similar means. Those writings of St. Jerome, which are especially addressed to the novices in convents, are but the first edition of certain books, which are now put into the hands of young women, in order to warn them against sins and inclinations of which we feel sure that nine-tenths of our females would remain in ignorance were it not for these warnings. The only difference lies in the words, and in the much more pernicious excess of the second edition.

In treating of our hopes for the future, M. Aimé-Martin thus writes:

"Before the Gospel there was but little hope for humanity; since then, all else has been reduced to nothing. Reckon the followers of each religion: give 147 millions of souls to Confucius, to Sinto, to Magism and to Fetichism; 170 millions to Bouddha and his five apostles; 60 to Brama, and 96 to Mahomet. Amid this censorship of mankind Jesus Christ is found to possess 270 millions of disciples. Whatever may be their communion, Greek or Roman Catholicism, Lutheranism or Calvinism, the Gospel has but one object—the enfranchisement of all nations; but one future—the triumph of virtue and humanity."

Having thus prepared the reader for his ultimate object, M. Aimé-Martin, in his fourth and last book, proceeds to the religion of a mother of a family, and he thus commences.

"I am now about to treat of religion in presence of its three greatest enemies—incrédulity, indifference, and fanaticism—taking reason for my guide, and only seeking the truth, a difficult task, which I am anxious to fulfil without wounding the conscience of any one. For this purpose, I declare that my object is not to change the modes of worship, or to overturn dogmatical rules. Over every one of the special and changeable

tenets of each sect reigns an immutable religion, which enfolds them all, as the sky surrounds the earth. My object is to borrow from that religion, which is summed up in the Gospel, those eternal principles which agree with all creeds; to introduce them gently by means of female influence, and thus gradually to advance towards the triumph of Christianity, or, in other words, the civilization of the world. . . . The more sublime the religion that is given to our mothers, the more vivid will be our own impressions: to neglect, to instruct our teachers would be to renounce our own instruction. May proper thoughts of God descend upon us at the sound of our mothers' voices,—may these thoughts penetrate into our souls,—may their light surround us,—may they be the joy of our childhood, the science of our heart, the life of our soul, and our support at that period when the last beams of innocence tremble before, and cede to, the passions!"

While speaking of the religion of the human race, our author further says:

"Before His coming (and I intentionally dwell upon this thought) political institutions alone traced the duties of the citizen; morality depended on religious worship only as far as its material interests were concerned; nothing united man to God; he was virtuous for the sake of his country,—the Gospel teaches us to be virtuous for the sake of humanity and of heaven. In thus combining morality and religion, the love of God and man, Jesus at once showed the insufficiency of the religion of philosophers, which preached morality without religion, and the fatality of that religion without morality, which belonged to the Pagans."

In a comparison of the Christianity of other times and that of the present day with the true doctrines of the Gospel, we find the following beautiful passage:

"How has such love for mankind been changed into persecution and damnation? How has the God who came to seek the stray sheep, the God who calls all men to him, become the God of anathemas and exclusion? If these doctrines are the work of Jesus Christ, we must reject them as entirely pernicious; if they are the work of man, our faith must be purified. The fault lies in our recognizing the man in our religion, when we ought only to recognize God. . . . It is the general spirit of the book which must be taken; some sentences, some pages, scattered here and there, may favour violence; but if the whole book condemns it, how can we justify it? Two books verify each other—the book of the Apostles and the book of nature. I study them, I reflect upon them, and I compare them. In this magnificent examination the book of nature interprets the Gospel, and the Gospel teaches me to read the book of nature. In each I discover the same laws,—in each I recognize the same hand,—and when they cease to agree, I pause and I doubt."

Passing over the chapters treating of celibacy, sanctity, the Romish priest, hope and faith, and the true Gospel priest, we shall only further cite the concluding address.

"Oh women! if you could only see one of the miracles promised to

maternal influence, with what noble pride would you enter upon that career which has so generously opened future ages to your endeavours! That which it is not in the power of any monarch or any nation to accomplish, it is given to your will to execute. You alone can unite the scattered flock, and give it one common impulse. That which I have not been able to trace on this cold paper, you can engrave on the hearts of a whole people. I offer to you a feeble image of the truth, and you can bequeath the truth itself to the whole world. When, in our public walks and gardens, I see on all sides the noisy crowds of children, diverting themselves with the sports suitable to their age, my heart trembles with joy at the thought that they yet belong to you. Let each devote herself to the happiness of her own children, for in each individual happiness God has placed the promise of general happiness. Young girls, young wives, tender mothers, it lies in you, much more than it lies in the laws of a legislature, to confirm the future destiny of Europe and the destiny of mankind!"

ART. III.—1. *Le Roman du Renart, publié d'après les Manuscrits de la Bibliothèque du Roi des XIII^e, XIV^e, et XV^e Siècles.* Par M. D. M. Meon. 8vo. Paris. 1826. 4 tomes.

2. *Le Roman du Renart, Supplément variantes et corrections. Publié d'après les Manuscrits de la Bibliothèque du Roi et de la Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal.* Par P. Chabaille. 8vo. Paris. 1835.

3. *Reinardus Vulpes. Carmen Epicum seculis IX. et XII. conscriptum. Ad fidem Codd. MSS. edidit et adnotationibus illustravit Franciscus Josephus Mone. Reinhart Fuchs aus dem neunten und zwölften Jahrhundert. Herausgegeben und erläutert von F. J. Mone.* 8vo. Stuttgart und Tübingen. 1832.

4. *Reinard Fuchs.* Von Jacob Grimm. 8vo. Berlin. 1834.

TWICE already has the world-renowned Reynard the Fox figured in the pages of the Foreign Quarterly Review;* and we certainly should have denied him the honour of a third and last appearance, had he not come recommended to us by introductions from such accomplished scholars as Mone and Jacob Grimm. But could we, who have already admitted his universal popularity in one or other of his protean shapes, refuse to notice the hitherto unedited Latin poem, "*Reinardus Vulpes*," which its learned editor unhesitatingly pronounces to be the arch-type and prefigu-

ration of all those "Famous Histories and right merry Adventures" in which the crafty courtier of the king of beasts plays a part? Could we refuse to notice a volume in which Jacob Grimm communicates to the world of letters the results of his investigation into the history of Master Reynard? Certainly not. We have therefore determined to call the attention of our readers once more to the subject, and to include in our notice Meon's edition of the "*Roman du Renard*," and the indispensable supplement to that edition, lately published by M. Chabaille; because our doing so will enable us to exhibit a tolerably complete sketch of the literary history of this very popular and widely circulated cycle of romance.

As an introduction to this sketch, we must however beg leave to say a few words, touching the nature and spirit which pervade those numerous stories in which Reynard figures as the hero. Tom Hearne, whose judgment cannot be pronounced, like his industry, unquestionable, said, when speaking of the English version of this romance, "It is an admirable thing;" and so far Tom was right. But when he follows up this assertion with another, viz. "and the design, being political and to represent a wise government, was equally good,"—poor Tom, with all deference be it spoken, was confoundedly mistaken. The design is not a political one, neither is it, as others have erroneously characterized it, satirical. Jacob Grimm, in the very first chapter of his introductory Essay, enters into a discussion upon this point, and shows very clearly the impossibility of the popular stories, in which animals are the actors, being in their nature satirical. We regret that we are precluded by its length from extracting this chapter, in which the learned author displays a critical acumen that can only be excelled by the indefatigable research manifested in the succeeding pages of his work.

The stories in question had in fact their origin in times far different from this *rail-road* age; in times when men were in daily contact with the world of animals, either in tending their peaceful flocks, chasing the wild deer, or hunting down the beasts of the forest. The peculiarities of the different animals were brought by one or other of these causes constantly before their eyes, were constantly becoming the subject of their speculation; and the consideration, that, in many respects, the living creatures which they saw around them resembled the human race, that, in some, as in sharpness of sight, quickness of hearing, and fineness of smelling, they far excelled them, gave rise to numerous suppositions as to the relationship which they bore to man; and these form the foundation of all those fables in which animals enact

their parts. Concerning the two great requisites for the construction of these fables, Grimm speaks as follows :

"In the first place, the fable must exhibit the animals as being endowed with human reason, and initiated into all the customs and conditions of our mode of living, so that their behaviour has nothing at all odd in it. The murdered hen is carried on a bier, with cries of murder, before the king, who orders the service of the dead to be performed and an epitaph to be placed over her. The men of the fable do not hesitate to recognize the torture of the wolf, who speaks their language, when he prays to be received into the monastery. The peasant enters into a formal contract with the fox on the subject of his poultry, and in his trial with the animal recognizes the lion as the common judge between them. But then, on the other hand, the peculiarities of the nature of the several animals must be brought into play and made of good effect. Thus the rook sings standing upon one leg, and shutting his eyes—a characteristic trait, entirely copied from nature. So, in his battle with the wolf, does the fox avail himself of all his natural cunning. In like manner, the cat's deeply-impressed propensity for mice, the bear's fondness for honey, are necessary levers of the fable, from which the most taking situations arise. Without this uniting into one of two in reality opposing elements, the animal fable (*Thierfabel*) cannot exist. Whosoever would invent stories in which the animals merely comported themselves like men, but were occasionally gifted with the names and forms of animals, would fail as completely in catching the spirit of the fable, as he who should attempt to exhibit the animals with all the truth of nature, without human address and without the aimed-at action of men. If the animals of the fable be without any smack of humanity, the fable becomes absurd; if they are without traces of their animal nature, it becomes wearisome."

Thus much of the nature of these fables. As we have already observed, Grimm denies that there exists in them any tendency to satire. He doubts moreover, and with good show of reason, whether their object was didactic. "Fable," says he, "is now entirely instructive, yet I believe its first beginning not to have been instruction." But we must leave his speculations upon this point, and his shrewd criticism upon the claims of La Fontaine and Lessing to be considered as successful fabulists, and commence our view of the rise and progress of the far-famed adventures of Reynard the Fox.

Initium ab initio is a good rule, and, though we cannot point out the precise moment when the events recorded by the historians of Reynard are supposed to have happened, we shall not greatly err if we ascribe them to that interesting period spoken of by the venerable chronicler of St. Denis; as "*ce tans que les bestes parloient*,"—an epoch likewise referred to by the sagacious Bertoldo as one "*quando le bestie parlavano*." What was the

language thus spoken by animals in the older time, is a matter hard to decide, but we may fairly presume that it was one of the learned languages, since we have competent authority for asserting that Latin was formerly employed by birds:

"Li oïstax dist en son Latin,"

says Li Lais de l'Oïselet.

But though the question as to when Reynard flourished is involved in this obscurity, the labours of modern antiquaries have thrown considerable light upon the next question, namely, when was his name chosen, like that of the great Gustavus,

"To point a moral and adorn a tale."

Grimm produces a host of witnesses to show how widely spread and how favourably received was Reynard's History in the days gone by. Gautier de Coinsi, one of the best poets of his age, who, as a pious ecclesiastic, held in slight estimation all the profane materials of poetry, maintains, when speaking of his "*Miracles de la Vierge*," which were completed in 1233, that

"Plus delitous sont si fait conte
As bones gens, par saint Omer,
Que de Renart, ne de Roumer,
Ne de Tardiu le limeçon ;"

and further observes that even churchmen were more desirous of having representations from this fable in their chambers, than images of the saints in their churches:

"En leur moustiers ne font pas faire
Sitost limage Notre Dame
Com font Isungrin et sa fame
En leur chambres ou il reponent."

Another proof of the early popularity of this story may be found in Saint Foix's "*Essais Historiques sur Paris*," where we are told that Philip le Bel, probably to mortify the Pope (Boniface VIII., who died 1303), with whom he was on bad terms, caused the "*Procession Renart*" to be solemnly represented, in which a mummer, clothed in the skin of a fox, over which he wore a priest's robes, performed mass, and then ran after and devoured the poultry; and it is probable that such exhibitions were frequent.

The Provençals, as far as we at present know, never selected Reynard for the hero of any poems. Nevertheless, it is obvious that, from their intercourse with the Normans and their acquaintance with the literature of their rivals, they soon became familiar with his exploits; and the consequence is, that amongst the lyrical compositions of the Troubadours we find allusions to this story older than any poem by a Trouveur now extant on the sub-

ject; older than the lost Norman-French poems of this cyclus, however, they cannot be.

For instance, our own monarch, Richard Cœur-de-Lion, in a *Sirvente* which must have been written between 1169 and 1199, has an allusion to this story—

“E vos juoastes ot moi,
E men portastes tiel foi
Com *Naengris d Reinaert*.”

Gavaudan, who wrote about 1195, Peire de Bussinac, who according to Raynouard flourished before the end of the twelfth century, and many other celebrated writers among the Provençals, likewise allude to it.

In Spain and Italy the history of Reynard seems however to have been but little known; while, on the other hand, the story is shown to have been highly popular in Flanders at the beginning of the thirteenth century. Subsequently to 1229, but before 1250, a canon of Liege (whose work forms properly the third book of the “*Vita S. Odiliæ Leodiensis*,” printed in the second volume of Chapeauville) when relating the victory of his countrymen over Duke Henry of Brabant, says, “*Dux autem, (Brabantinus) suorum videns interitum, fugit ad ipsum comitem (Ferrandum, Flandrensem), quarens inducias et veniam de commissis. Super cuius palliata hypocrisis Flandrenses indignati proceres, ‘Eya’, inquirunt, ‘Rainardus factus est monachus.’*”

Shortly before this, in 1204 and 1206, occurred another event recorded in the history of Flanders, which shows how widely spread was Reynard’s reputation at that time. Mathilda, the widowed countess, was at open war with a party of her subjects. The adherents of Mathilda assumed the name of Isangriners (*Isangrini*); those who were opposed to them being designated Blaususser (*Blavotini*). Such is the statement of a contemporary, Ricordus, in his history *De Gestis Philippi Augusti* (Duchesne, v. 54), and his testimony is confirmed by Guilermus Brito, and the later evidence of Philip Mouskes (from 1274 to 1282 bishop of Tournai), who, in his partly printed *Rhyming Chronicle*, says

“Et grant douaire tint vers Ipre
En cele tiere des *Isengrins*,
Qui haoient les *Blavotins*.”

Jacob Meyer, in his *Chronicon Flandriæ*, mentions the circumstance, and explains the allusion to the wolf in the name of the Isangriners, but is unable to do the same for that of the Blavoter. Grimm, however, and the circumstance of its being the name of the opposite faction calls for some such explanation, assumes that the epithet is connected with the history of the fox, who, as

he shows very clearly, was sometimes designated by the coaxing name of *Blaufuss* (Bluefoot) and *Schwarzfuss* (Blackfoot).

But the earliest testimony to the existence of popular stories in which the fox and the wolf exhibit those peculiar traits by which they are characterized in the *Reynardine* fables, is that which is afforded by the Abbot Guibert de Nogent in his *Autobiography*, and which proves them to have been as familiar to the natives of Picardy at the commencement of the twelfth century as the passages we have quoted above prove them to have been to the Flemings a century later. Guibert, or Wibert, a native of Beauvais, was elected Abbot of the Monastery of Nogent, near Coucy, in 1104, and died in 1124. He wrote three books, *De Vita Sua*, which were published among his collected works at Paris, by Lucas d'Achery, in 1651; and in book 3, cap. 8, p. 507, he relates the murder, in 1112, of Gualdricus, or Wal-dricus, Bishop of Laon, in Picardy, who had made himself hated by his crimes and offences. The insurgents sought everywhere for the bishop, who had concealed himself at their approach; at last they examined the cellar, "*cum itaque per singula eum vasa disquirerent, iste (Teudegaldus, the chief of the murderers) pro fronte tonnulæ illius in qua latebat homo, substitit, et retuso obice sciscibatur ingeminando, 'Quis esset?' Cumque vix eo fustigante gelida jam ora movisset, 'Captivus' inquit.—Solebat autem episcopus eum *Isengrimum* irridendo vocare, propter lupinam scilicet speciem: sic enim aliqui solent appellare lupos. At ergo scelestus ad præsulem, 'Hicne est dominus *Isengrimus* repositus?' Renulfus igitur, quamvis peccator, christus (i. e. unctus) tamen Domini, de vasculo capillis detrahitur." In this remarkable passage, obscure as it is towards the conclusion, in which we should probably read *Renardus* instead of *Renulfus*, we see that in 1112 this fable was so well known that the name of *Isengrim* was satirically applied to a wild-looking man, and moreover that every one of the common people understood the allusion. From which we may reasonably infer that in the North of France this characteristic fable was then one generation older at least; that it might, in short, date its rise from the middle of the eleventh century.*

We have thus historical testimony to the fact of the story being current at the commencement of the twelfth century. The names of the chief actors afford philological evidence of its existence in still earlier times. We will not follow Grimm through the eight-and-twenty pages occupied by his chapter upon the *Thiernamen* (names of the animals); but as we have long felt that the very name of the fox in the French romances upon the subject served to prove, not only that those romances were not o

French origin, (for had they been so the old French appellative of the fox *Goupil*, and not the Teutonic Reinard, would have obtained, as the name of the hero,) but that the German writers had reason on their side when they claimed the credit of this favourite narrative for their countrymen; we shall content ourselves with extracting one passage, important for the etymological grounds which it affords for supposing that stories of the Fox and Wolf were known to the Franks as early as the 4th, 5th, and 6th centuries. After showing that the names applied to the several animals, far from being vague and unmeaning, were originally strictly significant, Grimm proceeds to specify the several classes into which these epithets were capable of being divided, and then to make those observations on the name of the fox, which form the passage to which we have alluded.

"*Renart*, *Reinhart*, in its earlier form *Reginhart*, still earlier *Raginohard*, *Ragnohard*, is a proper name of frequent occurrence in documents of the 7th, 8th, and 9th centuries, the meaning of which has long ceased to be thoroughly understood. Smaragd, a Benedictine monk of Lorraine, who, about 816, or still earlier, completed a *Donatus* which has never been printed, explains *Reinhart* by 'nitidum consilium,' erroneously taking *rain* for *hreini*, (purus, nitidus). But how did he come by 'consilium,' which can in no wise exist in *hart*; is it through transposition in *rat*? has he confounded with it the somewhere acquired proper meaning of the first word? it appears so, for *ragin*, *regin*, is without doubt 'consilium' in the Gothic language throughout. (Philem. 14, *ragineis*, consiliarius senator, Mark 15, 43. Rom. 11, 34.) In the later dialects the word began to disappear and to exist only in combination. Probably the Frankish has preserved it longer, for the well known *raginboron* were—the before the tribunal giving counsel, the advising, the deciding; Anglo-Saxon *rædþoran*, Frisian *réd-jewa* (Rechts Alterthümer, 774, 787); the writing of the *Lex Sal. racin*, *rachin* (and before b, *rachin*) is of no consequence, because, for example, *lacina* is written there for *lagina*. Thus *Raginhard* is expert in counsel, adviser, and we have before seen that, throughout all these fables, the fox was actually the adviser. Moreover the French poem seems to exhibit a knowledge of this fact, probably from following closely its incomprehended original source:

'Si ai maint bon conseil doné,

Par mon droit non ai non Renart,'—l. 15876.

"I have much good counsel given, by my right name I am called Reinhard. From this it is clear that the name of Reinhard in these fables was a characteristic one, and that it was originally applied to the fox on that account. It is therefore not to be wondered that a so deeply contrived name of an animal became firmly rooted in the Frankish tongue, that it could even supplant the French appellative *goupil*, and from *Renart* at last become *renard*. But what appears more important, the first application, or finding of the name, must be traced up to a period, at which the sense of the word *ragin* was generally perceptible, conse-

quently our fables (*Thierfabel*) go back far beyond the twelfth century. I venture to maintain that this name alone justifies the supposition—that the Fables of the Fox and the Wolf were known to the Franks in the fourth, fifth and sixth centuries, when they used the yet unalloyed German tongue, dilled by no influx of the Gaulish language—that they took the fables with them from Germany across the Rhine.”—*Introduction*, pp. cxxl—cxxlii.

The next question for our examination is the locality in which the Renardine fables now possessed by us took their rise. This will not take us long, for the ground on which they sprung is not widely spread, nor indeed should we have alluded at this place to their local origin, but that we were anxious to call attention to the extraordinary fact, that this peculiar cycle of popular poetry should have acquired its popular and long enduring form, in those very regions in which that branch of the painter's art which may be pronounced of a cognate nature with the works under consideration—we mean, of course, cattle and landscape painting—has been cultivated with fond perseverance and pre-eminent success. For it is in Flanders, and the countries immediately adjoining to it—the north of France and the western parts of Germany—that these poems have flourished most luxuriantly, as we shall take the opportunity of showing when we bring these various compositions under the notice of our readers.

Before commencing this division of our labours, we have a few preliminary remarks to make on the fact of the lion, a stranger, in our days at least, to the forests of the European continent, appearing in these histories as the acknowledged king of beasts. We had thought of noticing the peculiar fitness of the fox and the wolf, formerly the most populous denizens of our coverts, for the parts which they are called upon to perform. We pass this by, however, that we may examine the probable cause of the lion's being invested with regal authority. This circumstance would seem, at once, to contradict the German, or indeed European origin of the fable. But, setting aside our knowledge that lions were formerly brought into Europe from their native wilds, to be exhibited as important features in royal and princely pageants—that proof of their being indigenous to Europe might be adduced from those poets who tell us that Sigfrid was wont to hunt lions in the Burgundian forests—both which circumstances might be considered sufficiently explanatory of the motives which induced the writers of these fables to invest the lion with sovereignty over all the other animals who figure in these narratives; another and more satisfactory explanation is afforded by the fact, that there is good reason for believing, that the lion has, in comparatively modern times, usurped the crown

which the bear originally possessed, both *de jure* and *de facto*. The bear is, indeed, the strongest and the largest of all our indigenous animals—the true king of our European forests; and Grimm, after showing that, in the old German language, the roaring of the lion and the growling of the bear were both expressed by one and the same word, viz., *brēman*,—and further (which is very remarkable with regard to this point) that in the old Norse tongue, the highest authority was expressed by *bersa leyfi* (licentia ursi), adduces satisfactory evidence, the particulars of which we shall not attempt to follow, that in Germany, in the tenth century, and earlier, the kingly authority over the beasts of the forests was considered to belong, not to the lion, but to the bear; who, in the works now handed down to us, is still exhibited as second only to the lion in power and influence; and the bear is, in fact, next to the fox and the wolf, the most important personage in these off-told tales.

But it is time that we proceed from these introductory and general observations to a more particular examination of the several literary productions, to which the popularity of Reynard's history has given rise. The oldest of these is a Latin poem, now printed for the first time by Grimm, from a manuscript of the fourteenth century, preserved at Berlin. "*Isengrinus*," as this poem is designated, contains 688 verses, and, though of considerably less extent than the Latin poem published by Mone, it is not only obviously of greater antiquity, but surpasses it in the power of description which it displays. It comprises, however, only two stories—the first is, "The Sickness of the Lion;" and the second, which is very skillfully combined with it, relates "The Pilgrimage of the Goat." It commences as follows:

"It whilom chanced so sick the lion lay,
He could nor sleep by night, nor feed by day;
A die, of life or death, the fate did bear,
And hope fast faded 'fore increasing fear;
The season too, his ills to increase strove,
For Phœbus then through fiery Cancer drove."

He had been removed, for the sake of coolness, to the shady coverts of the wood, and ordered a general court, proclaimed a solemn peace, and summoned before him all the beasts of the forest, that he might secure their allegiance to his wife and

"Contigit arreptam forti languore leonem,
Nil dormire, nichil sumere posse cibi.
Ann judicium vite mortisque trahebat,
Et spes liquor operat fœce metus;
Quia morbi rabiem mors tempestatis alobat,
Cum traheret Cancer Phœbus in arce rotam." v. 1—6.

children, and during his lifetime nominate his successor. Reynard is the only one who absents himself: he waits for a special summons. Isengrim, the wolf, his inveterate enemy, who is greatly rejoiced at this, thrusts himself ostentatiously forward, and, having attracted the attention of the lion, slanders the fox, and tells the royal invalid that it would much conduce to his recovery to eat the livers of the ram and of the goat, and, when convalescent, their flesh. But the manner in which this is told deserves an extract:

"Even the lion smiled, as thus he said,
(While his harsh voice filled every beast with dread)
'Good Isengrim, near me a seat secure,
I think thou wouldst relate what would me cure.
If so, out with it!' Straight the wolf obeys,
Sits, slightly hems, his pulse then feels, and says
'Fear not, great king. Sound health will soon be thine,
To pay each traitor off in his own coin.'"

But to proceed: Joseph, the ram, and Berfridus, the goat, who had listened with great indignation to the suggestions of the wolf, give him such hints with the points of their horns, as are not to be mistaken, that he must leave the throne, and take his place among the cats, for that his knowledge of medicine was nothing worth:

"*'Scis nichil, Isengrime: fuge hinc,' ait omnis, 'abito.'*"

Gusthero, the hare, is then despatched with a summons to the fox, who is called upon to display his skill in leech-craft; he is, however desired by Reynard, to return forthwith to court, and say he could not find him. He accordingly does so, and is, after a while followed by Reynard, who appears laden with a quantity of healing herbs, which he had previously collected, and a number of old worn out shoes. The lion making no reply to his thrice proffered salutation,

"*'Pulcra,' ait, 'hic merces pro pietate datur;'*"

and then, in answer to the questions of his sovereign, he explains that, upon the announcement of the lion's illness, instead of merely presenting himself at court, as all the other nobles of the land had done, he had taken a wearisome journey to Salerno, to find

* "*Ipse parum ridet Leo, sicque profatur: eratque
Vocis ad horrorem concio tota tremens.
'Isengrime comes, prope me sessurus adisti:
Credo, referre paras quod michi prestat opem.
Exire si quid habes.' Propterea sedet ille, parumque
Tessit, et ut veniam palpiat, inquit ita.
'Pone metum, rex, pone. Vales, virtutis reversa:
Redde nam fidei perfidieque vicem.'*" v. 49-56.

an effectual remedy for his disease, and in doing so had worn out an incredible number of shoes—producing these in proof of the accuracy of his statement. He then goes on to explain, that only one thing further is required to ensure his sovereign's recovery, which is that, when he takes the medicine, he must promote copious perspiration by enveloping himself in the thick and grey hide of a wolf three years and a half old, and suggests that Isengrim may lend his for that purpose, and, when the cure is effected, it can be returned to him. Isengrim, upon hearing this, seeks to effect his escape, but, being prevented from doing so, pleads that he is an old wolf, and not a young one. Reynard does not admit this excuse, but proves, from his being just two years and a half old when a certain event took place in the goat's house a twelve-month before—that he is just of the right age. The ass, the goat, and the ram are called, and confirm the truth of Reynard's statement, who however decides at last that any wolf's skin, be it young or old, will answer the purpose. The lion accordingly commands the bear to slay the wolf, which he does, helping him off with his tunic after the French fashion;—

“*Ut tunicam Francæ deposuisse queas*”—

but leaving the shaggy covering on his head and paws.

This circumstance, as well as the redness of his bleeding limbs, gives rise to many bitter jests; such as taunting his disloyalty in not always wearing his gay red dress at court, instead of the old grey wolf skin which he was accustomed to appear in; and when the poor beast stretches forth his paws, and bows his head that his implacable antagonist may tear away the skin from them, Reynard upbraids him, that it became a suppliant to appear bare-headed and with naked hands, and not with his head covered and with gloves, as if he were insolently going to challenge his sovereign to a combat. At length the wolf is allowed to escape, with the understanding that his skin will be taken care of for him until he thinks proper to reclaim it. The lion then takes the medicine prescribed by the fox, and ensconces himself in the wolf's hide—

“*A copious sweat the fever straight subdued :
He woke refreshed, nay more, he asked for food ;
Then better slept, and ate, until at length
His former health returned in all its strength.*”*

* “*Janque fluunt febres largo sudore solute :
Erigitur surgit, poscit et ipse cibum ;
Tunc, melius meliusque valens, dormivit et edit,
Dum rediit pleno robore prisca salus.*”—l. 511—514.

Rich gifts marked the obligation which the lion felt under to his physician.

"The king an honour to the fox ordained,
Which 'fore or since no other beast obtained,
Fearless to cross the marks his tail did leave,
The bear and boar no grant like this receive."

During the king's progress towards convalescence he is entertained by the fox in relating to him the particulars of that adventure of the wolf, to which he had before alluded; these are as follows:

Bertiliana, the she-goat, went forth upon a pilgrimage. At first she was alone, but was afterwards joined by seven companions, to each of whom some peculiar duty was allotted. Reardus the stag, Joseph the ram, and Berfrid the goat, being furnished with horns, formed the van-guard. Reynard is the quarter-master; the ass is the janitor, and carrier of the baggage; Gerardus the goose keeps watch at night, and Sprotinus the cock is the time-keeper. An old wolf, who was lurking close by, had overheard the treaty, and determined, as he was very anxious to make one of the party, to creep in amongst them on the very first opportunity. Reynard had however spied him out, and laid his plans accordingly. For, having found a dead wolf hanging upon a tree, he cut off his head and gave it to Joseph, with special directions how he was to act, should the wolf intrude among them. Night approached: the travellers seated themselves to their evening meal. In his anxiety for his supper the ass neglects to fasten the door—

"asinum furor urget edendi"—

and Isengrim bursts in upon them exclaiming, "Peace be with you!" The party are at first greatly alarmed, but soon recover themselves. Bertiliana inquires, "What shall we place before our guest?"—"There is nothing but the grey head of an old wolf," replied Joseph. "Bring that in then," said the fox. Joseph brought in the head accordingly, at the sight of which Isengrim clapped his tail between his legs, and wished himself far enough away. "This head won't do," quoth Reynard, "take it away, and bring a larger one!" Joseph went out and brought the same again. "That won't do either," said Reynard; "the large heads are in the other corner. Fetch in two of the seven

* "Precipuo vulpem Renardum donat honore,
Quem nemo meruit postea, nemo prius,
Intrepidum transire suo vestigia caude.
Non hoc contigerant ursus aperque decus."—l. 516—520,

very big ones; or, stop, bring that fine one that is stretched open with the hazel-twigg, that is just fit for eating." Joseph went out and brought in the same again, but with its jaws stuck open with a bit of wood. The wolf trembled violently, and the several animals pretended to comfort him. Gerardus the goose thought he was suffering from ague, or perhaps from fear of himself. "Be of good cheer," said the goose, "I have no wish to terrify you; not but what I could if I wished, for the wolf whose head you see there, and which I snapped off, was a great deal stronger and more cunning than you are."—"Our guest had better eat," cried Joseph, "he need not care for the expense, we have enough for this nine or ten nights, if he will only stay with us."—"I am very ill," said the wolf, "and what is more, very much astonished, for whoever saw a party of pilgrims carrying with them so many wolves' heads?"—"We never catch any but wicked wolves," said Reynard; "we never meddle with our dear guests."—"I am expected at home," continued the wolf, "my wife and children are waiting for me."—"Won't you go with us?" the stag cried out after him; "on our way we lay hold of all the wolves we find in the forest, and either hang them up in the trees, or starve them to death. You shall help us and be the hangman!"—"I am too young for so great an honour, I am only two years and a half old," replied the wolf, and so saying he took his departure.

"Ille refert, 'decus hoc mea non sibi vindicat etas
Dimidians lustrum,' sicque solutus abit."

Such are the contents of "*Isengrimus*," a poem written, as is evident from various circumstances, in South Flanders, during the first half of the twelfth century, probably earlier, for the "*Reynardus*," which is certainly not so old, was composed about the middle of that century. And this affords additional proof, if such were necessary, that the Reynardine fables were in general circulation during the whole of the eleventh century; for we may be sure that, when an ecclesiastic (and that this work was the production of a writer of that class is obvious from the traces of classical learning which it exhibits) took it into his head to relate in Latin verse detached stories selected from a whole cycle of romance, that cycle was one which had long been current in the songs and traditions of the people.

The poem which we have just examined forms a portion, or rather is grafted in that more extensive work containing 6596 lines, the "*Fabula Lupina*," as it is designated in one of the three manuscripts from which it was printed, which was published some years since by Mone, under the title of "*Reinardus Vulpes*." This publication, the third in the list prefixed to this article, has

certainly been of considerable service, as the poem in question is undoubtedly one of the most valuable monuments of the literature of the middle ages which have of late been given to the world; and it cannot but excite our surprise that so extensive and highly interesting a work should have remained so long entirely unknown, and indeed not have been published till our own time: a fact which can only be explained by the supposition that the clergy, to whom some parts of it must certainly have been peculiarly displeasing, took every means in their power to suppress it. While we thank the editor for the publication of the text, we cannot but express our regret that, in his notes to it, he should have thought fit to indulge in so many fanciful and unfounded views, not only with regard to the age of the poem, which he asserts without a shadow of evidence to have been originally composed in the ninth century, and afterwards interpolated by a more modern hand in the twelfth; and to contain under the semblance of a romance an allegorical history of the affairs and quarrels of various well-known personages; among whom he supposes Zwentibolcus, who was King of Lorraine, and son of the Emperor Arnulf, and who flourished towards the close of the ninth century, to be represented by Isengrimus the Wolf, and his minister, Reginarius, by that of Reinardus the Fox.

Before we analyse the poem it will, therefore, be as well to demolish, as we trust to do with a very few words, these "*grillen-fangereyen*" (as his countrymen very characteristically designate such whimsical speculations) of Professor Mone, whose peculiar notions on the subject of the poem generally were first made known in a series of papers in the "*Morgenblatt*" for 1831 (No. 222—6), to which the purchaser of the book is very coolly referred, if, as is most likely, not being contented with the opinions set forth in the Professor's notes to the poem, he wishes to learn (which he ought to do from the preface) the Editor's detailed opinion of the work in question. But let us proceed. In the first place, there is not the slightest ground for attributing any part of the poem to a writer of the ninth century. Portions of it certainly appear to be in a somewhat earlier style, but there is nothing in them to justify in the least the supposition of their being the production of that early period. Reinardus is obviously not a piece of pure invention; the style in which it is related, and the oftentimes uncalled-for instances of book-learning which it exhibits, are the author's own. But he himself refers to some written authority:—

"*Gavisam scriptura refert his lusibus illam.*" v. 1879.

This *scriptura* was probably some earlier and more simple

Latin history,* which, if it contained all the materials of the present poem, (which it most probably did, the *Isengrimus* forming perhaps a portion only of some more extensive work, the rest of which is lost,) that fact must tend greatly to diminish the value of *Reinardus* in our opinion. It is possible, however, though much less probable, that an earlier poem in the vernacular tongue, and current among the common people, formed the basis of the present work.

This was written between the years 1148 and 1160, as is very clearly proved by the author's apostrophising (book iii., line 1501—84) two ecclesiastics who were personally friendly to him. These were Walter, prior of Egmond, and Baldwin, prior of Lisborn, in Westphalia. Walter was a native of Flanders; in the year 1129 he was at the head of an ecclesiastical establishment at Lens in Artois, attached to the Abbey of Ghent. In that year the bishop of Utrecht and the Countess of Holland wished to nominate some worthy ecclesiastic from Ghent to the Abbey of Egmond; Arnold, abbot of Ghent, recommended Walter, who was accordingly appointed and filled the situation from 1130 to 1161 with the highest credit. About the same time another Benedictine, named Baldwin, was called from the same school to be abbot of the newly established monastery at Lisborn. His inauguration took place in 1130, and he held the office until 1161, when he was succeeded by Franco. From this circumstance, and from the fact of the poem containing internal evidence of its having been written in North Flanders, we may reasonably conclude that its author was a countryman of Walter and Baldwin, that is to say a Fleming, and probably an ecclesiastic attached to the monastery of Saint Peter at Ghent. The writer, whoever he might be, was undoubtedly a churchman; this is shown not only by his learning, all of which was at that time in the hands of the Church, but also by the monkish spirit which pervades the third fable of the third book. The fact of his indulging in bitter derision upon the downfall of the Church, and sparing neither the supreme head of it, nor St. Bernard, whose fame then echoed throughout Europe, does not at all militate against this opinion; for, at the period when he wrote, the divided state of parties would fully account for such an act. The writer, whether monk or layman, was, however, no freethinking scôrner, but a man who honoured the clergy when their conduct justified him in doing so, as his praise of Walter and Baldwin sufficiently attest;—his calling them his friends and confidants affording additional evidence of his connexion with the Church. If to this we add that he was pro-

* Probably the older Latin poem, of which we have been informed Dr. Jacob Grimm discovered two manuscripts in the library at Brussels, subsequently to the publication of his admirable volume.

bably a Benedictine, rigidly observant of the ancient rules of the order, and as such one to whom the rapidly extending innovations of the Cistercian monks could not but be highly objectionable, his vehement opposition to Saint Bernard, who was the head of the Cistercians, and to the Crusades, to the promotion of which that distinguished prelate had lent all his influence, is then easily accounted for.

We think we have now proved very satisfactorily that *Reinardus* is a production of the twelfth century. Having done so, it seems almost a work of supererogation to overthrow the theory recently advanced by Mone, of its containing an allegorical version of the history of Zwentibold, for the idea of composing a work of such a nature would hardly suggest itself three centuries after those events had occurred which were to form the subject-matter of the allegory. Eccard was the first to broach the theory of the historical origin of Reynard's story in his preface to Leibnitz's *Collectan. Etymol.*, and he imagined Isangrimus to represent a certain Bavarian count, named *Isanricus*, who at a somewhat later period opposed the Emperor Arnulf, in Bavaria, Austria, and Moravia. Unfortunately for Eccard's case, although in the fable the wolf and the fox are continually coming in contact one with the other, history not only does not afford a single instance of Reginarius and Isanricus being connected in the slightest degree; but, which is still worse, lays the scenes of their adventures in widely different places. Mone, in editing *Reinardus*, adopts Eccard's theory with certain amendments, such as making King Zwentibold the original of the wolf, instead of the above-mentioned Isanricus, and seeing in the name of the lion, Rufanus, an anagram of that of King Arnulf (*Arnufus*),* and many other things equally curious and equally imperceptible to common-place people like ourselves, who do not pretend to be able to see further into a millstone than our neighbours. But history treats the editor of "*Reinardus*" as scurvily as it had before treated the editor of Leibnitz. It demolishes his nicely balanced theory. Its records prove the characters of Zwentibold and Reginarius to have borne no resemblance to those which the wolf and the fox exhibit in the poem; and, what alone is quite sufficient to decide the question against Mone, represent Reginarius as the subject of Zwentibold, whereas, in "*Reinardus*," the fox is ever free and independent of the wolf.

But it is time to give our readers some notion of the poem which has called forth these remarks. It is divided into four

* "At some future time," says Grimm, "a much better anagram may satisfy the world that *Meon*, the editor of the '*Renard*,' and *Mone*, the editor of the '*Reinardus*,' were identically one and the same person."

books; and, from the manner in which it opens, Isengrimus being named without any explanation on the part of the author that the wolf is thereby intended, and no reason being given for bestowing the epithet of Reynard upon the fox, it is obviously either the continuation of some other poem, or a new branch of one, which was, at the time when this was written, already popular. It commences as follows:—

“ At early dawn, one summer’s morn, as Isengrimus hied
Unto the wood in search of food, Reinardus he espied;
Who thither brought by selfsame thought, by which the wolf had been,
Had hoped that he the wolf did see, before himself was seen.
But finding straight, although, too late, he was in piteous case,
Cut off from flight, the cunning wight put on a good bold face;
And willingly, so feigned he, he was the first to speak—
‘ Oh quick be thine, dear uncle mine, the prey which now you seek.’
He called him so, but well did know that uncle he was none,
Thinking wolf must repose his trust upon a brother’s son.
‘ Rejoice, thy prayer is heard I swear,’ quoth Isengrimus grave,
‘ The present hour puts in my power the food for which I crave:
‘ Thou pray’dst that I might quick descry some fitting prey for me;
‘ Food to my mind in thee I find, so thou that prey shalt be.’ ”*

Reynard objects to travel after the fashion of the prophet, (Jonas,) that is to say, in the bowels of his uncle, and while they are arguing the point, which they do at considerable length, a peasant goes along carrying a ham. Reynard makes his uncle a proposal that they should rob him; his uncle agrees to do so; and accordingly Reynard approaches the peasant, feigns lameness, and allows himself to be hunted by the countryman, who, that he may the more readily make him his prize, throws down the ham. This is speedily snapped up by Isengrim, who had been on the look-out for it, and carried off to the forest; where the wolf is soon after joined by Reynard, who demands his share of the prize, whereupon Isengrim gives him the string by which the ham had been carried.

* “ Egrediens silvam mane Isengrimus ut escam
Jejunis natis quereretur atque sibi,
Cernit ab obliquo Reinardum currere vulpem,
Qui simili studio ductus agebat iter;
Prævisusque dupo, non viderat ante videntem,
Quam nimis admoto perdidit hoste fugam.
Ille, ubi cassa fuga est, ruit in discrimina casus,
Nil melius credens, quam simulare fidem.
Jamque, saluator veluti spontaneus, infit:
‘ Contingat patruo præda cupita meo.’
(Dicebat patruum falso Reinardus, ut ille
Tanquam cognato crederet usque suo.)
‘ Contigit,’ Isengrimus ait, ‘ lætare petisse,
Opportuna tuas obtulit hora preces;
Ut quesita mihi contingat præda petisti,
Contigit in prædam te exigo, tuque daris.’ ”—line 1—16.

Reynard afterward induces Isengrim to accompany him to a store pond, where he assures him he will be able to catch lots of fish. Reynard tells him if he dips his tail in the water, and allows it to hang there a sufficient time, he will be rewarded by an ample prey; and, advising him to catch only eels and perch, and not to bother himself about the larger fish, leaves him and robs the priest's hen-roost of a cock. The priest upon being made acquainted with the robbery leaves off saying mass, and, accompanied by his congregation, who arm themselves with the crucifix, candlesticks, &c., gives chase to the fox. Reynard, finding the pursuit growing hot, betakes himself to the spot where the wolf is kept prisoner by his tail being frozen fast in the ice. Reynard advises him to escape, and leaves him to the tender mercies of the priest and his companions. They fall upon him, tooth and nail, with the sacred weapons which they had seized. Amongst the most active is Andrada, the priest's wife, who, intending to kill Isengrim, aims a violent blow at him with a hatchet. By great good luck however the blow only cuts off part of his tail, so that he is thereby enabled to escape and reach the forest, where he vows to be bitterly revenged upon Reynard.

The fox soon after joins him, and endeavours to convince his uncle that his loss is really a gain; but offers, by way of making amends for his supposed ill conduct, to point out to him four rams whom he may readily capture. Isengrim accordingly goes to them, and demands from them the tribute of hides and wool, which their fathers had been accustomed to pay him. They deny his right to such tribute, and form an effectual plan of resistance, for they all four attack him at once from the different sides of the field, in the middle of which he happens to be standing, and he falls to the ground half killed by the blows given him by the very animals in anticipation of whose capture he had exclaimed—

“As knives cut butter, will my teeth their bones.”*

The second book contains the history of the lion's falling sick; and includes the first portion of the earlier “Isengrimus;” the conclusion of which poem, with sundry alterations and additions, constitutes according to its present arrangement the third book of “Reinardus.” That what is termed now the fourth book ought, at all events, to be placed directly after the second, is shown from its commencement, in which we are told “that, the court being greatly rejoiced at the lion's restoration to health, the several members return to their respective homes: and that on his way through the forest Reynard encounters the wolf, who is still

* “Ut butyrum culter dentibus ossa ceco.”—v. 1464.

smarting under the loss of his skin—an explanation which shows very clearly that the third book, in which the wolf and the fox repeatedly encounter each other without the slightest allusion being made to this particular injury, is very improperly thrust into the place which it now occupies. But to proceed. Reynard, after a long discourse with Isengrim, persuades him to wreak his vengeance upon the ram. The wolf agrees to do so, and is accordingly conducted by Reynard to the spot where he is feeding. The ram succeeds, however, in beating off his assailant, who is glad to escape with no worse treatment than a hearty drubbing. When he is somewhat recovered from the wounds inflicted on this occasion, Reynard determines to play him another trick, and accordingly invites the lion, whom he meets and who is desperately hungry, to visit Isengrim. The lion does so, to Isengrim's great astonishment. The whole party then proceed together to the forest, where they have the good-fortune to capture a young heifer, which Isengrim is commanded by the lion to make a division of. In obedience to these directions he does so, and divides it into three equal portions—intending one for the lion, one for himself, and one for the fox. The king of beasts is, however, sore displeased with the wolf's manner of sharing the spoil, and therefore calls upon the fox to divide afresh. Reynard thereupon divides it into three shares, certainly of equal size, but of very different degrees of value. The first share contained the very choicest parts of the heifer, and was in fact worth the other two put together; the second share a good deal of meat but no fat;

“The third all bones, but little flesh was there*.”

He then takes the feet of the heifer, adds one of them to each of the three shares, and lays the fourth on one side. Being then called upon by the lion to allot the several shares to the parties for whom he intended them, he says—the first is for his royal master, the second for the lioness, and the third for the lion's whelps. The lion inquires what is to be done with the fourth foot. “It is for me, or to be added to your majesty's share,” replies the fox; whereupon he is graciously permitted to retain it, as a reward for the skill which he has displayed in effecting so equitable a division; a skill which he professes, in reply to the inquiries of the lion as to who had taught him to divide so well, to have acquired from Isengrim.

“Me docuit . . . patruus iste meus.†”

* “Est ossosa parum tertia carnis habens.”—4. v. 258.

† Mone says that in this part of the poem the lion no longer represents the emperor Arnulf but his son Lewis of Germany, and that the division of the heifer is intended

Our limits, however, admonish us to bring our notice of this poem to a close. We must therefore pass over Isengrim's perjury, and the punishment which visited it, together with the particulars of his death, from an attack made on him by a herd of swine, and of his being partly devoured by the old sow. One short extract and we have done. Reynard is told that his uncle Isengrim will never sin more :—

"No wicked schemes now form his dreams, his mind no treasons fill,
He never more will, as of yore, do ought that's wrong or ill.
'Then sure he's dead,' sly Reynard said, 'dear uncle art thou gone ?'
Alas ! I'm here, oh uncle dear, thou in thy tomb alone !"*

We now come to the oldest High German poem on the subject of Reynard. This unfortunately has not been handed down to us in its earliest shape ; while even the version which we do possess is preserved in very faulty manuscripts. The first edition of it appeared in 1817, and it is now printed by Grimm from a different manuscript, which has however been compared with the printed edition.

"Reinhart," the poem in question, contains no fewer than 2266 lines ; in the course of which the author twice names himself *Hienrêch der Glîchesare* according to the one MS.—*Glîchsenare* according to the other. This last is not properly a family name, but rather to be considered a characteristic one, signifying a counterfeiter or feigner (from the old German *gelîchesen*) and corresponding with the modern German *Gleissner*, a dissembler. Grimm, and his opinion on matters connected with the early literature of his fatherland, has all the force of a law—concludes from various circumstances that the author was a Suabian living in German Switzerland, who flourished about the middle or rather towards the latter half of the twelfth century. His work, how-

to typify the partition of Lorraine. Unfortunately for this statement, the story is one of the commonest of middle age fables. We have now before us a MS. of the latter end of the thirteenth century, containing a collection of Latin stories for the use of the monks, and which was assuredly compiled in England, in which we find a similar story told so smartly and so briefly as to justify our adding it to this note.

"Leo, lupus, et vulpes, venantes, ceperunt vacam, ovem, et aucam ; et cum hora fuisset partiendi, dixit Leo, 'Luppe (sic), partire predam nostram.' Lupus dixit, 'Quia tu es rex noster et dominus, tu habebis vacam ; ego, quia minor te sed major vulpe, habebo ovem ; vulpes vero habebit aucam.' Leo autem hoc audiens, protenso pede, pellem de capite lupi unguibus extrahit et caput totum fecerat cruentatum. Dixit vulpi, 'Vulpes, nunc partire tu.' Dixit vulpes, 'Domine, quia tu es dominus et rex tu habebis vaccam ; et domina mea leona, uxor tua, habebit ovem, et domini mei, pueri tui, habebunt aucam.' Cui leo—"Dic mihi vulpes, quis te docuit sapienter partire ?' Ad quem vulpes—"Domine, iste socius meus cum rubeo capite"—ostenso lupo."

* "Desiit esse malus, mores projecit iniquos,

Nil sceleris faciet postmodo, nilque doli."

'Ergo obiit certe ? proh, patruc dulcis, obiisti ?

Heu, tumulum sine me, patruc care, teneb ?"—iv. 1073.-6.

ever, has been handed down to us only in the shape into which it was fashioned by an unknown writer, who lived some fifty years later than Heinrich; in whose version we find that a considerable number of verses have been suppressed, altered, and introduced; but in which the cramping metrical laws of the elder poet are preserved in a most remarkable manner. The contents of Heinrich's poem contribute remarkably towards the earlier history of these fables; for it must have been from the French sources, although not to be found in any of those now known to exist, that he was enabled to mention, not only Salerno, but the name of the physician of that place. Master *Pendin* or *Bendin* is no imaginary person, but Magister Pontus, a Greek, who is recorded as one of the first founders of the school. On the other hand, the elephant's being invested with Bohemia must have been the work of *Heinrich der Glîchsenære* himself, for it is little likely such an incident should be mentioned by the French authorities.

We shall not attempt to give an outline of the whole story contained in the "Reinhart;" but, as one of its peculiarities consists in its being the only work which tells how the sickness of the lion was occasioned, we purpose confining ourselves to that portion of it; and thereby completing that chapter of Reynard's History, of which our notice of "Isengrimus" and "Reinardus" have already furnished some particulars.

The lion proclaimed a general peace, but, the ants having refused to recognise him as their sovereign, he trod down their hillocks, killing thousands of this tiny race and wounding as many. The lord of the ants was absent when this outrage was committed, but on his return vowed to take bitter vengeance for the injury done to his people:—

"So spake their chief, then hunted round
After the lion, whom he found
Under the linden fast asleep.
Close to him the ant did creep,
With an angry spirit fraught;
'Lord God of the Good,' he thought,
How shall I my scrfs avenge!

* * * * *

After thinking many things, *
Right into his ear he springs.*"

"Sprach in hêrre, und huop sich sâ ze hant
Nâch dem Lewen, biz daz er in vant
Under einer linden, dâ er slief.
Der ameise zuo im lief
Mit eime grimmigen muote,
Er gedâhte 'herre got dez guote,

The pain which he caused the lion was so intense, and so little capable of being relieved, that he looked upon it as a judgment of heaven for neglecting his duties as a king and judge. A court is therefore summoned, at which Isengrim complains against Reynard, and the cock and hen bring in upon a bier the dead body of their daughter, whom the fox had bitten to death; at which misdeed the king becomes so enraged that he frightens the poor hare into a fever. The dead pullet is buried with all fitting solemnity; and the hare, having laid himself down to sleep upon her grave, awakes quite recovered from his fever, which being looked upon as a miracle, the pullet is in consequence pronounced a martyr.

Messengers are now sent to summon the fox to court; who, however, regardless of their authority, plays them sundry scurvy tricks. At last his friend the badger goes to him, and Reynard thereupon promises to appear before the king. He does so, and tells him he has brought him a remedy from Master Penden, the physician of Salerno, which he must take, then sweat himself in the wolf's hide, and wear a bearskin, and a catskin hat. These are speedily procured from Reynard's enemies. Reynard next asks for food, and names a fowl and a piece of boar's flesh. The poor hen, Pinto, who had complained against him, is instantly killed, and a steak is as quickly cut from the haunches of the boar who had supported her cause. In the mean time, the king takes a bath, wraps himself in a wolf's hide, throws the bearskin over him, and puts on his catskin hat. The warmth of this last draws out the ant, who creeps from the lion's head into the fur. The physician takes the hat, lets the sun shine upon it, and thereby discovers the little animal which had occasioned all the king's sufferings. He is violently incensed against the ant, who at length obtains forgiveness by promising the fox dominion over a thousand castles. Meanwhile, the king having recovered, Reynard, who has already been revenged of his enemies, knavishly seeks to reward his friends, the elephant and the camel, with gifts which carry vexation with them. The king, at Reynard's solicitation, gives the elephant Bohemia, where, however, he gets most piteously maltreated. The camel receives a nunnery, but when she goes to take possession of it, the nuns rise up with one accord and beat her out of the place. At length Reynard gives the lion poison, and then he and the badger beat a retreat. By the time the fox had reached his castle in safety, the king had grown se-

Wie sol ich rechen mine diet ?

Er hâte manegen gedanc
Mit kraft ern in das ôre spranc."—v. 1291—1300.

riously ill, and, owing to the distance of the much-desired physician, a fatal result was expected. At length the poison does its work, and Lion the king dies lamented by all his subjects, who threaten vengeance against the traitor Reynard.

If the story of Reynard had its origin among the Germans, as it undoubtedly had; among whom it has moreover preserved its popularity to this day, undiminished either by the influence of time or the changes of literary taste; still, if we would point out the soil on which, during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, it was most assiduously cultivated, and most abundantly fruitful, we must place our finger on the north of France. In the Norman French poems we find the richest veins and purest streams of this dearly prized romance: in number and extent, although the oldest of them are not preserved, they far exceed all the other works to which the story of the fox has given rise.

Meon, therefore, did good service to middle age literature when he published "*Le Roman de Renart*;" and M. Chabaille, his successor, has added considerably to the value of Meon's publication, by the supplementary volume to that work which he has given to the public. The "*Roman du Renart*" which Meon has published contains no less than 30,362 lines; and if to these we add "*Le Couronnement Renart*," and "*Renart le Nouvel*," which are contained in the fourth volume of his collection, this number will be increased to 41,748. Our readers will see, therefore, that any attempt to epitomize this work for their amusement would be totally incompatible with the space which we could apply to that purpose. Nay more, we could hardly hope to give them a satisfactory analysis of one of the twenty-seven '*Branches*,' or divisions, of which it consists. These branches, it must be understood, do not, like the several adventures of the *Reinardus*, form one general and perfect whole; on the contrary they are frequently directly the opposite of one another, which is never the case with the stories in the Latin poem. The wolf and his injuries form the main action of this last work; while, on the contrary, in the French poems, taken as a body, the fox always appears, and that very justly, as the chief actor; although there is frequently not only no connexion between the several histories, but oftentimes positive contradictions. The object of the more recent writers appears to have been, to represent the other animals as obtaining the advantage over the fox, while he at the same time gets the upper hand of the wolf. In the Latin poem the cock is the only one by whom Reynard is outwitted, but in the French works he is so by the raven, the cat, and the sparrow.

It is most likely that the greater part of these French stories,

and, besides these, many others similar to them, were generally current among the common people; and only required to be adopted and put into rhyme by the poets. Many that were formerly in existence have been lost, such as the story of the ant, that of the death of the lion, and many others which now exist in other forms, but not in the old French, from which they are known to have been derived.

Pierres de St. Cloot is considered to be author of the oldest existing branches of "*Le Roman du Renart*." He likewise wrote *Le Testament d'Alexandre*, a part of the great romance on the subject of Alexander, and flourished about the beginning of the thirteenth century. Pierres, who refers to a book as his authority for what he relates—

"Que se li livres nos dit voir,
Ou je trove l'estoire escrite"—v. 4938—9.

avows himself as the historian of Reynard, both at the beginning and at the end of the seventh Branch of Meon's collection; which is certainly one of the earliest but not one of the best told divisions of the work. The branch in question commences:—

"Pierre who was born at St. Cloot,
Has taken pains and trouble too,
Prompted by his friends' intreaty,
In verse as best he may to greet ye
With a merry jest and wile
Of Renard, who is full of guile."*

Whether Legrand d'Aussy and Raynouard have any grounds for also attributing to him the first, second, and third Branches appears extremely problematical, inasmuch as the affair with the cock related in the seventh Branch is told likewise, but in a very inferior manner, in the third. That he was the author of other portions of the work may reasonably be concluded from a passage in a later writer, who charges him with leaving out the best parts of his subject:—

"Perroz who plied his wit and art
To tell in verse tales of Renart,
And of Isengrim so stout—
The best part of his tale left out."†

* "*Pierres qui de Saint Clost fut nez,
S'est tant travailliez et penez,
Par proiere de ses amis,
Que il nos a en rime mis
Unø risee et un gabet
De Renart, qui tant set d'abet.*"—v. 4851—6.

† "*Perroz qui son engin et s'art
Mist en vers fere de Renart,
Et d'Ysengrim son chier compere,
Lessa le miez de sa matere.*"—v. 9649—50.

From which it appears that we are certainly acquainted with the name of one of the least important authors of "Renard;" and know nothing as to who was the author of the most remarkable parts; to say nothing of those oldest branches which seem to have perished, or which at least have not yet been discovered. The German *Heinrich der Glîchsenære* preceded Pierre by twenty or thirty years at least, and he alludes to French poems which must have appeared soon after the middle of the eleventh-century; in fact there is no doubt that, at the time when the Latin works were written, there existed compositions in the French language on the subjects of Reynard and Isengrim, the loss of which is greatly to be lamented.* It ought to be added that two other writers of later date than Pierre avow themselves authors of parts of these poems—Robert de Lison as the author of the twenty-third, and a "Prestres de la Croix en Brie" of the twentieth Branch.

But it is time to refer to what has been produced in Flanders, on the subject of our hero, and in doing so we have a pleasant duty to perform, inasmuch as we shall be instrumental in awakening public attention to a poet whose extraordinary merits have been hitherto, through the influence of fortuitous circumstances, entirely overlooked; the credit due to his skill and ability having been bestowed upon a later writer, who was in fact little more than a translator. We allude to the clever author of the Flemish poem entitled, "Reinaert," which was originally published by Gräter in 1817, and is now reprinted by Grimm.

The name of this heretofore disregarded votary of the Muses, appears from the first line of his poem to have been *Willem*:—

"*Willem die vele boeke maecte,*"

says the Comburgh MS., the only one which has yet been printed. The Amsterdam MS. on the other hand has—

"*Willam die Madock maecte,*"

from which we gather that his name was *Willem die Matoc*, (from the old Flemish *Mate*, *socius*, likewise *pauper*, *wisser*, with the diminutive *oc* therefore *sociolus*, or *pauperculus*); a piece of knowledge which explains the hitherto unintelligible passage at the termination of Jacob van Maerlant's *Reimbibel*.

* It is not too much to expect that some of these earlier French poems on the subject of Reynard may yet come to light. If lost, they were probably in existence up to a later period than is generally supposed; some of them being perhaps contained in one or other of the numerous MSS. of "Renart," mentioned in the lately published catalogue of the Ancient Library of the Louvre, *Inventaire de l'ancienne Bibliothèque du Louvre, fait en l'Année 1373, par Gilles Mallett, Garde de la dite Bibliothèque, &c.* 8vo. Paris, 1836. We omitted to state in the notice of this work in our last number, that its editor is the venerable Van Praet of the Bibliothèque du Roi.

“ Want nit nes niet *Matoc's* drom
No *Reinaert's*, no *Artur's* boerder.”

“ *Willam die Matoc*,” says Grimm, “ must without doubt be looked upon as the author of ‘*Reinaert*.’ It is most probable, that he was an earlier poet than Maelant, and not merely a contemporary: I believe he must be placed soon after the year 1250.”

The accuracy of Grimm's opinion has however been doubted, but, as it appears to us, upon very insufficient grounds. In a modernized Flemish version of his work, entitled, “*Reinaert de Vos, naer de oudste berryming*,” which was published at Eecloo, in 1834, its editor, Mr. J. F. Willems, asserts that *Willem van Utenhoven* was the real author: adding, that *Madoc* was not the author, for that the name of such a writer cannot be found—that, in the passage where *Madok* occurs, it cannot be the name of a man, as Maerlant observes (Hoffmann's *Horæ Belgicæ*, part 1, p. 21,) and merely designates a poem; and lastly, that the article *de* is never used before the Dutch proper names.* Notwithstanding these objections, we still believe that Grimm is perfectly right. The argument that *Madok* cannot be the name of the writer, because no poet of that name is known, applies as directly against its being the title of a poem; for no poem so designated has been handed down to us. And, with regard to the article *de* never being used before Dutch proper names, we can only say that, in the very volume of Hoffmann's, which has just been referred to, mention is made of *Jan de Clerc*, *Niclaes de Clerc*, *Andreas de Smit*, and *Jan de Weert van Ijpre*.

Be the author of the Flemish “*Reinaert*” *Willem van Utenhoven*, or *Willem die Matok*, a point which further investigation can alone decide, his work, which contains 3474 verses, is one displaying considerable genius and spirit, and may justly claim the merit of exhibiting a number of the most pleasing and spirited adventures in *Reynard's* history, skilfully worked up into one connected, well arranged, and perfect whole. *Willem*, who states his work to have been undertaken at the solicitation of a lady, whose name however he does not specify, confessedly employed for his purpose French materials, such certainly as have not come down to us, but which were no doubt current at the

* Our notice of this new Flemish *Reynard*, for we have not seen the book itself, is derived from *Bosworth's Origin of the Dutch* (8vo. London, 1836, pp. 18 and 19), in which mention is made of manuscripts of ‘*Reinaert*’ at Stutgard and Antwerp, and where it is further stated that there was also one at Amsterdam, which a few years ago was sold to an Englishman. Query. Was this the late Mr. Heber, at the recent sale of whose manuscripts, M. Van de Weyer, the Belgian minister, purchased a copy for 125 guineas? It ought to be added, that Grimm's knowledge of the Amsterdam MS. was derived from the Flemish periodical, *Konst en Letterbode*, for 1826.

time he wrote in French Flanders and Artois, whence he could have little difficulty in procuring them. But, whatever those materials may have been, the manner in which he has employed them justifies to the fullest his claim to the character of a skilful and successful writer. In his work, the history of Reynard is told in light and agreeable language; the narrative is well sustained, there is nothing omitted, there is nothing unnecessarily introduced, but the incidents appear to spring naturally one from another, and the interest which we feel at the opening of the poem keeps gradually increasing as we approach its termination.

To this poem of Willem's, a continuation (consisting of upwards of 4000 verses, and of which a fragment comprising 1038 lines is now first printed by Grimm) was subsequently added by some writer whose name is entirely unknown. The effect of this addition, which relates a number of adventures of very different degrees of interest, told too in a very inferior style, tends, as may readily be conceived, to weaken the impression produced by Willem's well-contrived history. Nevertheless, the two works appear to have been regarded very soon as one only. The transcribers probably united them as a matter of course; and after the invention of printing they were both, to the entire suppression of Matok's fame and name, reduced into prose: which version was on its appearance received with such universal favour, that in a short time the older poems from which it was derived were entirely forgotten. It is not known who was the adapter of this prose version, the first edition of which was published at Gouda, by Gheraert Leeu, in 1470; the second at Delft, in 1485.

Some opinion may be formed of the success which attended this publication from the fact that, two years after its appearance, that is to say, in 1481, Caxton published a translation of it* into English, in which the Flemish text is very closely followed. Caxton's edition is divided, like that of Gheraert de Leeu, into forty-three chapters; of these, the first twenty-two correspond with Willem's original poem, of which we have not offered any analysis, seeing that such of our readers as desire it, may find the means of ascertaining how Willem told his story, either by consulting his poem in Grimm's inestimable volume, or by examining one of the many English editions of "*Reynard the Fox*."

* We have heard that a republication of Caxton's "*Hystorie of Reynart the Foxe*," with an Introduction and Notes, is at this moment in contemplation. We are glad that it is so; for, without caring to manifest our liking for old Caxton's story, in the same manner as a late distinguished antiquary, who regularly read it out to his wife every Christmas—(of course, as Friar Tuck said, "*exceptis excipiendis*")—we are still sufficient admirers of his quaint and racy style, to hail with satisfaction the prospect of procuring his book, at a somewhat less price than £184 : 16s., the sum produced by Mr. Inglis's copy.

This translation must not however be regarded as the earliest introduction of the Reynardine Fables into the Literature of England, for there is good reason to believe that they had been popular in this country in far earlier times. To say nothing of Chaucer's Nonnes Preeste's Tale, in which we learn, how

" Dan Russel the fox stert up at ones,
And by the gargat hente Chaunteclere,"

and which is obviously a genuine Reynard history, we have far earlier and more decisive evidence of that fact. In the volume of M. Chabaille, for instance, to which we have before alluded, there are to be found two extracts from the writings of Anglo-Norman Poets, communicated to that gentleman by M. Michel from the MSS. in the British Museum, in which distinct references are made to them. The first, from Chardri's Poem, '*La Vie de Set Dormanz*,' is as follows:—

" Ne voil pas en Fables d'Ovide
Seinnars, mestre mun estuide ;
Ne jà, sachez, ne parlerum
Ne de Tristran, ne de Galerun,
Ne de *Renard*, ne de *Hersente*
Ne voil pas mettre m'entente."

The other is from Benoit de Saint-More's '*Estoire e la Généalogie des Dux qui unt esté par ordre en Normendie*':—

" Dunc vout quens Herluins parler ;
Ausi li prist talant d'usler
Cume fist à dan Isengrim.
Un chevalier de Costentin
Conuit qu'il aveit jà veu."

The Harleian MS. (No. 219) of the Latin Fables of Odo de Ceriton was assuredly compiled in England, as the introduction of English verses into the moralizations clearly proves, and we there find several of Reynard's Histories related, with the names of the actors, Isingrinus, &c., a fact which serves to show that these stories were as familiar to the inhabitants of this island as to those of the continent. Another manuscript in the same library (No 913), which was obviously written in the fourteenth century, contains a political ballad, in which is introduced the following curious allusion to the same cycle of fable. The author is complaining that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor, and he illustrates his case by the following 'spelle':—

" The lyon lete cri, as hit was do,
For he hird, lome to telle,
And eke him was i-told also,
That the wolf didde nogte welle.

- And the fox, that lither grome,
 With the wolf i-wreiid was,
 To-for har lord hi schold come
 To amend har trepas.
- And so men didde that seli asse,
 That trepasid noxt, no did no gilte,
 With ham bothe i-wreiid was,
 And in the ditement was i-pilt.
- The voxe hird a-mang al menne,
 And told the wolf with the brode crune,
 That on him send gees and henne,
 That oþer geet and motune.
- The seli aasse wend was saf,
 Por he ne eete noxt bote grasse,
 None giftes he ne gaf,
 No wend that no harm nas.
- Tho hi to har lord com to tune,
 He told to ham law and skille ;
 Thos wikid bestis luid adune,
 ‘ Lord,’ hi seiid, ‘ what is thi wille ?’
- Tho spek the lyon hem to,
 To the fox anone his wille,
 ‘ Tell me, boi, what hast i-do,
 Men beth aboute the to spille.’
- Tho spek the fox first anone,
 ‘ Lord king, nor thi wille,
 Thos men me wreiiþ of the tune,
 And wold me gladlich for to spille.
- ‘ Gees no hen nad ic noxt,
 Sire, for soth ic the sigge :
 But as ic ham dere boxt,
 And bere ham up myn owen rigge.’
- ‘ Godis grame most li have,
 I hat in the curte the so pilt :
 Whah hit is so, ic vouche save,
 Ic for-give the this gilte.’
- The fals wolf stode be-hind,
 He was doggid and ek felle,
 ‘ Ic am i-com of grete kind, ‘
 Pes thou graunt me, that ou nigt ful welle.’
- ‘ What hast ido, bel ami,
 That thou me so axest pes ?’
- ‘ Sire,’ he seið, ‘ I nel nozt lie
 If thou we woldest huer a res.
- ‘ For ic hinted up the doune,
 To loke, Sire, mi bigete,
 Ther ic slow a motune.
 Lie, Sir, and fewe gete.

- ‘ Ic am i-wreiid, Sire, to the,
For that ilk gilt :
Sire, I chul sker me,
If ne ȝef ham dint no pilt.’
- ‘ For soth I sigge the, bel ami,
Hi nad no gode munde,
Thai that wreiid the to mei,
Thou ne diddist noȝt bot thi kund.
- ‘ Sei, thou me, asæ, what hast i-do ?
Me thenoith thou cannist no gode :
Whi nadistou as other mo,
Thou come of lether stode.’
- ‘ Sertis, Sire, not ic noȝt,
Ic ete sage alnil gras,
More harm ne did ic noȝt,
Ther for i-wreiid ic was.’
- ‘ Bel ami, that was mis-do,
That was aȝe thi kund,
For to ete such gras so,—
Hastiliche ȝe him bind :
- ‘ Al his bonis ȝe to-draw,
Lok that ȝe noȝte lete,
And that ic ȝive al for lawe,
That his fleis be al i-frette.’ ”

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But the space which we have already occupied, we trust not unsatisfactorily, in sketching the literary history of one of the most popular emanations of human fancy ever conceived, admonishes us to bring our labours to a close. We cannot do so, however, without referring to that version of Reynard's History to which we have already alluded, as one which, through its borrowed charms, had for too long a period usurped a place in public estimation to which its own merits by no means entitled it. This is the Low German “Reineke de Fos,” attributed by some to Heinrich van Alkmar, by others to Nicolaus Baumann, whose yet unsettled claims to the authorship of it have proved a fruitful source of literary controversy, but need not now detain us. Great, indeed, is the sensation which this book has created; much has there formerly been written about it; more, we can very safely prophesy, than will ever be again. The bringing to light of the Flemish “Reinaert” will pull it from the throne which it has so long unjustly occupied. Yet it cannot be denied that Reynard's fame has been greatly extended by means of this version, which has been looked up to for centuries, as by far the most important and valuable production to which his history has

given rise. The most popular it assuredly has been. Not only have there been innumerable editions of this Low German poem; but no less than two translations of it into High German, which have been reprinted again and again. It has been translated into Latin by Hartman Schöpfer, into Danish and into Swedish; and yet, after all, is itself only a translation. A few lines from the Flemish "Reinaert," and the Low German "Reineke," printed in juxtaposition, will prove the truth of our assertion.

"Nu gaet hier op ene claghe.
Isengrin ende sine maghe
Ghinghen vor den coninc staen:
Isengrin begonste saen
Ede sprac: 'Coninc here,
Dor du edelheit ende dor du ere,
Ende dor recht ende dor ghenade'
Ontsaerne hu miere scade,
Die mi Rainaert héft ghedaen:
Daer ic af dicken hebbe ontsaen
Grotten lichter ende verlies:
Vór al dandre ont faerne hu dies,
Dat hi min wif hevet verhoert,
Ende mine kindre so mesvoert,
Dat hise besekede, daer si laghen,
Datter twe noint ne saghen
Ende si worden staerbleut:
Nochtan hondi mi sent.
Het was sint so verre comen
Datter enen dach af was ghenomen
Ende Reinaert soude hebben ghedaen
Sine onsculde: ende also saen
Also die heleghe waren brocht
Was hi andersins bedocht
Ende outfoer ons in sine veste.' "

v. 61—85.

"Isegrim, de wulv, begunde de klage.
Sine Fründe, syn slügte unde mage
De güngen al för den koning stän.
Isegrim, de wulv, språk also ersten an,
Un såde: 'Hoggeboren koning, gnädige
here, "

Dorg juwe eddeligheid, un dorg juwe ere,
Beide dorg regt und dorg gnaden,
Entfarmet ju des grotten shaden,
Den mi Reinke de Fos hüot gedän
Dar ik faken fan hävve entlän,
Grote shande un swär forles,
För alle särke ent färmet ju des
Dat he myn guve wyf hävt gehoned
Unde miner kinded ok nigt geshoned.
He bemég un besieghede se, där se legen
Dat der dre ni sodder en segen
Un worden darav al stärbblind.
Nogtan honede he mi nog sind;
Wente it was eins so ferne gekomen,
Dat én dag word upgenomen,
Men sholde dusse särke rigten efte sheden,
Do bod sik Reinke to den eden.
Do ik den éd wolde hävven to lästen
Entkwam un entfór he uns in sine fästen.' "

Scheller's *Reineke de Fos*, Brunsw. 1825.

But we must conclude, not from lack of materials, for; whatever the patience of the reader may be, our resources are far from being exhausted. In Grimm's book alone, there is much that we have not yet touched upon. What we have gathered from it will show the extraordinary combination of patient research, unwearied industry, and inexhaustible learning, which it every where exhibits. But we may have occasion to speak yet again upon this point. Much there was that had escaped even his searching eye, until after his book was published. Much, we believe, has since been discovered and forwarded to him by friendly hands; so that we expect to have to thank him for further illustrations of the History of Reynard the Fox: a subject on which we feel that our readers will not consider us to have dwelt at too great a length, when they remember that it has been deemed worthy of employing the pen of one of Germany's profoundest scholars—Jacob Grimm; and the poetic fancy of Germany's greatest bard—the illustrious Göthe.

Owing to various circumstances, we have only just received a copy of "*Reynard Vos. Nach der Lübecker Ausgabe vom Jahre 1465*"

as it does an accurate reprint of the Lübeck edition of 1465, edited by the learned author of the *Hora Belgica*, *Kompendium Williram*, &c.—forms, in conjunction with the works which have been under our consideration, a perfect collection of all the published materials necessary for the illustration of Reynard's history. The text appears to have been most carefully formed; and, as such, this reprint is far superior to any that have preceded it—not excepting even the celebrated Wolfenbüttel reprint of 1711—which was edited by the eccentric *Hackmann*? over which it has, moreover, the great advantage of possessing an admirable glossary,—that one thing needful in all publications of early literature—and many very useful and curious illustrative notes. While on the subject of illustrative notes, we will take the opportunity of furnishing *Grimm* and *Hoffmann* with a passage which proves *Grimm* (Introd. p. cxxvii.) to have been fully justified in doubting whether, by "*Mertif's vogellin*," Saint Martin's bird—the crow was intended. In *Douce's Illustrations of Shakspeare*, vol. ii. p. 345, we find the following fable, taken from *Odo de Ceriton*.

"There is a kind of wren named after Saint Martin, with very long and slender legs. This bird, sitting one day in a tree, in the fulness of his pride, suddenly exclaimed: 'It matters not to me though the heavens fall; for, with the aid of my strong legs, I shall be able to support them.' Presently, a leaf fell upon the foolish boaster, who immediately flew away in great terror, exclaiming, 'O, Saint Martin, Saint Martin, help your poor bird!' The moral compares Saint Peter denying Christ to this wren; which it also assimilates to certain pot-valiant soldiers, who boast, in their cups, that each of them can beat three of the stoutest Frenchmen."

Ann. IV.—1. *Mémoires sur le Consulat, de 1799 à 1804*, par un ancien Conseiller d'Etat. 8vo., Paris, 1827.

2. *Le Consulat et l'Empire, ou Histoire de la France, de Napoléon Bonaparte, de 1799 à 1815*, par A. C. Thibaudeau, Membre de la Convention et de l'ancien Conseil d'Etat, Auteur des *Mémoires sur le Consulat*. 10 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1824.

Ever since we first saw Thibaudeau's "*Mémoires sur le Consulat*," which came out as a continuation of his "*Mémoires le Directoire*," we looked upon them as amongst the best we speak more correctly, one of the few good books which have been written concerning the history of Napoleon.

personal character, the independence of his opinions, and the part which he had acted throughout the early stages of the revolution, served to enhance the advantages of his subsequent position as councillor of state under Bonaparte, to whom he had familiar access, and who appears to have often conversed with him in a free, confidential manner. The sensible, modest tone which pervades his memoirs, is of itself a sufficient guarantee for the authenticity of his narrative. We find in it none of the dogmatism or political intolerance of the imperial régime, for Thibaudeau appears to have passed, unscathed and unscarred, through the trial of that dizzy period which turned the brains of so many others, and to have remained to the last a sober, sensible French citizen, and an honest man. The particular department of contemporary history on which he wrote was also happily chosen; it was "the civil life of Napoleon." Napoleon's military life is described in a multitude of works; concerning his private life we have Bourrienne, and the memoirs of the Duchess of Abrantes; but his civil career, as administrator, legislator and statesman of a great empire, which is in our opinion the most important, though perhaps the least studied, part of his character, could only be described by a man in Thibaudeau's position.

"The most faithful history of governments," says the Preface to the *Mémoires*, 1827, "is written in the registers of their deliberations. A collection of those of the council of state, and of the private councils and ministers, under the consulate and the empire, would form a more instructive history than all the books that have appeared on those epochs. But if a hand, in a manner invisible and unknown to Napoleon, his councillors, and ministers, had taken down, as they spoke, their opinions and expressions, that indeed would be a still more useful collection than that of the official reports and resolutions. Such is the character of the fragment which is now laid before the public; it consists of speeches of Napoleon on important questions, delivered to his council of state or in the privacy of his cabinet, and also of conversational dialogues, held by some of the councillors with him or with Josephine, relative to great political events."

Thibaudeau's original memoirs terminated with Napoleon's assumption of the imperial power. It was known that he had left materials for continuing them through the period of the empire, and we were expecting their appearance with some curiosity. At length the whole work, including both consulate and empire, appeared last year. We confess we have been disappointed by its perusal. That excellent little volume of the "*Mémoires sur le Consulat*" has been recast and swelled into three volumes, followed by not fewer than seven thick volumes on the Empire. The original matter appears to be diluted, having lost in interest

what it has gained in bulk; the arrangement of the heads or chapters is totally altered, and, as we think, not to the advantage of clearness or graphic effect, and the rest is made up out of the pages of the *Moniteur*, and of Las Cases, Gourgaud, O'Meara, affording, as it may be expected, very little novelty of information. The tone is likewise altered; the sensible, modest, unbiassed tone of Thibaudeau's original memoirs can only be traced here and there, in those passages which are given entire from the former work, while the remainder exhibits much of that style and spirit peculiar to the imperial school, and which is now becoming obsolete even in France. We shall, therefore, in the following pages, refer, as much as we can, to the original work, or to those passages in the new and larger one which are evidently from the same pen.

The "*Mémoires sur le Consulat*" began at once by introducing us to the First Consul installed at the Tuileries. The larger work begins by a retrospect of the various stages through which the revolution had passed, and of the events which led to the organic change of the 19th Brumaire. We shall not dwell upon them, as the facts are notorious. We shall only quote the following passage. After observing that the success of Bonaparte depended on the mere cast of a die; that, if the republican majority in the council of five hundred, instead of listening to Lucien and Chazal, had at once passed the decree of outlawry; if Augereau, Jourdan, Bernadotte, instead of remaining mere spectators, had not hesitated to risk in a civil debate that life which they had so often risked in battle; it were difficult to say what the result might have been, as the Jacobins had great chances in their favour.

"Considered legally, the 19th Brumaire, like several other memorable days of the revolution, was a violent attempt. The authors of similar violences obtain at first a bill of indemnity through their success; but afterwards it is the use they make of their victory, which either absolves or condemns them before the tribunal of public opinion. Previously to the 18th Brumaire, the republic was certainly in a state of imminent crisis, not so much from foreign attack, for the victories of Zurich and Bergen had checked the allies, but from its internal dissensions and disorganization, which paralyzed its strength. The *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire, we must acknowledge it, imparted a salutary shock to the machine of the state. What were its ultimate consequences on the national independence, representative government, equality, liberty, the principles, in short, of the revolution? The history of the consulate and the empire must answer this question."

By a law passed on the 19th Brumaire, a commission of fifty members, twenty-five from each of the two old legislative councils, was to prepare certain alterations in the constitution of the year III.

But under the word alterations, Bonaparte, Sieyes, and their friends, meant a totally new constitution. After some time, Bonaparte sent for the commission to assemble at his residence at the Luxembourg. "Several of the members felt this summons as derogatory to their dignity and independence, *but they all obeyed.*" Bonaparte from that moment assumed the presidency of the commission. He asked Sieyes for his plan; Sieyes explained it to the members. "Very fine!" exclaimed Bonaparte, "but there are objections also to this system. We must reflect upon it. Adjourn till to-morrow." The next morning, the discussion began. It was easy to perceive that Bonaparte was no great admirer of Sieyes' plan, and that he was much more solicitous for the strength and independence of the executive than for the national liberties. At last, "Citizen Daunou," said he, "take up the pen and sit down there." The discussion then assumed a more regular form, and was resumed day after day. Bonaparte took part in it, made objections or suggestions, put each article to the vote, and Daunou wrote down the resolutions. It was clear that two opinions divided the commission: one party supported Sieyes' plan, thinking that they were defending the national liberties; the rest, and these formed the majority, sided with Bonaparte, and were lavish of the powers to be conferred upon the executive, for they well knew that he would be at the head of that executive. The discussion between Bonaparte and the defenders of republican institutions sometimes grew warm. He said one day to Matthieu, "Your discourse is suited for a club." This threw a coolness over the assembly. Bonaparte, however, soon after seized an opportunity of apologizing to Matthieu for his vivacity.

The first important question was that of the electoral franchise and the mode of exercising it, which is the true enigma of all representative constitutions, and which no one yet appears to have solved. Universal suffrage seems only suitable to small democracies, such as the Swiss cantons, or to new states, in which there exists no very great inequality of rank and station, such as the states of North America, and even there the various states are far from following one uniform principle in their electoral franchise. In some a voter must be a freeholder, in all he must be a *payer of taxes*; in some he must have resided two years in the state, in others one; in almost all the black population, even the free blacks, are excluded. Besides, it ought to be observed, that the qualifications required for a representative are also higher than those for a voter in most states; and that, of the twenty-four states of the union, which form each a separate republic, only three exceed one million of inhabitants, and only four more reach to half a

million. They may therefore be classed among small democracies. But, in a single state of thirty millions, like France, of which more than one half are or were illiterate and poor, and had no clear conception of political rights, the qualifications required for voting at elections become a subject of very serious consideration. The law of the constitution of the year III. was found not to answer. At one time a number of royalists were returned, and the *coup d'état* of the 18th Fructidor drove them away. Then the Jacobins came in, and were ejected by violence on the 22d Floréal. By the following elections they came in again, and disputed the ground with their antagonists; the 18th Brumaire dispersed them. Every year witnessed the triumph of some party or other, accompanied by a violation of the constitution. Sieyès proposed to obviate this evil, by taking away from the people the right of choosing their representatives in a direct manner, and he proposed, therefore, that the people should merely appoint candidates, from among whom the senate should choose the representatives. And who was to appoint the senate? Why the consuls, that is to say, the executive. This was the *legerdémain* by which the people were tricked out of their sovereignty, that sovereignty in the name of which they had fought for ten years, and for which, nominally at least, a million of men had lost their lives. It is true that this sovereignty had ever been for the immense majority of the people a mere name, a sort of political fiction; still this nominal right, and the forms by which it was consecrated, ought to have been treated with somewhat more respect by men legislating in the name of the republic. The system of trickery and mystification, thus once begun, was enlarged upon in every successive year. Lists of persons qualified to be elected as members of the legislature were made out in each department; they amounted to 5000, all over France. This was called the list of national-eligibility. There was an inferior list, called departmental, which consisted of 50,000, out of whom the executive was to choose the judicial and administrative officers. Lastly, there was a third or communal list of 500,000, out of whom the inferior or municipal employments were to be filled also by the executive. All the rest of the people, namely, twenty-nine millions out of thirty, were neither electors nor eligible.

"Such was the political organization of France, under the consulate, and such the exercise of the national sovereignty. The constitution of the year VIII. having thus taken away from the people the direct election of all its magistrates and representatives, the form of election became a matter of indifference, as they were merely for the purpose of presenting candidates for the choice of a senate, which was itself dependent on the executive. The discussion of this law by the tribu-

nate was smothered; in the legislative body the law was adopted by a great majority."—(*Consulat*, art. ix. chap. xvi.)

Complaints being made against the formation of some of the lists, the subject was afterwards discussed in the consular council of state. Bonaparte acknowledged that the plan was bad, that it was trifling, ideology, &c.

"Fifty men," said he, "assembled in a time of crisis to frame a constitution, have not the right of disposing of the liberties of the people. . . . But the nation cannot remain without some sort of organization. Better a bad one than none at all. The government must have intermediate bodies between it and the people. It is better perhaps for the government to have to deal with 5000 individuals, than with the whole nation."

The senate, called conservative, was to watch over the maintenance of the constitution against the encroachments of the other authorities; the tribunate publicly discussed the projects of law laid before it by the executive, and made its report to the legislative body, which voted upon them, but without discussion. The latter now received the nickname of "the mutes." Lastly, a council of state, at which the consuls presided, framed the projects of law to be laid before the tribunate.

Thibaudeau combats the assertion that Bonaparte had little influence in the formation of the constitution, and that he trusted to Sieyès and Daunou; the fact is, that he quickly perceived all the articles and provisions which could check the power of the executive, and insisted upon their modification in his favour. The institution of the senate being one of the first of Sieyès's plans which was proposed and adopted, became a lure for several members of the commission, who, flattered by the prospect of becoming senators or councillors of state, gave up their opposition, and formed a majority for Bonaparte's amendments. And to show that the First Consul's opinions on these matters were formed long before, Thibaudeau refers to a remarkable letter written by him to Talleyrand in September 1797, while general of the army of Italy, from his head-quarters at Passeriano, in which he explains pretty clearly his ideas of a constitution.

"Notwithstanding our vanity," thus said that letter, "our thousand and one pamphlets, our never-ending speeches, and our eternal babbling, we are most ignorant in the science of moral politics. We have not even defined what is meant by executive, legislative, and judiciary. There is only one thing we have defined, and that is the sovereignty of the people; but we have not been successful in fixing the meaning of the word constitutional, nor the attributions of the various powers. The government ought to be considered as the true representative of the nation, and ought to govern conformably to the

constitutional charter and organic laws; this government, as I understand it, divides itself into two very distinct magistracies. One is the executive; the other ought to watch, not to act,—it should form the great council of the nation, into which no one should be admitted without having previously filled some of those offices which impart to men a practical knowledge of government affairs. This legislature should be impassible, without rank in the republic, without ears and without eyes for all things out of doors; should have no prospect for ambition, and should not overwhelm us with a thousand laws of circumstances, which become annulled through their absurdity, so that in the end we are a people without any legislation, but with 300 folio volumes of laws. It is a great calamity for a nation of 30 millions to be obliged to have recourse every now and then to the bayonet in order to save the country, (alluding to the days of Thermidor, Vendémiaire, Fructidor, Prairial, &c.); violent remedies are evidence against the legislators; a constitution which is given to men, ought to be suited to men." (See Bonaparte's *Correspondence*, published by Panckoucke, letter of the 19 Sept. 1797.)

The institution of the senate corresponded in a great measure with Bonaparte's ideas of a great magistracy, impassible, and without ears or eyes; it became therefore his favourite body, and he ever afterwards held the tribunate and legislative body in little favour,—he looked upon them as drags, and soon got rid of the former, and reduced the latter to a nullity; and, when at the end of 1813 the "mutes" at last recovered their speech, his amazement and indignation at their presumption knew no bounds; he told them plainly that they were not the "representatives of the nation, but merely a council of administration, much inferior to the senate, and to the council of state, and that he himself was the true representative of the nation." In this angry speech we may recognize still his old notions about the nature of "a government," which he had expressed in his letter to Talleyrand sixteen years before,—the notions in fact of a military chief, of a conqueror in every age.

The formation of the executive was the last and finishing stroke of Sieyès's plan, and the one on which that metaphysical legislator most prided himself; it was called the apex of his pyramid. A grand elector, a sort of president for life, was to be chosen by the senate, with an income of six millions, a guard of 3000 men, and having his residence at Versailles; all the acts of government were to be proclaimed in his name. His only functions, however, were to be limited to the appointment of two consuls, one for peace and the other for war, the former consul to have under him the ministers of justice, of the home department, and of finance; the other, those of foreign affairs, and of the war and naval departments. The grand elector could

dismiss the consuls and replace them, but, if he abused this prerogative, the senate could also remove him by *absorbing him*, that is to say, receiving him among its members, when the office would become vacant. It seems very probable that Sieyès himself aspired to be grand elector, and that he intended Bonaparte and Cambacères for the two consulships under him. This, however, did not suit Bonaparte, who immediately fired a volley of sarcasm and ridicule at the whole plan. "The grand elector was merely the ghost of a *faintant* king of the Merovingian dynasty. What man of spirit would condescend to act such a mummer's part? Do you think the nation would see with pleasure a mere *hog* at Versailles receiving six millions a year for doing nothing." The ridicule thus thrown upon the project at once put an end to it. The commission, discarding the plan altogether, substituted that of a first consul, chosen for ten years, with two assistant consuls whom he should appoint, and who had only a consultative vote in his deliberations. Some of the republican members of the commission endeavoured to limit the prerogatives of this supreme magistracy, but Bonaparte insisted upon giving it the greatest independence and all the prerogatives of royalty. It must be observed that the commission which was thus disposing in secret conclave of the whole sovereignty of the nation, were themselves parties implicated in the illegal acts of the 19th Brumaire, and had therefore no safe position to fall back upon; they were obliged to push on the car of him for whose benefit they had violated the constitution; his success was the only chance they had of safety. Accordingly, whenever they made any attempt at resistance, Bonaparte, who felt his advantage, stopped their mouths by saying; "If so, I will have no more to do with your plans; a civil war will be the consequence." The prerogatives of the first consul were greater than those of a constitutional king; for he had the initiative of the laws, he appointed to all official, administrative, and municipal situations, made war and peace, commanded the armies, militia and navy, and held in his hands all the strings of the state. Sieyès proposed to establish great departmental and municipal councils, independent of the executive, who should manage their own local affairs. "A constitution," said Bonaparte, "ought not to enter into all these details, which must be provided for gradually and by especial laws!" It was, therefore, merely stated in the project of the new constitution, that the local administrations, whether in the communes or districts, were subordinate to the ministers.

The history of the municipal and communal administration in France is very curious. Under the old monarchy the communes,

whether urban or rural, had their councils of notables, elected their officers and magistrates; the *maire*, however, in most places was chosen by the king from a list of candidates presented by the notables. With regard to financial administration, the communes were considered as under guardianship; every contract of exchange, purchase, or sale, above 3000 francs, was laid before the intendant of the province, upon whose favourable report the king authorized the contract by the issue of *lettres patentes*, registered in the respective parliaments. In matters of less amount, the contract was to be sanctioned by one of the principal courts of the province. In course of time, the crown encroached upon municipal independence, as it did in Spain and other monarchies, and in many places the *maires* were appointed or removed direct by the king. The constituent assembly, by a law of December, 1789, established the municipalities on a broad and uniform principle. The right of election was given to all citizens paying a certain amount of direct taxes. A council general was formed in each commune, for the financial and economical administration, besides a municipal body, at the head of which was the *maire*, having the direction of the police, subject, however, to the administration of the district, which last was subject to that of the department, subject in its turn to the royal authority. This system fell with the overthrow of the constitutional monarchy. The republican constitution of the year III. destroyed the independence of the communes by merging them into cantons or districts, excepting the communes having a population of 5000, which retained a separate administration. The municipal administrators of the canton were elected one by each commune, but were subordinate to the administration of the department, which could annul their acts and supersede the members. Lastly, the directory or executive could cashier the administrators, and, by a law of the 22d Ventose, year IV. it obtained the right of appointing the municipal administrators of all the communes of or above 5000 inhabitants. Any one who will take the pains to follow the progress of any particular department of the state throughout the complicated changes of the French revolution, will find that the march of that revolution, from the proclamation of the republic, has been a continued progress towards centralization of powers in the hands of the executive and in the ministerial offices of the capital, destroying one after another every individual or local guarantee or franchise, which could protect the people against the sweeping acts of any faction that succeeded in getting possession of Paris. In other countries, such as Switzerland, England, the United States, Holland, &c. the liberty of the whole nation has been considered as

resting upon the liberties of the parts, fractions, and individuals, of that nation; in France it was made to rest upon the destruction of every local and individual liberty. Hence, the little opposition that the successive governments, terrorist, directorial, consular, and imperial, met with to their usurpations among the great mass of the people, for all the elements of resistance had been previously annihilated. Hence conscriptions, maritime inscription or forced levies of sailors, contributions, forced paper money, special courts, arbitrary arrests, proscriptions, measures which have hardly a parallel in the worst times of the old monarchy, were all enforced in the name of liberty, and submitted to with the most abject complizance. This contradiction between words and facts, between professions and reality, is found to prevail throughout the whole system and progress of the French revolution; throughout its domestic and foreign relations, during 25 years, there was a want of candour, sincerity and plain speaking; and it will require a long season of peace, and wise government, and a new political and moral education of the people, to do away with the habits and language of mystification long engendered and fostered, by which the minds of the generation grown up in those times have been in some measure affected. We have only to look at random among the popular literature of any of the epochs of the revolution,—their histories, biographies, their journals, &c.—to find most of them stamped with a perversion of reasoning, with a total absence of fairness towards their antagonists, whether domestic or foreign, of which defect the writers themselves seem unconscious, but which most forcibly strikes a dispassionate observer.

It may be easily imagined that Bonaparte's views were not more favourable to municipal independence than those of the directory. The law of the 28th Pluviose, year VIII. which was framed under his auspices, directed that every commune should have again its municipal council, the members of which should be appointed by the prefects,—that the *maires* and the *adjoints* should be named by the chief of the state, or by the prefects. The prefects inspected the accounts of the communes delivered in by the *maire*. All contracts by the municipal councils were to be sanctioned by the legislature, to which soon after the sanction of the chief of the state, namely, the first consul, was substituted. Things came at last to the point that not a church, nor a bridge, nor a cross-road, could be repaired without permission from the bureaux of Paris. (See the interesting report by M. de Martignac as a preamble to the project of a new communal and departmental law, proposed to the chamber of deputies in February 1820, a project which failed through the

joint opposition of the two extremes, ultra-royalist and ultra-liberal.) We must now return from this digression to the consular constitution of the year VIII.

The plan of that constitution being completed, as far, at least, as it suited Bonaparte, it was ordered to be printed and published previously to its being laid before the people for their acceptance. In the preamble or introductory part, Boulay de la Meurthe, taking a cursory view of the former constitutions, stated that "they had all failed because there had never been a really constituted government, owing to the violence of two extreme factions, the royalists and the demagogues." In answer to the alarms of the republicans, who saw that there was not the least guarantee left for the liberties of the people, the members of the commission pitifully observed, "We are now come to this pass, that we can no longer think about saving the principles of the revolution, but our sole care must be to save the men who have made the revolution and their personal interests." What a comment on the history of revolutions!

The so-called constitution of the year VIII. was merely a regulation of political organization; it was not Sieyès' constitution, of which Bonaparte borrowed merely the outer frame, which he filled up at his pleasure. Unlike the former constitutions, that of the year VIII. said nothing concerning the freedom of worship, or of the press; or the publicity of justice; these were left to future legislation, which the first consul could dictate at his leisure. The only popular right recognized by the constitution was the right of petition. — (*Le Consulat*, An. VIII. ch. 3.)

Bonaparte's opinion of this constitution has been stated by himself.

"It was at best a temporary measure, a sort of transitory state. There was in France a total absence of aristocracy. If it is difficult to establish a strong republic without aristocracy, the difficulty was still greater for a monarchy, and Napoleon was convinced that France could only exist as a monarchy. To frame a constitution in a country without aristocracy, is like attempting to direct a vessel by means of one element only. The French revolution had undertaken the solution of a problem as difficult as that of the direction of air-balloons. The ideas of Napoleon were fixed, but in order to realize them he was obliged to wait for time and occasion. The consulate introduced unity, and this was the first step. This step once taken, Napoleon felt very indifferent as to the forms and denominations of the various constituted bodies. Wisdom consisted in moving on day by day, without losing sight of the polar star by the aid of which Napoleon was to lead the revolution to the harbour which he had intended for it." — (*Gourgaud's Mémoires.*)

"My reign," said he on another occasion, "began from the day on which I was made first consul." And that the more clear-sighted people at that time understood it so, is proved by the addresses which accompanied the promulgation of the constitution. Garat in his address to the council of the elders said, in his usual academical style, that they "had entrusted one man with the powers and the destinies of the republic, but the extraordinary influence of that man, his genius, and his glorious name, would of themselves set boundaries to the power of the executive,—boundaries the more effective, because they were not laid down in a charter, but in the heart and in the passions even of a great man; for Bonaparte's ambition could not be a vulgar one, &c." This is a fair specimen of the reasoning, of the logic, which prevailed among public men in France for about a quarter of a century. So that, observes our author, "things were come to the point that the only security against the despotism of the first consul was the will of Bonaparte. Luckily, nature which gave him the thirst of power did not make him a tyrant." By tyrant, our author means a cruel, capricious, vicious man; a Tiberius or Nero, which Napoleon certainly was not. The various generals, Moreau, Bruns, Maassena, &c. announced the new constitution to the troops under their command. "The constitution," said Moreau to the army of the Rhine, "guarantees to the French the full exercise of their rights without depriving the government of the necessary force to maintain public tranquillity, and to supply the armies with the means of conquering. The names of the first magistrates appointed by the constitution are of themselves a security, &c." In the camp such logic will pass current; and there it is much more excusable than in the senate.

The new constitution was to be sanctioned by the people at large. The former constitutions had been laid before the primary assemblies of the various districts, but, on the present occasion, registers were opened in the chief towns of each district, where the citizens were invited to come and register their votes. The scrutiny of these registers gave for result three millions and eleven thousand assenting votes, and one thousand five hundred and sixty-two dissentient. In a nation of more than thirty millions, three millions of voters did not constitute a numerical majority, nor one-half of the citizens of age, yet the number was much greater than those in favour of the former constitutions. As well here to observe, that the establishment of the republic on the ruins of the constitutional monarchy in 1793 had been sanctioned only by one million eight hundred thousand votes; and the subsequent constitution of the year III. (1795), by one million and fifty-seven thousand alone. So much for the usual assertion that these

constitutions, and all the acts which emanated from them, had been sanctioned "by the majority of the French people." Why did not the real majority express their wishes? Because either they apprehended personal danger in doing so, (especially in the two first instances,) or because they were either too ignorant or too indifferent about these matters. In the case of the consular constitution, it is but fair to admit that the great mass of the French people acquiesced in it, if not by positive assent, at least in their hearts; for they were weary of agitations, and factions, and proscriptions, and panted for security and tranquillity, which they hoped to find under the strong arm of Bonaparte. "For the first time, perhaps, since the beginning of the revolution," says Thibaudeau, "the national assent was the result of reflection and experience, rather than of blind enthusiasm." The generality of people look to present exigencies rather than future dangers—the questions of drags and checks, of a balance between the various powers, the niceties of the machinery of a representative constitution, are things too abstruse for them.

Before, however, the suffrages of the people were collected, the constitution was proclaimed at Paris, and Bonaparte appointed Cambacères and Lebrun second and third consuls. They were both men of education and considerable information, "moderate in their sentiments, and in their hearts inclined to monarchy, enjoying a good personal reputation, prudent, flexible, useful supports of the supreme power, but incapable of opposing it." The first consul appointed the councillors of state, a measure which was within his jurisdiction, but then without waiting for the lists of candidates from the departments; he appointed also, *on the urgency of the occasion*, and for the first time, one-half of the senators, and the senators thus appointed named the members of the legislative body and of the tribunate. So that, in fact, Bonaparte appointed the whole of the legislature and executive. It is impossible here to repress a smile and a sigh at the incorrigible, never-ceasing, and astounding credulity of those who really believe that revolutions are made by the people, and for the people at large.

Bonaparte in his choice adhered to his professed principle of amalgamating all parties:—

"I will not govern," he said, "by means of a party. I have opened a wide road for all capable men who choose to walk on with me. I have in my council of state moderate constitutionalists, or Feuillans, as they were called in the first national assembly, such as Rœderer, Regnier, Regnaud, Defermon; I have also some royalists, such as Desmazes and Dufrenoy; lastly, I have some jacobins too, such as Bruns, Réal and Berlier." I like honest men of every colour and party."

* The author of a *Précis Historique de l'Ancienne Gaule*, and of a very good transla-

The council of state was divided into five sections: legislation, interior, finances, war, marine or naval department. The ministers were: Talleyrand for foreign affairs, Abrial for the department of justice, Berthier for that of war, Gaudin for the finances, Lucien for the interior, in the room of Laplace, who was a great mathematician, but incapable as a minister. The following passage introduces us at once into the consular presence:—

“ During the constitution of the year III. the Tuileries, the ancient palace of the kings, was occupied by the representatives of the people, and the executive directory resided in the little Luxembourg; this was a sort of homage paid to the nation. On the 19th Brumaire (10th Nov. 1799), the representatives having been previously removed to St. Cloud, the new consuls, on being appointed, went to sleep in the apartments of the directors, which, however, were soon found to be too humble for the head of the executive. The new constitution, of the year VIII., had raised the first consul above all other national authorities, and had made him, in fact, the representative of the French people. On the 19th February, 1800, Bonaparte took possession of the Tuileries, where he fixed his residence. A file of carriages set off from the Luxembourg, escorted by the military, and with music playing. The consuls and their retinue were in full dress, but the private carriages were few, and the rest were hackney-coaches, the numbers of which had been hastily covered over with paper. The first consul had scarcely entered the splendid apartments of the Tuileries, when he came out again, mounted on horseback, and reviewed the troops in the court below, thus announcing that military affairs were always foremost in his mind. After the review he received the various ministers of state, each of whom presented to him in succession the secretaries and other officers of his department.”

The first magistrate of the republic was now installed in the palace of the kings, surrounded on every side by recollections of the old monarchy. By a remarkable coincidence, the news of Washington's death had just reached Paris. He had died on the 4th December, in his modest country-house in Virginia, at the age of sixty-eight years, after having been conqueror, legislator, and magistrate, but having remained, at the same time, a citizen of the country which he had raised to the rank of a nation. The first consul announced his death to the army by an order of the day; in which he said that Washington's memory ought to be ever held dear by all freemen in both hemispheres, “ and especially by the French soldiers, who, like the American soldiers, were fighting for equality and liberty.” And he ordered that for ten days the flags and camp colours of the republic should be bordered with black crape.

tion of Caesar's Commentaries—*Guerre des Gaules*—with excellent notes. By Jacobin Bonaparte must, in his case, have meant a republican, for certainly Berlier did not deserve the appellation in its odious sense.

Three days afterwards, the first diplomatic levee took place. The councillor of state, Benezec, who was charged with the internal administration of the palace, acted as master of the ceremonies, with an usher's rod in his hand; he introduced the foreign ambassadors into the cabinet of the consuls, who were surrounded by their ministers and the councillors of state. The minister of the interior received the ambassadors at the door of the cabinet, and the minister of foreign affairs presented them to the first consul. The ambassadors of Spain and of Rome, the ministers of Prussia, Denmark, Sweden, Baden, and Hesse Cassel, and the ambassadors of the new Cisalpine, Batavian, Helvetic, and Ligurian republics, composed the diplomatic body.

It was soon after found that a regular court, with its officers and its etiquette, were required at the Tuileries. The organization of this new court took about two years; it was effected by degrees, slowly but without interruption. The old regulations of the monarchy were carefully examined; the former courtiers and valets of the kings were consulted and flattered. When Bonaparte was made consul for life in 1802, his court, as well as his power, were on the same footing as those of a king. Josephine was of great use in these matters; her amiable and really graceful manners captivated the company, and succeeded in taming many a bluff and restive spirit. The choice of the ladies who composed the society of Madame Bonaparte was made by himself, and he was particular with regard to character; he wished, above all, for propriety of manners, and a strict regard to appearances.

The costume was gradually altered also. The Greek and Roman fashions were discarded, and gave way, first, to the military costume, with boots and sabre, afterwards replaced by a civilian costume, with silk stockings and the long sword. With regard to head-dress, it was still in a state of vacillation, which drove the hair-dressers to despair. Some wore a bag, others a tail, a few wore powder, and the question of powder was seriously discussed in a court conclave. The first consul himself was against it, yet it was signified to the frequenters of the palace that the bag and powder, and lace frills, were most becoming and acceptable. Josephine was opposed to hair-powder, and feared, with some reason, that the next step would be to restore the hoops. She disliked stiffness and parade, and would often exclaim—"How tired I am of all this! I have not a moment to myself. I was intended for the wife of a labouring man."

At the head of the acts of government, a vignette represented the republic under the figure of a female seated and clad in an ancient drapery, with a rudder in one hand and a crown in the other, with the legend—*République Française, souveraineté du*

peuple, Bonaparte premier consul. This legend was, after a while, altered into the following: *Au nom du peuple Français, gouvernement Français.* The "liberty, equality, and sovereignty of the people" disappeared in form, as they had long since disappeared, or, to speak more justly, had never existed, in substance.

After the occupation of the Tuileries, it was thought that the country-house of Malmaison, which had been the favourite retreat of General Bonaparte, was too humble for the chief of a great republic. Among the former royal residences near the capital, St. Cloud was the nearest and most convenient. The inhabitants of the commune of St. Cloud were induced to present a petition to the tribunate, praying that the chateau should be offered to the first consul. Bonaparte, however, declared to the committee, which was to make a report on the petition, that he would not accept anything from the people during the period of his office and for a year after its expiration, after which, if a reward should be voted to him, he would gratefully receive it. Two years after this fine speech, being consul for life, he took, of his own authority, the chateau of St. Cloud, which became thenceforth his favourite residence.

Durøc then signified that every Sunday there would be mass at St. Cloud; after which the first consul would give public audiences; that the levees at the Tuileries would only take place once a month, on the 15th, and that in the interval the state apartments would be shut up. The audiences of St. Cloud became much frequented; three times a week there was a dinner of fifteen persons, and in the evening Madame Bonaparte received company. The first consul appeared at these *conversations*, in which card-tables were laid out, and Bonaparte at times played a game. The mass which preceded the audience was a terrible bugbear to many of those who wished to repair to St. Cloud in the morning. It is well known how Berthier contrived to lead the old generals of the republic to church for the first time. He invited them to breakfast, and thence took them to the levee of the first consul, whom they found starting for church, whither they could not well refuse to follow him.

We must now cast a glance at the course pursued by the various branches of the legislature under the consular government.

The two houses of representatives, the legislative body, and the tribunate, opened their first sessions in January, 1800. Public attention was wholly turned towards the tribunate, the only relic of popular representation. The moderate republicans, even among those who had sanctioned the revolution of Brumaire, mustered strong in the tribunate: that was their last stronghold.

Daunou, Benjamin Constant, Ginguené, Mathieu, Thibaut, Chénier, Gamih, and others, whom Bonaparte described as metaphysicians and ideologists, formed the opposition. The executive proposed through its orator a project of law concerning the mode of proceeding and communicating between the various bodies which were to concur in the formation of the laws, namely, consuls, the council of state, the tribunate, and the legislative body. How was a project of law to be transmitted from one to another of these various authorities, and what forms were required before it could obtain a final sanction? This very first requisite of legislation had not been provided for by the constitution. The amendments proposed by the opposition in the tribunate were: first, five days at least to be allowed for the discussion of a project of law, and five days more to state and support their report before the legislative body; secondly, that the executive should preface the projects of law by a statement of the motives for which the law was required; thirdly, that the legislative body, and not the executive, should fix the day for opening the discussion; fourthly, that the executive should, if it chose, withdraw its project of law altogether, instead of requiring the indefinite adjournment of the discussion; fifthly, that an especial law should determine the cases of urgency, which ought to be very rare, in which a law was required to be passed without the customary delay. These very modest amendments were considered by the government party as a factious opposition. The orator in favour of the government ridiculed the amendments, inveighed bitterly against Benjamin Constant, for which he was three times called to order, made a fulsome panegyric on the first consul, and at last the project was adopted by 54 votes against 26. This triumph ought to have been sufficient for the executive, and yet the government journal, the *Moniteur*, spoke in a peevish tone of "petty passions having an influence over the debates, of 'the friends of order' not being alarmed by seeing 26 individuals among 80 disposed to thwart the government in the most simple and innocent of measures, of certain minds aiming at a perfection incompatible with human institutions, &c." In the legislative body the project was passed by 203 votes against 23.

The place of meeting allotted to the tribunate was in the Palais Royal, which was then called Palais Egalité. In the preparatory arrangement of the premises, several leases were annulled by a mere act of authority; and some gambling-houses and brothels were shut up to make room for the representatives of the people. Some of the members complained of these arbitrary acts, and alluded also to the indecency of choosing such

a locality, as if to degrade the assembly in the eyes of the public. A member then rose to order, and congratulated the veterans of liberty on being assembled on the spot of their first triumphs (the revolutions in Paris have generally begun in the Palais Royal), and appealing to the recollections of 1789, said, that if any one should think "of raising an idol of a fortnight, they would remember that they had overthrown a worship of fifteen centuries." The allusion was deeply felt, and the *Moniteur* published an article headed, "On the Roman tribunes and those of France," in which the latter were smartly lectured on their temerity, on the respect that was due to the warrior who had saved the country, on Coriolanus, Camillus, the Tarpeian rock, &c.

A project of law for continuing the existing taxes, direct and indirect, for another year, gave occasion to a warm debate in the tribunate. The principal objection was by no means of a nature hostile to the government; it was that the ways and means did not appear sufficient for the probable expenditure of the following year. The project, however, was adopted by a majority of five.

The law for the formation of the court of cassation came next; it passed the tribunate by a majority of two only, and was thrown out by the legislative body. This was not in consequence of any jealousy towards the government, but owing to many faults of form and detail in the project. The executive then brought forward a law for the complete organization of the whole judiciary system, in which the former plan of the court of cassation was reproduced with some slight modifications, and the whole passed by great majorities! There were to be a tribunal "de première instance" in every arrondissement, a criminal court in every department, and twenty-nine courts of appeal in the chief towns. Thibaudeau here reflects "on the influence which habits of laziness exert upon deliberative assemblies, so that it is often easier to make them swallow an entire code in the lump, than a project of law technically defined in a dozen articles." Another law, by which the government proposed to exact a toll on the bridges constructed by private individuals, was rejected, as was also a law to restore manorial or land rents, which had been confounded with feudal rights in the sweeping decrees of the revolutionary convention. The state was possessed of from thirty to forty millions of these rents, and therefore was interested in re-establishing the payment of them. The tribunate rejected the project by 59 votes against 29, on the plea that the property subject to such rents had passed through many hands since their abolition, and that their re-establishment would open the way to unnumbered reclamations, and "endanger the interests of the revolution." This was at the best a plea of indemnity for past

spoliation in favour of the purchasers. Another law was proposed to restore, under certain restrictions, the faculty of disposing of part at least of one's property by will or by donations *inter vivos*. This faculty, which appears inherent in man, had been long and eloquently discussed in the constituent assembly, in one of the last debates in which Mirabeau took part. The revolutionary convention had by the famous law of the 19th Nivose, year II., actually abolished the faculty of making a will, for fear, it was said, that the aristocracy should re-establish thereby the inequality of inheritance. According to this beautiful principle, which is still held by some in our own days, no man can dispose of his own property, and as by another principle of the same school no son has a right to his father's inheritance, the obvious consequence is, that at a man's death his property ought to revert to the whole community. The project of the government for restoring to men the faculty of making a will passed by 53 against 35 votes.

The government presented a plan for the division of the territory and the administrative organization. The departmental councils of administration were suppressed. A prefect in each department, a sub-prefect in the arrondissement, and municipalities all dependent on the executive, were established. Roederer, in the preamble to the plan, observed laconically, "The administration is the business of one man, to judge is that of many." The plan passed the tribunate by 71 votes to 25.

These were the principal laws discussed by the tribunate in its first session. The opposition was by no means of a nature to alarm the government. We have said that the people had the right to petition. Most of the petitions sent to the tribunate were referred to the ministers without discussion. Some members reproved the carelessness with which this remaining constitutional right of the citizens was treated. Benjamin Constant spoke in favour of organizing a committee of petitions. The tribunate passed to the order of the day. Petitions have seldom ~~met~~ with much attention in a French assembly.

The session of the legislative body lasted four months, but the tribunate was permanent, or, if it adjourned, it appointed a commission charged with convoking it again when it was necessary. The tribunate was not a convention, it was not the legislature, it did not originate the laws, it did not even sanction them ultimately: it was a body intended to watch over the other constituted authorities. The tribunate made a very modest use of its right of permanence during the eight months' vacations of the legislative body. It resolved upon having two sittings in each month, the 1st and 16th. These sittings were little more than *pro forma*.

The executive, having established the prefects in every department, thought next of organizing the police. This is a word that has become famous in contemporary history. The ministry of police was a creation of the Directory. There had been of old a police for the great cities; we find a police of Paris established by the Prévôt Etienne Boileau, as far back as 1269, under the reign of St. Louis. This police issued ordonnances for the cleanliness, the good order, and security of the streets and places of public resort. Afterwards, there was a lieutenant-general of police for Paris. The police made a part of the local administration of each town, and the offences against public order and decency were tried by the local magistrates. There was, therefore, an administrative police and a judicial police. But it was reserved for republican France to invent a third kind of police, called a state police, high police, or secret police, a separate and irresponsible branch of the ministry, without definite attributions, extending over the whole state, watching the motions of every individual, and which has been called the eye of the government. The minister of police, established by a law in the time of the Directory, had no ostensible agents under his orders; he corresponded with the ministers of the interior and of justice. The constitution of the year VIII. said nothing about the number or functions of the ministers. The consular government found a minister of police and kept him. The law concerning the new administration of the departments said that the *maires* and their assistants exercised the police of their respective communes, but it added, "that in every town of 100,000 inhabitants and above (only four, Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, and Bordeaux), there should be a commissary-general of police, having under him commissaries for each district, and that he would receive orders direct from the minister of police, and that at Paris there would be a prefect of police, having under him commissaries in each of the twelve municipalities or districts of the capital." The gendarmerie was placed at the disposal of the minister of police, Fouché. This minister thought of extending the action of the police beyond all precedent, and his ideas found favour with the first consul, who had a weakness upon this point. As for the prefect of police of the city of Paris, Dubois, he told the citizen in a sort of proclamation, that he would watch over their security, their lives, their properties; "that he would protect the liberty of worship, the liberty of dress, and, above all, the liberty of pleasure."

All the branches of the administration received a fresh impulse under the consular government. The finances, which had been left by the Directory in the most confused state, were totally re-organized by Gaudin; strict order and economy, and regularity

of payment, were enforced; the treasury began to fill again; the bank of France was established; all the public securities rose. The arbitrary measure of forced loans was abandoned. The first consul had already, soon after the 19th Brumaire, proposed and obtained of the legislative commission the abolition of the cruel law of the hostages passed in the year VII., by which thousands of individuals were in prison and their property sequestered because they were related to emigrants; and he immediately sent couriers to cause their prisons to be opened, and their property restored with interest. He himself went to the Temple, and told the hostages there confined that, "an unjust law having deprived them of their liberty, his first duty was to restore it to them." This was one of the finest moments of Bonaparte's life. The priests were next relieved from *surveillance*; those who were exiled were allowed to return, upon the mere declaration, before the local authority, that they promised fidelity to the constitution. Some of the priests refused to make this declaration, and the government took the pains of explaining to them, in the official journal, that this declaration "was a simple civil act, that it was not a religious oath; that they were not required to approve, support, or defend the actual institutions, but merely not to oppose them." The honour of a funeral and of a sepulchral monument were ordered to be given to the remains of the late Pope Pius VI., who had died at Valence the year before. "It became the dignity of the French nation," Bonaparte said, "to bestow these marks of consideration on an old man, respectable by his misfortunes, who had filled one of the highest offices upon earth, and who had been for a moment the enemy of France, because he was led astray by those who surrounded him, and who had taken advantage of his weakness."

La Vendée was pacified. The chiefs of the Vendéans, Bernier, D'Autichamp, Bourmont, &c., made their submission; Georges Cadoudal laid down his arms, but refused to pay allegiance to the consular government: he was allowed to leave France and repaired to England. France was now internally at peace for the first time for eight years.

Of the astonishing campaign of Marengo it is not our business to speak, for we are following with Thibaudcau's original *Memoirs* the civil administration of the first consul.

The number of the political journals in Paris was fixed at thirteen, and the minister of police was ordered not to allow any more. All journals which should insert any "article contrary to the social contract, to the sovereignty of the people, and the glory of the French armies, or offensive to the governments and nations, friends and allies to the republic, even if such articles should be

extracted from foreign journals, should be immediately suppressed." Under such vague terms the government might find at any time a pretence for suppressing any journal that it chose. The *Moniteur* proclaimed itself the only official journal.

"The first consul made the *Moniteur* the soul and the force of his government, its organ of communication with public opinion at home and abroad. It was the most dreaded of all tribunals. Its political articles were often virulent against the enemies of the first consul; they expressed what the government wished to be believed. It was the business of sound criticism to find out the object aimed at, to distinguish truth from falsehood; for, if vulgar readers understand to the letter all they see in the official journals, discerning persons know that in most cases those journals contain nothing but mutilated truths or positive falsehoods, which the cabinets think useful to their policy."—(*Le Consulat*, vol. i. pp. 403, 404.)

This is a frank confession, and yet we find Napoleon at St. Helena saying that there was not a single sentence in the *Moniteur* which he should wish to see struck out.

A journal called *l'Ami des Lois* was suppressed on the report of Lucien Bonaparte, minister of the interior, because it had ridiculed the Institute, or Scientific Academy of France. This was a curious sort of offence. The minister of the interior exercised the police over the theatres; no play could be performed without his authorization. A play called *Edward the Pretender*, by Duval, was performed with great success. Bonaparte went to see it on the second day; he disliked the allusions; the play was suppressed, and the author was advised to travel; he went to Russia. Another play, in which three valets appeared together, was reported by some officious person to be intended as a caricature of the three consuls; Bonaparte, in a passion, ordered the author to be sent to St. Domingo: it was found, however, that the play had been written before the epoch of the consulate, and the author, after having been sent to Brest, was recalled to Paris, where Bonaparte made him amends for the mistake.

The re-establishment of the church forms an important event in the history of the consulate. Bonaparte took frequent opportunities of declaiming against the philosophers of the eighteenth century, whom he called ideologists. In his Italian campaign of 1800, and just before the battle of Marengo, having taken possession again of the city of Milan, he ordered a *Te Deum* to be sung in the cathedral, which he attended himself with great ceremony. He had written the day before to the two consuls, his colleagues, at Paris: "Let the atheists of Paris say what they please, I shall attend to-morrow the performance of the *Te Deum* in the cathedral." He afterwards summoned the paro-

chial clergy of Milan, on the 5th of June, 1800, and told them in a long speech that he was attached to the Roman Catholic religion; that he would protect it; that the vexations which they had experienced at his first entrance into Italy in 1796 were not sanctioned by his approbation; that he was then but the agent of the Directory, who did not care about religion; but that now, having full power, he was determined to use it for the protection of the church.

"The modern philosophers," he said, "strove to persuade the French that the Catholic religion was the implacable enemy of all democratic systems; hence that cruel persecution which the French republic carried on against religion and its ministers; hence all the horrors which weighed upon that unfortunate people. . . . In any state of society, no man can be virtuous and equitable without knowing whence he comes and whither he is to go. Mere reason cannot fix our ideas on the subject; without religion we must be groping continually in the dark; there can be no good morality without religion. A society without religion is exposed to all the shocks of the most violent passions, and falls a prey to internal discord, which must infallibly produce its ruin. France, instructed by its own misfortunes, has at last opened her eyes; she has discovered that the Catholic religion is the sheet-anchor which can keep her steady in the midst of political agitation; she has therefore recalled it to her bosom. I do not conceal from you that I have mainly contributed to this good work. I can certify to you that the churches are again opened in France, that religion has resumed its ancient splendour, that the people see with pleasure their old pastors in the midst of their flocks. . . . As soon as I can communicate with the new Pope (Pius VII.) I shall, I hope, complete the work of reconciliation. . . . I wish that this expression of my sentiments should be perpetuated in your memory, and I approve of its being made public through the press, in order that my intentions may be known, not only to Italy and France, but to all Europe."—(*Le Consulat*, vol. i.—*Pièces Justificatives*, at the end.)

This address was accordingly published, not only in Italy, but in Coutances, in France, by Agnès, official printer to the *arrondissement*, year IX. On the same day in which this speech was delivered, Berthier, in a proclamation to the people of Lombardy, said that "their enemies, while boasting of their zeal for religion, had called heretics, and even infidels, into Italy," alluding to the Russians, the English, and the Turks, who had joined Austria in the coalition of 1799. Such was the language held by Bonaparte to the Catholic clergy of a country essentially Catholic, for Italy had ever remained so, notwithstanding the first French conquest. Public worship had never been proscribed or interrupted there as in France. The situation of the latter country was essentially different, and required greater caution; accordingly we find Bonaparte's language after his return to Paris considera-

bly modified. The Catholic clergy themselves were divided into "constitutionalists," who had sworn allegiance to the republic, and "refractory," who had refused to do so, and been persecuted in consequence. The bishops of the latter party had mostly emigrated. These two sections of the clergy were at open hostility with each other. The consular government protected the persons of both, allowed the constitutionalists to perform service in the churches, and winked at the refractories performing theirs in oratories or chapels, but did not recognize officially either party as forming a church.

In the larger work before us we find the following statistical summary of religion in France at the time, including Belgium and the departments of the Rhine :

Catholics who followed the constitutional priests....	7,500,000
Catholics who followed the refractory priests	7,500,000
Persons born of catholic parents, but following no mode of worship, either through indifference, or on account of the interruption and persecution of religion over a great part of the country	13,000,000
Persons belonging to no religion whatever, by their manner of thinking or acting	4,000,000
Protestants of various communions, Jews, &c.	3,000,000
	<hr/>
	35,000,000

"We must not be deceived," observes the author of this statement, "by the votes and testimonials which were held forth by the organs of the consular government in favour of the re-establishment of public worship. The government well knows how to give the impulsion in such cases. The truth is that, as in an infinity of parishes all over the country there had been no religious worship performed for many years, religious ideas had become very much weakened in the minds of the people."—*Le Consulat*, vol. ii. p. 169.

After the battle of Marengo, Bonaparte invited the pope to enter into negotiations on the subject of religion and the church in France. At the same time, he ordered General Murat to restore Rome and its territory to the papal authorities. The pope sent the prelate, Spina, and Father Caselli, a theologian, to Paris, in order to confer with the first consul, who appointed, on his part, Joseph Bonaparte and Cretet, councillors of state, and Bernier, the Vendean curate. The negotiations for a concordat commenced; but numerous difficulties presented themselves. The first consul became impatient, and threatened; the others raised scruples, quoted precedents, wrote to Rome, and the affair made no progress. At length Cardinal Consalvi, the pope's secretary of state, set off for Paris; and, on his arrival, had several

long interviews with the first consul. The principal points of the concordat were now discussed in earnest. The first consul insisted on the right of appointing the bishops; but the pope was to bestow the canonical institution. The French negotiators wished to fix a term, beyond which the pope should not refuse the *investiture*; but the court of Rome was determined upon the full prerogative, and the first consul was obliged to yield. The bishops were to appoint the parochial clergy, subject to the approbation of the government. A new division of France into dioceses and parishes should be made, and the existing bishops, whether constitutional or refractory, should vacate their seats, if required to do so, in consequence of these new arrangements. The churches which had not been sold were to be restored to the bishops. The government would take care that the bishops and parochial clergy should have suitable salaries; and pious persons should have liberty to make foundations in favour of the church. The Roman Catholic faith was acknowledged to be that of the consular government, and of the majority of Frenchmen, its worship to be public, but subject to the police regulations which the government should judge necessary. The pope, on his part, declared, "for the sake of peace," that neither he nor his successors should disturb the owners of church property which had been sold during the revolution. The bishops were to have a chapter in each cathedral, and a seminary in each diocese; but the government was not bound to provide for them. No mention was made of the re-establishment of monastic orders, to which the first consul was decidedly hostile. During these negotiations, which were carried on with great privacy, Bonaparte elicited the sentiments of several of the councillors of state on the subject of religion. With one of them, perhaps Thibaudeau himself, he had a long and curious conversation, which is reported in the *Mémoires*.

"On the 21st Prairial, the councillor of state, N——, dined at Malmaison. After dinner the first consul took him alone into the park, and led the conversation to the subject of religion. He spoke at length against the various systems of philosophers, on public worship, on deism, on natural religion, &c. All that, said he, was nothing but ideology. He repeatedly styled Garat the leader of the ideologists. 'Listen,' said he: 'I was walking about this solitary spot' last Sunday evening; every thing was silent around me, when the sound of the clock of the church of Ruel all at once struck my ear; I felt strongly affected; for such is the power of first impressions and of education. I then said to myself, what influence these things must have upon simple and credulous men! Let your philosophers, your ideologists, answer that. There must be a religion for the people; but this religion must be in the hands of the government. At present

fifty bishops, emigrants and in the pay of England, lead the clergy of France. We must destroy their influence; and for this the authority of the pope is required. They must vacate their sees, or the pope will supersede them. We will declare that, as the Catholic religion is that of the majority of Frenchmen, the exercise and worship of it must be legally organized. The first consul appoints fifty new bishops, the pope gives them the canonical institution. The bishops appoint the curates, and the state pays them. They must take an oath of fidelity; those who refuse shall be transported. The pope confirms the sale of church property; and thus consecrates the republic. They will sing in the churches *Salvum fac Reipublicam*. The bull is now arrived, and there are only a few expressions to alter. People will say that I am a Papist: I was a Mohammedan in Egypt; and I shall be a Catholic here for the good of the people. I do not believe in religions. . . . But the idea of a God. . . . And then raising his hands towards heaven, 'Who then made all this?' he exclaimed. N— now spoke in reply, after having listened in perfect silence. 'To discuss the necessity of religion would be foreign to the present question. I will even grant the utility of a public worship. A worship must have priests; but priests can exist without forming an embodied clergy, without a hierarchy animated by one spirit, aiming at the same end. A hierarchy constitutes a power,—a colossal power. Were the hierarchy to have for its head the chief of the state, it would not be half so formidable; but, as long as it acknowledges for its head a foreign prince, it is a rival power. There never was so favourable an opportunity as the present to effect a great religious revolution. You have the constitutional priests, the apostolical vicars of the pope, and the emigrant bishops in England, and many shades in each of these three divisions. Citizens and priests, all are disunited; and the great body of the nation looks on all this with total indifference.' 'You are mistaken, the clergy exists; it will ever exist as long as there is a religious feeling in the people: and this religious feeling is inherent in the people. There have been republics, democracies, all that we see, but never a state without religion, without worship, without priests. Is it not better to organize the public worship, and put the priests under proper discipline, than to leave every thing at random? The priests now preach against the republic; ought we to transport them? No, let us bind them by proper regulations, let us then win them over to the republican government.' 'You will never win them over sincerely. The revolution has deprived them of their honours or their wealth,—they will never forgive that; they will always be in a state of war against the new institutions. Scattered as they are, they will be less dangerous than when organized and united. . . . Shall I do the very reverse of what Henry IV. did?' 'Those were different times. For my part, if there is to be a national religion, I should prefer Protestantism. We are much more favourably placed than England or Germany were at the time of the reformation. In the present state of minds, you have only to say a word, popery is overthrown, and France becomes Protestant.' 'Yes, one half of it;

but the other half remains Catholic; and we shall have quarrels and contentions without end. Why provoke resistance on the part of the clergy and the people? Enlightened persons will not rise against Catholicism, because they are indifferent. I avoid therefore much opposition at home; while abroad I may, by means of the pope' . . . and here he stopped. 'Yes, but at the cost of other sacrifices which will make you dependent on him. You have to do with a skilful antagonist, who is always stronger against those who keep on terms with him, than against those who have broken with him altogether. Now every thing appears smooth and fair; but when you think you that have done with the pope, you will find yourself deceived.' 'My dear friend, there is neither sincerity nor belief among men. . . . There is nothing more to take from the clergy. . . . It is now a purely political affair. . . . Things are too far gone; and the part I have taken appears to me the safest.' 'Why, certainly, as the bull of the concordat is arrived, all that I can now say is perfectly useless.'

Thus the conversation ended.

On the 26th Messidor (15th July, 1801) the concordat was signed by Cardinal Consalvi, and was ratified by the pope on the 14th August following. Some days afterwards, the first consul communicated to the council of state assembled the articles of the concordat, and said that there would be fifty bishops and about six thousand curates; that he had regulated also the concerns of the Protestants. "The Calvinists have their metropolis at Geneva, and there is no difficulty about that. The Lutherans shall have a synod at Strasburg. As for the Jews, they form a nation apart, which interferes with no other sect, and they are in too small a number to meddle with them." He then broke off the council, without having asked a single opinion upon any article of the concordat; indeed he had clearly hinted that he stood not in need of their assent. The concordat was considered as being within the attributions of the executive. A project of law, however, was laid before the tribunate and the legislative body to regulate the execution of the articles of the treaty as well as the organization of the Protestant worship. But the first consul waited first for the renewal of one-fifth of the members of the tribunate, when most of the opposition were turned out. In April, 1802, Portalis, after a long preamble, in which he spoke of the necessity of religion, of the advantages of Christianity, assertions which few would have thought of disputing, said at last, with great frankness, "The Catholic religion is a powerful spring, which the government must make use of, for fear that others should take possession of it." He also said that a change of religion had become impossible in France, "not because the clergy and the citizens had any extraordinary attachment for Catholicism, but because there was no church property left to

offer to the priests in order to induce them to give up their hierarchy and their discipline." The project of law passed without discussion; 78 voted for it, and 7 against it. Lucien Bonaparte and Jaucourt carried the vote of the tribunate to the legislative body. Lucien spoke zealously in favour of the project, which was adopted by 228 votes against 21. The concordat thus became law.

On Easter Sunday the law of the concordat was solemnly proclaimed. On that day the consuls, senators, councillors of state, the diplomatic body, and all the chief authorities, civil and military, repaired to the Cathedral of Notre Dame, where pontifical mass was celebrated by Cardinal Caprara, the pope's legate. The new bishops took the oaths, and a Te Deum was sung for the general peace of church and state. On his return the first consul asked General Delmas what he thought of the ceremony. "It was a fine mummary," gruffly answered the other; "it wanted only the presence of a million of men who have been killed in destroying that which you are now re-establishing." Delmas, having repeated his strictures on other occasions, was at last exiled. The first consul asked his aide-de-camp, Rapp, who was a Protestant, whether he would now go to mass. "No, General." "And why?" "These things may suit you best . . . After all, provided you do not appoint those people to be your aides-de-camp or your cooks, I care not a straw about it." Rapp had the privilege of speaking bluntly, on account of his known personal attachment to Bonaparte.—(*Mémoires*, p. 164.) The military were always the most averse to church ceremonies.

The first consul had numerous difficulties to encounter in the execution of the concordat, but his firmness, his irresponsible power, his iron will, and the perfect indifference of conscience with which he regarded the whole arrangement as a political measure, enabled him to surmount all. Constitutional priests, refractory priests and bishops, papal legate, the court of Rome itself, all were obliged to bend before his determination. He would be obeyed by both priests and laymen in all ostensible matters, although he protested that he did not interfere with their belief. But not a word must they utter in disparagement of his government, or do any act in disobedience to the regulations prescribed. The Abbé Fournier, an old emigrant, having made some allusions in a sermon against the actual system, was arrested; and, as other offensive sermons were found among his papers, he was sent by the prefect of police to a madhouse. He was afterwards exiled from France, and removed to the citadel of Turin, until Cardinal Fesch obtained his liberation. The curate of St. Roch, having refused to perform the funeral service over the body of an opera

dancer, was severely reprimanded, and the Archbishop of Paris ordered him to be suspended from his functions for three months.

"The civil authority was often at variance with the ecclesiastical authority, which by degrees attempted to call in question all that had been done during the revolution, and tried to enforce again old institutions and rights abolished by the laws, and to revive rules of conduct and usages no longer suited to the state of opinion in France. The first consul had much to do to maintain the equilibrium between the state and the church. With any other man the clergy would soon have reassumed its former preponderance, and brought on fresh calamities; for, although there were many prelates and priests really animated by a spirit of peace and charity, there was also a considerable number of ambitious men, fanatics and intriguers, who would have proceeded to any extremes."—p. 166.

In order to prevent the spreading of any address in which politics might be mixed up with religion, the minister of the interior wrote circulars to all the prefects, not to allow the publication of any writing addressed to the people by any authority whatsoever, without their approbation. The pastoral instructions and *mandemens*, or charges, of the bishops to their diocesans, were not excepted from this order. With such means it was certainly easy to keep the clergy in total submission, and we do not wonder at Napoleon asserting at St. Helena that he had never regretted having signed the concordat. Why should he? His power was so absolute, so overwhelming, so omnipresent, that any attempt at mutiny or resistance was crushed in an instant. The clergy, as a body, proved ever after docile to him in the extreme. They assisted him in raising the conscription; their addresses to him on different occasions were sufficiently laudatory. Even when he afterwards quarrelled with the pope, most of the French bishops ranged themselves on the side of the temporal power.

The *Moniteur*, 9th Thermidor, An. X., extolled the concordat "as the most glorious act of the consular government, which has gathered together the scattered branches of the Christian religion, and has restored the altars of the Gospel overthrown during ten years of barbarism. That eternal morality of nations has again found its ancient cradle. The Christians of Rome and those of Augsburg are again become brethren at the voice of the chief of France. Religious intolerance, as well as political fanaticism, after being by turns persecutors and persecuted, have disappeared for ever, together with the conspiracies and the sacrileges of revolutionary times. The law which protects and the Gospel which consoles mankind, have joined hands for the happiness of France. . . . True philosophy has again found its natural auxiliary, and the atheist, driven away from the temple, has still time left for re-

pentance. False philosophy has no more influence, and the system of abstractions has vanished before the appearance of truth. 'If I had a province to chastise,' said Frederic the Great, 'I should put it under a government of philosophers.' The philosophers whom that great man here meant, shall no longer chastise France, because France has also a great man who has assumed the direction of her destinies." Leaving aside some of the flattery and flourish of the above passage, we certainly think that the concordat was a prudent and beneficial act of Bonaparte's government. Supposing even that only one-half of the French people were still attached to their religion, was it not wise and just to quiet their consciences, to quell controversy, and to remove scandal? The consular government satisfied the religious wants of those who were religiously inclined, while at the same time it did not force any one to join a church of which he might not approve. It kept that church subordinate to the state, and certainly Bonaparte's power was never after endangered by the clergy. He therefore did for once an act of justice and benevolence, without the least danger to himself or to any one else.

In the session of the legislative body for the year IX. (1801), the proportion between the opposition and the government party continued nearly the same as in the preceding year. Of ten projects of law presented by the government, three were rejected, but they concerned minor matters of administration. The law for the establishment of special tribunals in criminal matters excited a warmer debate, as it affected the personal security of individuals. It was proposed at the same time to reduce the number of the justices of peace, to take away from them the judicial police of their respective districts, and give it to special magistrates appointed *ad hoc* by the government. The numerous parties of outlaws, or *brigands* as they were called, who infested several provinces of France, were alleged as the motive of a project of law which annihilated the institution of the jury, and left the citizens without guarantee against arbitrary imprisonment. The law, however, passed the tribunate, though by a small majority. This was not enough for the first consul, who was irritated by the tone which the discussions had assumed in the tribunate. He could not bear publicity in such cases. He had repeatedly told several of the members, that, "instead of declaiming in the tribune, they would do better to come to him in his cabinet, and discuss the projects of law in familiar conversation, as he was wont to do in his council of state, where he allowed the greatest freedom of speech." In an audience he gave to the senate on the 9th Pluviose, after the debate on the special tribunals, he vented his spleen against the tribunate in that coarse guard-room oratory to

which he was accustomed to resort whenever stung by personal opposition. "Ginguené," said he, "has given the ass's kick. There are in the tribunate twelve or fifteen metaphysicians fit to be thrown into the Seine. I feel the vermin about my clothes. . . . They must not fancy that I will let myself be attacked like Louis XVI.; I shall not allow it."

The third session of the legislative body was opened in Brumaire, year. X. (November, 1801.) The two first projects of law concerning the civil code were rejected by the tribunate. The first consul held a long and warm conversation on this subject in his council of state. He said that the declamations of the opposition tended to degrade the government in the eyes of the French people, always prone to ridicule; that an opposition in France was a very different thing from the opposition in England, or in ancient Rome; that where there are no patricians there ought to be no public deliberative body; that the government in this case was the representative of the people. The first National Assembly was right in making the king subordinate to the representatives, because there were still a nobility and a clergy; but now every thing was changed. The constitution had created a legislative power composed of three branches, but each of these branches had not the right of organizing itself; that ought to be the subject of a law. We must, therefore, make a law to organize the mode of deliberation in each of these branches. The tribunate ought to be divided into five sections. The discussion of the laws will take place secretly in each section, where they may babble as long as they please. The section may discuss the projects with the corresponding sections of the council of state. The reporter alone will speak in public, and we shall then hear something reasonable. There must be unity of purpose in the great authorities of the state, otherwise we cannot go on, and a general uneasiness and want of confidence will spread through the nation. In so numerous a nation as France, the majority are incapable of judging soundly of public affairs. France is not yet a republic; it is yet a problem whether it will be able to constitute one. In five or six years this question will be solved. If the authorities remain in harmony together, we shall have the republic; if not, we may go on for ten or twenty years, and the aristocracy must return. It is the natural tendency of men and things. Once more, we must have no opposition. What can we do with such men as Ganilh and Garat-Mailla? (the nephew of Garat the senator). All those who surround Sieyes go on badly, and it is chiefly through his fault. He regrets not being grand elector.—*Mémoires sur le Consulat*, p. 294—295; *Le Consulat*, vol. II. p. 411—416.

By the constitution of the year VIII. both the tribunate and the legislative body were to be renewed by one-fifth in the year X. (1802.) The senate was to choose the members of the new fifth. But nothing was said about the manner in which the members to be removed were to be picked out. This important question was discussed in the council of state. Some were for the ballot, others by scrutiny. The first consul of course was for the latter. The choice was left to the senate, which of course adopted the scrutiny. By this means the principal members of the opposition were removed from the tribunate, such as Chénier, Daunou, Benjamin Constant, Isnard, Chazal, Ganilh, Garat-Mailla, &c. Among the members chosen to replace them were Carnot, Daru, and Lucien Bonaparte. The tribunate thus renewed framed a regulation for its deliberations, by which it divided itself into three sections. After this the first consul convoked a new session of the legislative body in April, 1802. All the projects of law presented by the government in this session on the concordat, the conscription, public instruction, &c. were passed with scarcely any opposition, except those on the administration of the colonies, and on the establishment of the Legion of Honour. These last require some notice. By the treaty of Amiens, France had recovered her colonies both in the West and East Indies, and in Africa. In the discussion held in the council of state on the administration of the colonies, the first consul supported the project of establishing chambers of agriculture among the colonists, which might petition the government of the mother-country, and have their agents at Paris. "It was the only means," he said, "of making the sentiments, wishes, and wants of the colonists known to the government." He defended the conduct of the French colonists and Creoles, who were accused of being the cause of the disturbances which had broken out in several colonies. With regard to the Blacks, he spoke vehemently against the measure of emancipation decreed by the convention. The horrors of St. Domingo furnished him with a plausible text.

"After that experience," he said, "it would now be mere obstinacy to talk about the liberty of the Blacks. The Whites have been sacrificed and murdered, and you will not allow them to complain. I am for the Whites, because I am white myself; I have no other reason, but that is a sufficient one. Without going any further, would you have allowed Frenchmen to be made dependent on the Italians, on the Piedmontese? We should have been well served for it; they would have treated us as the Blacks have treated the Whites. We have been obliged, on the contrary, to use great precautions, and to keep them in dependence; and, if I had had to choose between sacrificing two soldiers of my army, or dooming all Italy to perdition, I should have sacrificed all Italy, because I am, above all things, of my army, and for my army.

Even now we must keep a sharp look-out upon that country, and yet they are Whites like ourselves; they are civilized people and our neighbours."—*Mémoires sur le Consulat*, p. 116—121.

He did not, however, limit himself to re-establishing slavery in the colonies, for which, perhaps, much might have been said at the time, but he re-established also the horrid slave-trade, which was carried on under the tri-coloured flag during the period of the peace of Amiens, and afterwards whenever their ships could escape the vigilance of the English cruizers. This was one of the greatest stains of the consular government. Bonaparte's exaggerated notions of the importance of colonies to France, and his eternal anxiety to rival England in maritime power, contributed no doubt to the adoption of that measure. And yet he had moments in which he saw matters connected with statistics and political economy with a clearer eye; but they were only lucid intervals, soon overcast by the mists of passion and wilfulness. In a discussion in the council of state, about the maritime inscription, which is in fact a regular conscription of sailors instead of the occasional impressment of the English, he argued on the necessity of such a measure, on account of the great geographical difference between France and England. "England," said he, "has an immense extent of coast, which furnishes her with plenty of sailors whenever she wants them. France, on the contrary, even with her recent acquisitions, has a dense body, and less coast in proportion. Nature has not been favourable to us in this respect. England is like a bump on our nose,—nature is for her. We must then substitute the force of legislation," &c.; as if legislation should strive to conquer nature, instead of adapting itself to the capabilities and natural advantages of each country. That was his usual foible, the weakness of a powerful but uncontrolled mind. The law upon the colonies and the slaves passed the tribunate by a majority of 54 against 27, and the legislative body by 211 against 63.

The discussion concerning the establishment of the order of the Legion of Honour was remarkably interesting. In the council of state, Dumas, although favourable to the project, proposed that the order should be exclusively military. Bonaparte opposed the idea. It was good for the feudal times, when the military qualities, force, and bravery were every thing. But the invention of gunpowder had changed the whole military system, and now the principal qualities which distinguish a general, intelligence, calculation, knowledge of men, administrative science, are all civil qualities. "I have told some military men that a pure military government would never suit France, unless the whole nation were first brutified by half a

century of ignorance. All such attempts will fail, and their authors will fall victims to them. The mere military man knows no other law but force; he refers every thing to himself, and to his corps. The civilian, on the contrary, sees the general good of society. The former wills every thing despotically; the latter appeals to reason, discussion, and truth. The national honours and rewards, therefore, are due to the civilian even in preference to the military."—(*Mémoires*, pp. 76—80.) What a comment this on his own subsequent headlong career of the empire! when every thing was carried by military force; when he acknowledged that he regulated his conduct chiefly by the opinion of his army, and boasted that with 800,000 men he could treat Europe as he pleased; when the populations subject to his iron sway were divided into two classes, *militaires* and *pékins*! But at the former period he still felt like a citizen; and he was not yet at the head of the armed forces of one half of Europe. Several councillors of state objected to the institution of the Legion of Honour, as an *order*, an organized body, a new aristocracy,—in short. Berlier mentioned the Romans.

"It is very strange, said the first consul, that, in speaking against civil distinctions, you should quote the history of the very people among whom they were most marked. All their constitutions, social, military, civil, and religious, were based upon distinctions. When the distinctions between the classes gave way, after that fine patrician body was destroyed, Rome was torn to pieces; the people were nothing but the lowest populace, and the proscriptions of Marius, Sylla, and the Cæsars, succeeded each other. People are always quoting Brutus as the enemy of tyrants: well! Brutus was nothing but an aristocrat who killed Cæsar, because Cæsar wished to curtail the authority of the senate in order to increase that of the people. But ignorance or party spirit have disfigured history. Where is the republic in ancient or modern times without distinctions? You call them gewgaws, but men are fond of gewgaws or toys, and are led along by means of them. I do not think that the French people care much about *liberty* and *equality*; the French have not been changed by ten years of revolution; they are still what the Gauls were, high-spirited and changeable. They have one feeling, that of *honour*; we must then administer food to that feeling, we must give them distinctions. See how they bow before the decorations worn by foreigners, how they seem struck by them! What have the revolutionary governments done? They have

* When the Marquis Lucchesini, the Prussian minister, came to the audience of the first consul at the Tuileries, he was covered with ribbons and crosses of numerous orders. Bonaparte, who was standing at one of the windows, observed how the people gazed at them on his alighting from his carriage, and how impressed they seemed with a sense of the importance of the diplomatist who wore so many brilliant decorations. This he said to have first suggested to him the idea of the Legion of Honour.

destroyed every thing that had a hold upon men's minds, and substituted nothing instead. We have a government, we have constituted powers, but all the rest of the nation, what is it? a sandy level. We must throw upon this level some masses of granite, or we shall never have a republic."

After several sittings, the question of sending the project before the legislative body was put to the vote. It was carried in the council of state by fourteen votes against ten, who voted for the adjournment, under the plea that the session of the legislative body was drawing to a close. The project of law was strongly opposed in the tribunate; Lucien spoke violently in support of it, apostrophized the opposition as criminal, called the nation *pitoyable*, and by his violence increased the number of the opponents of the measure. It passed, however, by 56 votes against 38, and the legislative body by 166 against 110.—(*Consulat*, vol. ii, p. 484.) The opposition on this occasion was one of the strongest that the government had experienced. But it was also the last. The *senatus consultum*, which proclaimed Napoleon consul for life, reduced also the tribunate to fifty members, being one half of its original number. From that moment the last relic of representative government disappeared, and the projects of laws, instead of being discussed freely and in public, were examined in private committee of the respective section, or in conferences between two or three delegates of the section, and as many councillors of state, under the presidency of the second or third consul.

It was on the occasion of congratulations for the conclusion of the peace of Amiens, that the president of the tribunate proposed to that body to send a message to the senate to give to the first consul a splendid mark of the national gratitude. Lacedès in the senate proposed to extend the period of Bonaparte's consulate for ten years more after the expiration of the first ten. Another senator, Despinasse, proposed next to make him consul for life, but the president of the senate, Tronchet, put at once the previous question, which was adopted by sixty votes against the single vote of Lanjuinais. But this was not what Bonaparte expected. When the *senatus consultum* was brought to the first consul, he thanked the senators for their mark of esteem, but said he would not accept the prolongation of his consulship unless the suffrages of the people confirmed the act of the senate. The council of state was summoned for the 20th Floréal; the second and third consuls and all the ministers, except Fouché, were present. Having read the *senatus consultum* and the answer of the first consul, Roederer said that a mere prolongation of the consulship gave no pledge of stability, that a stronger measure was required, which the senate, however, could not take upon

itself; that therefore the question to be submitted to the suffrages of the people ought to be, "whether the first consul should be confirmed for life, and should have the right of appointing his successor." Portalis, Bigot de Préameneu, Dubois, &c. spoke in support of the motion. Portalis described Bonaparte as "a man on whom the destinies of the world depended, and before whom the earth stood in silence." The consulate for life was adopted, but, upon the right of nominating his successor, five councillors, among whom were Thibaudeau and Berlier, did not vote. The next morning, the *Moniteur* contained an arrêté of the consuls, by which, "considering that the people when consulted upon their dearest interests should have no limits put to their determination," it was decreed that the French people should have to decide upon the question, "whether Napoleon Bonaparte was to be consul for life," and that registers be opened in every commune for the citizens to inscribe their votes. The question of the succession was dropped as premature. Bonaparte declared that he was not aware of its being proposed. In a conversation he had at Malmaison with a councillor of state, apparently Thibaudeau, he discussed familiarly the subject of the consulship for life, and said it gave him great consideration, especially abroad. "I am now on a level with the other sovereigns, for, after all, they are themselves for life only. They and their ministers will respect me more, because they see that my authority is no longer precarious." And then he went on with one of his tirades against the ideologists, the liberty of the press, Sieyes, &c.

On leaving Bonaparte, the councillor went into Josephine's apartments; she took him into the park, and spoke to him, with great emotion, of her uneasiness and her fears, on account of the intrigues with which her husband was surrounded. She told him that Lucien wished absolutely to establish the hereditary succession, that he had proposed to her to adopt a surreptitious child, that Talleyrand had framed a plan of a new constitution with the hereditary succession, that Roederer, Lacépède, Laplace, &c., supported the scheme, that Bonaparte listened to all, and, as no body contradicted these projects, he would be at last carried along. "I often tell him," said Josephine, "that weakness and ambition are the two main causes of the ruin of men. He then tells me to mind my own business. I don't speak for myself, for I don't pretend to any thing. But it is a great pity that a young man, who has so many claims to the homage of his contemporaries and to the admiration of posterity, should be led away by flatterers. It would be well to expose them in some journal, for that is the only thing that has any effect upon Bonaparte, who is extremely sensitive to the sarcasms of the English newspapers.

It is for this that he declaims so much against writers and lawyers. And yet I believe his father was a lawyer." Poor Josephine lived to see her fears realized, her predictions fulfilled, though not exactly in the way, nor so soon, as she expected. It is remarkable that she looked upon Fouché as one of the few real friends of her husband.

The registers of the departments being examined, 3,577,885 votes were found registered, of which 3,368,259 were in favour of the consulship for life. Then came various changes in the organization and attributions of the tribunate, legislative body, council of state, electoral colleges, etc. which in fact constituted a new constitution. Centralization of powers was the order of the day. The step from the consulship for life to the empire became a very easy one. Bonaparte's conversations with Thibaudeau and with Josephine upon these never-ending alterations are very curious.—(*Mémoires*, pp. 309—320.)

The character of Josephine appears to have been amiable and mild; she seems to have suffered greatly in her mind, not from her husband, who was kind to her, but through her fears of futurity, and her being tormented by the idea of having no children. This made her dread the question of hereditary succession, which she heard agitated by those around Bonaparte. Chapter XV. of the *Memoirs* treats of the military opposition, the only one that remained, of which Moreau and Bernadotte were at the head. Moreau, though a good general, was evidently a weak man, and was led by his mother-in-law, who had much vanity and ambition. His influence in France at the time appears to have been greatly exaggerated. There is also an account of Fouché's dismissal from the ministry of police, which was effected by his being made a senator, and which seems to have given fresh cause of anxiety to Josephine.

Chapter XVII., which treats of Bonaparte's mediation in the affairs of Switzerland, is highly interesting. There is a tone of real frankness pervading his conversations with the Swiss deputies, which, joined to the good sense and sound views he expressed on that occasion, give a very favourable idea of his character when not under the influence of ambition or vanity. His mediation of Switzerland was a beneficial act, and one of the few transactions of his foreign policy in which he appeared truly equitable, conscientious, and disinterested. We must regret that we have no space for extracts.

The discussions in the council of state concerning the civil code occupy Chapter XIX. It is well known that Bonaparte took a great part in these discussions, although on a subject which he could not know scientifically. Thibaudeau attests, and we fully believe him, that on these occasions he spoke with a freedom, a

soundness of judgment, and a total absence of pretension or dogmatism, which produced a most favourable effect on the assembly, and that his speeches, such as they appear in the *procès-verbal* of the discussions which has been printed, are exactly his own, and not made up afterwards, as it has been asserted, by Locré, secretary to the council of state. This was again a subject on which Bonaparte found himself perfectly unbiassed by personal views or *arrière-pensées*: and he therefore gave full scope to his natural sense of justice and quickness of penetration.

The peculiar importance of Thibaudeau's *Mémoires sur le Consulat*, in an historical point of view, consists in the insight they afford into Bonaparte's political views and sentiments at the time, as expressed by him in confidential conversation to Thibaudeau himself and others of his councillors. And the value of these revelations is increased by comparing them with the statements Bonaparte made to Las Cases at St. Helena, which, when divested of all colouring and sophistry, serve to corroborate the truth of his former confessions, and to prove that his political opinions on the most material points had undergone very little change from the time of the consulate to that of his captivity. One of the most important of these points is that discussed in Chap. XVIII. of Thibaudeau's *Memoirs*, entitled "War and Peace." Bonaparte's sentiments, as expressed by him during the short period of the peace of Amiens, clearly settle, in our opinion, the long disputed question, whether the rupture of that peace was mainly owing to England or to himself. We extract the following familiar dialogue between the First Consul and a councillor of state, designated, as usual, by the initial N., and who, we take it for granted, was Thibaudeau himself, which took place soon after the ratification of the treaty of Amiens. This dialogue, we cannot tell why, has not been inserted in the larger work before us.

" ' Well, citizen,' said the First Consul, ' what do you think of my peace with England ? ' ' I think, citizen consul, that it does much honour to your government, and that it is very acceptable to the French. ' ' But do you think that it will last long ? ' ' I should wish that it might last at least four or five years, to give us time to reconstruct our navy, but I doubt it. ' ' I don't believe it either; England fears us, and the continental powers do not love us. How could we expect a solid peace ? ' But, besides, do you think that a peace of five years or more would suit the form of our government, and the circumstances of its position ? ' ' I think that such a period of rest would be very suitable to France after ten years of war. ' ' You don't understand me: I don't question whether a sincere and solid peace be an advantage for a state whose government is solidly established; but

whether ours is so established as not to stand in need of fresh victories?' 'I have not sufficiently reflected upon so grave a question; all I can say, or rather what I feel, is that a state which cannot consolidate itself except by war is in a very unfortunate position.' 'The greatest of all misfortunes would be not to judge correctly of one's position, for when one knows it, one can provide for it accordingly. Now answer me, do you believe in the feeling of persevering enmity of those governments who have just signed treaties of peace?' 'It would be a difficult matter for me not to believe it.' 'Well, now draw your inferences. If those governments hold still *in petto* the thought of war, if they mean to renew it some day, better it should be soon than late; for every day weakens in them the impression of their late defeats, and in us the enthusiasm of our late victories; all the advantage in gaining time will, therefore, be on their side.' 'But, citizen consul, do you reckon as nothing the use you might make of peace for the organization of our internal affairs?' 'I was just coming to this point. Certainly this important consideration has not escaped my mind, and I have shown, even in the midst of war, that I did not neglect that which concerns our internal institutions and good order, and I don't mean to stop there, for there is yet much to do; but are not military successes also as necessary as ever in order to dazzle and to restrain the people of the interior? You must consider, that a First Consul does not resemble those kings by the grace of God, who look upon their states as an inheritance, and whose power is supported by traditional habits. With us, on the contrary, old habits become obstacles. The French government of this day resembles in nothing the governments by which it is surrounded. It is hated by its neighbours, and is obliged to restrain in the interior several parties of discontented men; in order, therefore, to overawe so many enemies, it stands in need of brilliant actions—of war, in short.' 'I acknowledge, citizen consul, that you have much more to do in order to consolidate your government than the kings our neighbours in order to maintain theirs; but, it may be said, also, that Europe knows already, by experience, that you can conquer, and she does not require fresh proofs of it every year in order to remember it, and that, on the other side, the labours of peace are not always obscure, and you may still command admiration by effecting great national works.' 'Old victories, seen from a distance, strike the mind no longer, and great works of art make no great impression except upon those who see and inspect them, and these form but a small number. It is my intention to multiply this kind of works, for which posterity, perhaps, will give me more credit than for my victories; but, for the present, there is nothing that can command attention so much as military successes: that is my thought; it is a misfortune in my position. A new-born government like ours, I must repeat it, is obliged in order to consolidate itself, to dazzle and astonish the rest.' 'Your government, citizen consul, cannot, I think, be called new-born. It assumed the *toga virilis* at Marengo; and directed as it is by a strong head, and supported by thirty millions of people, it holds already a rank sufficiently conspicuous among the

governments of Europe.' 'And do you consider that, my dear friend, as enough? *It must become the first government of all, or it will fall.*' 'And in order to obtain this result do you see no other means but war?' 'Yes, citizen I will bear with peace if our friends know how to keep it; but if they oblige me to take up arms again before our swords become blunted by effeminacy or long inaction, I shall look upon it as an advantage.' 'But, citizen consul, what period will you assign to this state of anxiety which would make us wish for war even in the bosom of peace?' 'My dear friend, I do not see clearly enough into futurity to be able to answer that question; but I feel that in order to expect solidity and good faith in treaties of peace, either the governments that surround us must become in their forms more like to ours, or our political institutions must be a little more in harmony with theirs. There is always a spirit of hostility between old monarchies and a republic totally new. This has long been the root of European discord.' 'But might not this hostile spirit be checked by recent recollections and by the attitude which you can assume?' 'Palliatives are not remedies; in our position I consider all treaties of peace as mere truces, and my ten years' consulate (he was not yet consul for life) as a period of almost uninterrupted warfare. My successors will do as they can. For the rest, you must not suppose that I shall be the first to break the peace; oh no! I shall not act the part of the aggressor. I feel too well the advantage of leaving the initiative to foreigners. I know them well; they will be the first to resume hostilities, or at least to furnish me with just motives to resume them myself. I shall keep myself ready for all events.' 'If so, citizen consul, that which I said I feared some months hence is precisely what you wish.' 'I am waiting; and my principle is, that war is much better than an ephemeral peace; we shall see how this will turn out. Peace is just now of great value, for it seals the confirmation of my government by the acknowledgment of the power which has opposed it the longest; that is the most essential point. The rest, that is to say, futurity, will be according to circumstances.'—*Memoires sur le Consulat*, p. 389—395.

Having faithfully translated the above conversation, we leave it to every reader whose mind is unbiassed to draw his own conclusions from it. To talk after this about Malta being the real cause of the rupture appears to us mere trifling.

By a senatus consultum of 24th Fructidor, year X., Piedmont was united to France, and formed into six departments. The First Consul issued what he styled an amnesty for all political crimes of which the natives of Piedmont might have been guilty against France. By this curious amnesty he allowed those who had absented themselves from their country or had followed their former sovereign to Tuscany or Sardinia, till the 1st Vendémiaire, year XI., to return; after which those who still absented themselves should be declared as banished, and *their property*

confiscated for the benefit of the national domains. What would the liberals of our day say to such an amnesty? The editor of the *Histoire de Napoleon* cannot help remarking that this was creating emigrants in Piedmont, at the same time that those of France were struck off the criminal list.—(*Le Consulat*, vol. iii. p. 83.) It is certain, that the crime of voluntary emigration figures very strangely in the penal code of a state calling itself free. By another *senatus consultum* of the same month, the island of Elba, on the coast of Tuscany, was likewise united to France. Spain had already given up Louisiana to France. Holland was still occupied by French troops. Bonaparte gave a new constitution to Liguria and to Switzerland, of which he became the protector. The equilibrium contemplated by the treaty of Amiens was thus completely destroyed. And when the English ambassador, Lord Whitworth, in his famous interview with Bonaparte, alluded to these topics, the First Consul answered, that “the annexation of Piedmont, Elba, &c. were mere trifles! that they ought to have been foreseen by the English cabinet during the negotiations for the peace, that it had now no right to speak about them.”—*Ib.* p. 234. And the editor finds this reasoning perfectly just, and throws all the blame of the rupture upon England, because she did not choose, in the face of all these new encroachments of Bonaparte, to deliver up Malta! But it is absolutely useless to attempt to reason with those who admit as a principle Bonaparte’s already quoted profession, that *his government must be the first in Europe*, which is saying that he had in fact the right of doing as he pleased on the Continent. This reduces the whole question to the very simple argument of the right of the strongest. Were the advocates of Bonaparte frankly to acknowledge this at once, it would save a vast deal of words and paper.

The indemnities, which by the treaty of Luneville were to be given to the German princes, were another source of political scandal. France and Russia became joint mediators in this business. .

“Most of the German princes who claimed indemnities, being aware that the granting of them depended more upon France than upon the Germanic Diet, addressed themselves to that power as well as to Russia, which last showed an ambition to interfere in the affairs of Germany. From the beginning of 1802, the transactions concerning the indemnities were transferred from Ratisbon to Paris. The German princes flocked thither to solicit the protection of the First Consul, and the good graces of his minister Talleyrand. Germany was put up to auction in the offices of the department of foreign affairs.”—(*Histoire de Bonaparte, Le Consulat*, iii. 95.)

Prussia, Bavaria, and Austria, however, did not wait for the result of the negotiations; they seized what suited them best.

"The Prussian troops occupied Hildesheim, Erfurt, Eichsfeld, and Munster; the Bavarians took the towns on the Lech, and entered the Bishopric of Passau, but Austria seized upon Passau for herself as well as on Salzburg. We have said that during the negotiations for the indemnities Germany was put up to auction; it was now given up to pillage."—*Ib.* p. 99.

Baden and Wurttemberg obtained considerable accessions of territory, owing to French influence. "The object of the First Consul was to substitute the influence of France for that of Austria, and to create among the secondary German states allies and dependents."

Thibaudeau's original Memoirs terminate with the manoeuvres and intrigues preparatory to the establishment of the imperial power. The fourth volume of the larger work before us is chiefly engrossed with the particulars of that memorable transition. Two years had not yet elapsed since Bonaparte had declared that hereditary succession was impossible in France, when the discovery of the conspiracy of Georges and Pichegru was made a pretext for reviving the question. The senate in an address to the First Consul (March, 1804,) told him, "that he ought to eternize the new era he had begun; that splendour was nothing without stability; that his work remained to be completed." Bonaparte replied cautiously that he would take time to consider. At a sitting of the council of state, Cambacères said, that the First Consul wished to know the confidential opinion of each of the councillors upon a question which would be stated to them by Régnaud de St. Jean d'Angely. Cambacères then withdrew, and Reynaud put the question, "whether it was desirable to make hereditary succession the basis of the government of France?" Berlier spoke against it, but, after a long discussion, protracted for four days, the question was answered in the affirmative by twenty votes against seven. At the same time the leading members of the senate, the tribunate, and the legislative body, were told confidentially, at various meetings which were held at the residence of Joseph Bonaparte, that they must hasten to declare themselves, lest they should be forestalled by the army; that Napoleon was going to review his camps along the northern coast, when the soldiers would elect him emperor by acclamation; that it was therefore wiser for the great councils of the state to take the initiative, in order to preserve their own influence and consideration. The first mootings of the question took place in the tribunate. Curée, a former member of the convention, gave notice of a motion consisting of three resolutions: 1st. That

the government of the *republic* should be entrusted to an *emperor*; 2d. That the *empire* should be *hereditary* in the family of Napoleon Bonaparte; 3d. That the other institutions of the country which were as yet incomplete, should be definitively settled in accordance with the new organization of the government. When the day for the discussion arrived, no fewer than twenty-five members rose successively to speak for the motion. One solitary orator opposed it; this was Carnot. The question was of course carried. The senate followed next, in the same spirit. The legislative body was not assembled at the time, but the president Fontanes collected those members who happened to be at Paris, and carried an address to the First Consul, expressive of the same sentiments as those of the senate and tribunate. In his speech he said, among other things, that "the desire of perfection was the worst disease that could afflict the human mind."

"During these transactions, the First Consul held private councils, to which he summoned several members of the great councils of the state. Each stipulated for himself and made his own conditions. The tribunes wanted the period of their functions to be for ten years instead of five, with a salary of 25,000 francs instead of 15,000, which they were then receiving. The members of the legislative body wished also for an increase of salary, as well as of the duration of their office. The senators wanted their dignity to be made hereditary, and to have an absolute veto on the projects of law, and other privileges. The council of state alone asked nothing. Bonaparte listened to every body, matured his own plans, determined the extent of his own power, and granted as little as possible of it to the others."—(*Le Consulat et l'Empire*, tom. iv. pp. 23, 24.)

At last the *senatus consultum* appeared, proclaiming Napoleon Bonaparte emperor of the French, the imperial dignity being made hereditary in his family, besides various other organic changes in the great council of the state and in the administrative system. Three votes only in the senate had been found negative; Gregoire's and Lambrecht's were two, the third was believed to be Garat's. The *senatus consultum* was presented by the senate in a body to Napoleon at St. Cloud, on the 18th May, 1804. Without waiting for the sanction of the people, he immediately assumed the title of "Emperor by the grace of God and the constitutions of the Republic." Soon after, however, the "Republic" was suppressed, the juxtaposition having been found too glaring, and he styled himself Emperor by the constitutions of the empire. The question of the hereditary succession was then laid before the people for their sanction. It had the usual number of favourable votes, about three millions. Then the addresses of congratulation poured in from all the functionaries, and the language of

flattery was indulged in without restraint. Seguier, president of the imperial court, was the first to bow at the foot of the throne. The clergy did not remain behind. In their addresses they called Napoleon the messenger of the Most High, the man of his right hand; others called him a new Moses, Matathias, Cyrus, etc. One archbishop actually compared him to Christ. Well might Napoleon say he did not regret the concordat! It was only among the military that some dissent manifested itself. Several officers resigned their commissions. But the army in general felt proud of the exaltation of its favourite chief.

Thus ended the French republic, after a stormy existence of hardly twelve years. It began in blood and spoliation; it terminated in trickery and mystification. The great body of the people had never understood it, and yet a million of men were slain in its behalf. The abolition of exclusive privileges, which was the pretext for it, had been accomplished before by the first assembly, which proclaimed the constitutional monarchy. But they afterwards rashly destroyed that constitution, and now, after twelve years of continual agitation, they took refuge under the shade of an imperial throne, without any popular representation whatever. Such is ever the reaction produced by extremes. Of the governments that succeeded each other during those twelve years, the consular was by far the best. With all its faults, Bonaparte's consulship is an epoch which we love to dwell upon in memory; it was a season of peace for France, a breathing time for mankind, scared by the sanguinary violence of the convention, and the still more odious profligacy of the directorial government. It was a return to order and reason, when the language of frenzy made way for that of humanity and justice, when the various classes and nations again understood each other. It was a brilliant epoch, in which many a good man in every land of Europe had his hopes fixed on him whose star seemed then to shine with a benignant lustre. For a time at least he evinced a respect for public opinion and morality; he displayed feelings of benevolence; he turned his attention to civil matters; he re-organized the social system. He showed himself liberal to his friends, merciful to his enemies, just towards all. France was greatly indebted to him for that period, in which he reconstructed it as a state, and laid the basis of its permanent greatness. To himself that was a dignified resting-place, after the brilliancy of his former campaigns. Had he contented himself with a magistracy for life, surrounded by ample prerogatives, had he preserved at least the essential principle and forms of a representative constitution, had he chosen to make France a great, industrious, and commercial nation instead of a military and conquering one, he might have lived in honour, and died in peace, followed by the blessings of men. The Bourbons

were nearly forgotten, their cause had been abandoned by all the powers; we have Napoleon's own assertion of the fact. The only plausible excuse for following the course he preferred was the uncertainty of his life, and the conspiracies that were repeatedly hatched against him. But the plea is insufficient, for no conspiracy really endangered his life after that of the infernal machine in 1800; and, after all, did the assumption of absolute power secure in the end the hereditary succession in his family? His being childless ought to have been an additional reason for his being satisfied with a temporary and limited power. See how many false steps that phantom of succession and hereditary dynasty led him into? He repudiated the wife of his choice, allied himself to a rival house, and fell at last notwithstanding all, and his only son hardly reached the age of manhood after him. He chose to act the more vulgar part of a conqueror, and as such he will be chiefly remembered in history. Through the headlong career of his conquests we have neither the wish nor space to follow him at present. We feel no inclination to pass through the lurid glare, the gloomy glory, of the empire, with its barbaric grandeur and gigantic expeditions; its armies of half a million of men; its periodical fields of battle or rather carnage; its despotic decrees and turgid bulletins, and the attendant desolation of some of the fairest countries in Europe; all these things have no attraction for us. A real history of the empire remains yet to be written; for it ought not to be merely the history of France alone, but that of all Europe during that epoch; it ought to be gathered not merely from French or English materials, but from the national records of Germany, Spain, Italy, Holland, Russia, of all the countries that were tormented for ten years through the restless ambition of a single individual. To talk of such a man being still the champion of a great popular principle against the aristocracy of Europe, of his being forced into war in his own defence, appears to us mere *verbiage*. Was he forced into the wars of Spain or of Russia? Has he not acknowledged himself that he aspired to universal monarchy? And were other nations quietly to submit to his dictation? But it is useless to discuss this now thread-bare argument. One great distinction appears to us to be generally overlooked in Napoleon's character; the ruler of France and of North Italy was a very different man to his subjects from what Napoleon, the invader of Germany, of Holland, of Spain, of South Italy, and of Russia, was to the people of those countries. The sentiments, therefore, of many of the French and North Italians towards him ought not to be taken as a criterion of the feelings of Europe at large.

ART. V.—1. *Collection de Documents inédits sur l'Histoire de France, publiés par Ordre du Roi et par les soins du Ministre de l'Instruction Publique. Rapports au Roi et Pièces*, 4to. Paris, 1835.

2. *Collection, &c. Première Série; Histoire Politique. Journal des Etats-Généraux de France, tenus à Tours en 1484, sous le regne de Charles VIII., rédigé en Latin par Jehan Masselin, député du bailliage de Rouen, publié et traduit pour la première fois sur les Manuscrits inédits de la Bibliothèque du Roi*, par A. Bernier, Avocat à la Cour Royale de Paris. 4to. 1835.

3. *Collection, &c. Première Série; Négociations relatives à la Succession d'Espagne sous Louis XIV., ou Correspondances, Mémoires, et Actes diplomatiques concernant les Prétentions et l'Avénement de la Maison de Bourbon au Trône d'Espagne, accompagnés d'un Texte historique, et précédés d'une Introduction*, par M. Mignet, Membre de l'Institut, Conseiller d'Etat, Garde des Archives du Ministère des Affaires Etrangères. 4to. 1835. Vols. 1 and 2.

THE age in which we live is certainly one of great and successful exertions, and consequently of great works, and the energy which has been elsewhere in action has not been wanting to literature. It is an age of great literary undertakings; and, in the advances which it has made, it is not altogether employed upon the present, not so far wrapped up in its own selfishness, but that it can spare time to look back upon the past. By nothing more, indeed, has the present age been already distinguished, than by the new views and the new lights which have been given to the history of former times.

The age which is gone was to historians one of building without, or almost without, foundations—the edifice was often handsome and elegant, but not solid—the attempts, which were latterly made to build firmly, only showed how deep and broad must be the foundations—how much riches and intelligence would be required to dig them. We are now gradually laying those foundations, and a period is fast approaching when the historian will have bases whereon to work in safety. He will be no longer obliged to draw upon himself the reproach of having written fable, whilst there existed that which might have established truth.

We are, indeed, arrived at an entirely new era of the writing of history. Our former historians have, it is true, used documents and records, such as they could get at, but those were not good, being chronicles and passing notices, coloured by the feelings of the parties who wrote them, and mere literary documents, preserved in public libraries—or, when the more accurate records of

the public offices have been consulted, it has been partially in the extreme, and they have been often entirely misunderstood, from the limited knowledge which the historian has possessed of documents of this kind. The old historians of ancient Rome worked much in the same manner—they had their documents and their records, not so numerous, it is true, as our own, nor perhaps, except in some instances, so good, which were more or less perfectly used, according to the opportunities of the writer. Their earlier documents were, like part of our older chronicles, founded only upon still earlier songs, which had long lived in the memory of the people—but all are now lost, and it has been the aim of late writers on Roman history to conjecture, from the notices of those who saw them and used them, what was the nature, the authenticity, and the spirit of those records. If all our records were destroyed, and only the works of our historians were preserved, some new Niebuhr would have to pursue the same process, and would find the same difficulties in arriving at truth, or at an approximation towards it. For, in the histories of our forefathers which we now possess, there are equal, if not greater, errors and misrepresentations than in the histories of ancient Rome—not only are facts wrongly stated in hundreds of instances, but the very spirit of the times is misunderstood, and all our historians abound with errors not much less than as though some future historian should represent the Radicals of our day as sticklers for the aristocracy, and should, at the same time, condemn our Conservatives as lawless wretches who sought openly the destruction of church and state. Equal and similar misrepresentations have long existed in our ancient histories. Therefore had no public records to consult. But how are we sufficiently to lament such errors in our own history, when we have hundreds of waggon-loads of records of every period—authentic documents of transactions under the hands and seals often of those who acted the chief parts in them,—documents which would set everything right?

We mean, however, by no means to disparage the value of chronicles and contemporary histories, although written by individuals, themselves partial and prejudiced, and often having no better authority than hearsay and common report for what they tell. They also possess a great and essential value. As the Rolls and other public records are necessary to verify and correct the Chronicles, so, without these latter,—which give us the regular chain of events in their connection with each other, and which furnish us with very much information of a kind which, from their nature, the others could not contain,—it would be often impossible to understand, and always impossible to reduce into a consistent narrative, the unconnected entries of the rolls, and the

statements of the letters and other state-papers which were written for those who had before their eyes the events in all their reality. Moreover, from the individual and unconnected nature of those records, here and there in the course of centuries one (sometimes unfortunately more) has perished, and, the chain being thus broken, the chronicles, the only records we have left, can alone help us out. In the earlier times, too,—as in England till the twelfth century, and in France to a much later period,—they are almost the only historical documents we have. From their more inviting form, and their extent, these were, as might be expected, the first historical records that were printed by those who published them, in a great measure, for books of general reading; and the Duchesnes, the Camdens, the Spelmans, the Gales, and a host of other writers, have merited well by their labours in this field. Nor must we forget the noble works of the Benedictines of Sainte-Maur.

During the seventeenth century, the value of the public records for historical purposes was beginning to be duly felt, from the circumstance that men who were best able to appreciate them, and who were themselves distinguished by their historical labours, were then placed in positions that gave them easy access to the repositories in which they were laid up. It was the century in which, in England at least, more enlarged feelings and views took root; and, as those views expanded, there arose simultaneously, early in the last century, both in England and France, an eager desire for the publication of the national records. Its first result in this country was the celebrated collection of the *Fœdera* by Rymer, which was followed by the appointment of a commission, that continued its researches into the nature and condition of our domestic records for many years. The French government was pursuing a somewhat similar course. In 1723, appeared the first volume, in folio, of the important collection of the *Ordonnances des Rois de France de la Troisième Race*, collected and edited by M. de Laurière, a learned Parisian lawyer. M. de Laurière had prepared the second volume of this great work, but he died before its completion, and it was printed under the care of M. Secousse, who also edited the six following volumes, and prepared the ninth. This last, however, was not published till after his death, when it was edited by M. de Villevault, who, in conjunction with M. de Bréquigny, one of the most learned palæologists of his day, published the tenth volume in 1763. The eleventh and twelfth volumes were also published under the name of Villevault, and the six following were all the work of Bréquigny. It had long been the desire of the French government to institute a search into the English archives for documents relating to the

history of France; and in 1764, during the peace, the Duc de Praslin, then minister for foreign affairs, despatched M. de Bréquigny on a mission to London, accompanied by skilful assistants to aid in transcribing everything that was most valuable. The results of their labours, a rich harvest, have not hitherto been used, and are deposited in the Royal Library at Paris.

In the two countries, indeed, the national records are, and have been, in a widely different condition. The public archives of France are extremely poor in ancient documents. The earlier state records of that country, from the little care which has formerly been taken of them, from the convulsions which have so often agitated the kingdom, from the want of a fixed repository for their preservation in the earlier times, have been almost all destroyed or dispersed. History tells us how, at the battle of Belle-Foye in 1194, when Philippe-Auguste was surprised by Richard I., the whole of the national archives of France, which were then carried about with the court, were captured by the English; and it was an important charter of Philippe's, lost on that day, and supposed to be preserved in the archives of the English Exchequer, that formed a grand object of M. de Bréquigny's inquiries. It is probable, however, that in England little care was taken to preserve the foreign records which conquest threw into our hands, and it would, indeed, be a vain hope, that of finding much of the plunder at the present day.* But a few circumstances related in the histories have led the French antiquarians into the error of supposing that everything of this kind, which is not in France, must be in England,—an error which has perhaps been perpetuated by the mystery that has hung over the contents of our record offices. The fame of the Tower and its marvellous treasures, amongst our continental neighbours, is incredible. We ourselves have known an instance where a French gentleman paid a visit to the Record Office in the Tower with an urgent entreaty to be allowed a sight of a document which he understood to be preserved there—that document was the original copy of *Cæsar's Commentaries*, in the hand-writing of its author! Our neighbours have generally a very erroneous idea of the nature of the Tower manuscripts—they do not seem willing to conceive the notion that they are entirely state records.

By the causes just alluded to, and by the revolution of 1793, which dispersed so many of the smaller and provincial archives, the number of the ancient records of France has been greatly

* We have some few manuscripts which are known to have been brought into England during our wars in France. The royal MS. 19, D. 11. in the British Museum, is an ancient note in it tells us, "*fut pris par le Roy de France à la bataille de Peyters.*"

diminished. The archives of the public offices generally reach only as far back as the middle of the seventeenth century. The Registers of the Parliament, now deposited in the beautiful Sainte Chapelle (Section judiciaire des Archives du Royaume), are the oldest regular series of records. They commence by a set of ancient registers, not very numerous, classed under the title of *olim*, which go as far back as the time of St. Louis, about the middle of the thirteenth century.

In England the case is entirely different. We have, among the records themselves, documents of different periods, which show how, in the earliest times, they were guarded with the greatest care. In the thirteenth century they were spoken of as the "people's evidences;" and many entries on the earlier Parliament Rolls show with what a jealous eye they were watched. In a general petition, in the parliament of the 46th Edward III., the commons request that all the records be carefully sought after, so that they may be produced on demand, whether their tenor be against the king or in his favour;* and we have at least one of the bonds which were made between the persons who quitted the office of keeper of the records in the Tower, and his successor, specifying exactly the number and date of the rolls and other documents which were in his care. Foreign invasion has for centuries been unknown to us; and it is probable that our civil wars did no great injury to the contents of our national archives—even in the violent convulsions of the seventeenth century, there were few willing to second the wild proposal of the fanatic Peters, that it was "very advisable to burn all the old records, yea, even those in the Tower, the monuments of tyranny;" and they have descended to us mangled only by the injuries which they have sustained from neglect in the three last centuries, from consequent accidents, and from individual incapacity. That they have suffered from this latter cause, we have evidence in at least one authenticated instance;† yet we look upon the charges brought against

* "ITEM prie la commune, qe come recordes et qeconque chose en la court le roi de reson devoient demurer illecoques pur perpetuel evidence et aide de touz parties a ycel, et de touz ceux a ceux en nul manere ils atteignent, quant mestier leur fuist; et ja de novel refusent en la court nostre dit sire de serche ou exemption faire des nulles riens qe purra chier en evidence encontre le roi, ou desavantage de ly: Qe pleise ordeiner par estatut, qe serche et exemption soient faitz as touz gentz de qeconque recorde qe les touche en ascun manere, auxi bien de ce qe chiet encontre le roi come autres gentz."

The answer was, "Le roi le voet."

† The following was a case in the Star Chamber, "De termino Pasche, 15 Eliz."—"Imbezeling of Records. Lawrence Hollingshed committed to the Gatehouse and fyned at c^l, and noe more hereafter to bee admitted to deale in any office of like place for [imbezeling] the Records of the Tower to a greate number and importance, a thousand at the least, many of them touching her highness right to other foraigne countryes; hee being then serv^{nt} to Mr Hennage, who hath the charge of her Maties Records in the Tower."—Hargrave MS. No. 216, p. 312.

Milton and some of his contemporaries, of having committed this kind of plunder, as instances of the slander which was so abundantly propagated during the two following reigns.

It is not, indeed, without pride, that we look upon the regular series of our national records, continued generally, with but few *lacunæ*, from the end of the twelfth, and beginning of the thirteenth centuries, up to the present day. Thus, of our rolls, the Placita or Plea Rolls, preserved in the Chapter House, which, containing the chief pleadings and judgments in the king's court (*curia regis*), and before the justices itinerant, "give the most important information upon every subject respecting which men wage legal war with each other," begin with the latter part of the twelfth century. The first of the Pipe Rolls is of the 31st Hen. I.; with Hen. II. they begin to be very regular, and are so continued to the present time. We have also the chancellor's duplicates of these rolls, though the series is not so complete, which, by the suggestion of the Record Commission, have been deposited in the British Museum. In the Tower, the grand repository of the earlier rolls, the Charter Rolls, containing grants of privileges, markets, fairs, &c. charters of incorporation, of land, and the like, begin with the first year of the reign of John: the Patent Rolls, of which Sir Harris Nicolas has observed, "there is scarcely a subject connected with the history or government of this country, or with the most distinguished personages of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, which is not illustrated by them," begin with the 3d of John: the Close Rolls, still more varied, begin with the 6th of the same reign: the Liberate Rolls, containing orders of payment from the king's treasury for an infinite variety of purposes, begin with the 2d of John (A.D. 1200): the Norman Rolls begin the same year: the Fine Rolls begin with the 6th of John: the Gascon Rolls and the French Rolls both with the 26th of that reign. These latter, with the Roman and Almain Rolls which commence a little later, are chiefly diplomatic. The Gascon and Norman Rolls contain entries relating to those provinces while under English domination. We have a Misæ Roll of the 11th of John; and some other rolls of the same reign. Besides these, there are others which commence somewhat later, as the Welsh Rolls beginning with the 4th, and the Scotch Rolls beginning with the 19th Edw. I. We say nothing of the mass of early documents of a different form, in the Tower; in the Chapter House; in the Augmentation Office, where the *cartæ antiquæ* go back nearly to the Conquest; in the Pell Office; in the State Paper Office; &c. &c. The Rolls of Parliament begin with 18 Edw. I. The collection

of rolls in the Tower ends with the reign of Edw. IV., after which they have been deposited in the Rolls Chapel.

The foregoing slight enumeration of the principal *series* of documents which are preserved in our public offices will give our readers an idea of the mass of materials which exist, unused because hitherto inaccessible, for the compilation of a correct history of our country. The Gascon, Norman, and French Rolls, which were known only by most imperfect calendars, with the miscellaneous documents of the Tower and the Exchequer, were, after the archives of Philippe-Auguste, the grand object of Bréquigny's visit to England, and his account of the state in which he found those records, soon after the middle of the last century, is extremely interesting.* He began with the "Exchequer":—

"The pieces preserved at the Exchequer are divided into two classes. Those which are in daily use, shut up in a great number of closets, are placed in fair order, and are well known to those who have the care of them. Those which are regarded as useless, are partly heaped together in a garret, in a mass about sixty feet long and four feet high; others are piled up without order in an obscure cabinet, covered with a thick lining of moist and stinking dust, a proof of the long repose in which they had been left, and which would seem sufficient to have damped every wish to disturb them.

"I worked for three months in this kind of chaos, which I turned over without any scruple, for I had no fear of augmenting its disorder. The attendants, who always accompanied me, witnesses of the obstinacy with which I persisted in this painful and disgusting work, regarded me with a smile of commiseration, persuaded of the uselessness of my researches.

"In fact, amongst this immense mass of old parchments, the only pieces I found relating to France were ancient statements of the receipt and disbursement of the revenues of some of our provinces formerly occupied by the English. However, as the vouchers were joined to these statements, many appeared to me to be of value in throwing light upon some points of the ancient administration of these provinces, in recalling the memory of usages now forgotten, in clearing up the genealogies of our nobility, of which a part, particularly that of Guienne, was long attached to the service of the kings of England. I transcribed a tolerably large number of these vouchers, and I made also extracts from different accounts of revenues of different parts of France, in the fourteenth century, mere objects of curiosity. For instance, in examining a bulky register of the duties of the Custom-House of Bordeaux in 1350, I saw that there had quitted that port, in the course of a year, a hundred and

* It is not true, as has been reported, that there has been any loss sustained by the Tower records since the time Bréquigny visited them. On the contrary, a vast mass of records has been discovered and sorted of which he knew nothing, and the only injuries which the others have sustained is probably that occasioned by the frequent ablutions to which he confesses that he had recourse.

forty-one ships, laden with thirteen thousand four hundred and twenty-nine tuns of wine, which had produced, in custom-house duties, five thousand one hundred and four pounds and sixteen pence, money of Bordeaux."

After having made some more valuable collections from the manuscripts contained in old chests at the "Exchequer," Bréquigny repaired to the British Museum, whose manuscripts yielded him a rich harvest of letters, as well as of charters and original acts of great interest. Lastly, he repaired to the Tower.—

"I hasten to the most celebrated and the least accessible of the dépôts of London, the only one I had now to visit—the archives of the Tower.

"Th. Carte asserted that these archives contained no other pieces relating to our history, except the entries on the Gascon, Norman, and French rolls; and it was my intention to confine myself to the transcription of the most essential of these, but I learnt, with as much joy as surprise, that there were also twelve very bulky parcels of titles which concerned France, of which there had never been made a catalogue, and which I might consider as hitherto unknown.

"These parcels, as far as I could judge by my eye, appeared each to contain at least five or six hundred documents; but they were in the greatest disorder, and in the most deplorable condition: all equally thrown together without care, crumpled in a thousand folds, delivered to the worms, to the dust, to the fermentation which the natural humidity of parchment produces: part were considerably damaged, and the writing in particular so defaced, that, without the continual ablutions which were permitted me, the sight of these riches would only have served to make me regret their loss.

"I can here only give a general idea of them. I at first perceived about forty original letters of St. Louis, of the queen Blanche his mother, of the queen Marguérite his wife, and of several princes of his blood; fifty-five of the French kings Philippe-le-Hardi, Philippe-le-Bel, Philippe-le-Long, Louis-le-Hutin, Charles-le-Bel; the minutes of the answers of Henry III., king of England, of his wife Eléanore of Provence, and of the three first Edwards.

"I found several very curious letters, written in Syria in the thirteenth century, on the position of the affairs of the Christians in the East, in which our ancestors then took so great a part; a list of the grand-masters of the Templars, of which we had not an exact series, and which was made in 1347, a very short time after the destruction of that order.

"I found several ordonnances of Philippe-le-Hardi, of Philippe-le-Bel, of Philippe de Valois.

"I found such numerous memoirs on the differences between the kings of France and England during three centuries, that one might, from them alone, compose a very detailed history of the fatal quarrels which so long exhausted England and devastated France.

"I found a prodigious quantity of petitions of the cities and burghs of the French provinces which had passed under the English domination. Their ancient privileges, or those which they desired to obtain, are gene-

rally stated, and the answer of the prince is at the foot of the petition. Thus these acts establish at once two things of importance—the antiquity of the rights which the new master confirmed, and the origin of those which he granted."

During the latter part of the last century, we must not look for much attention paid to the national records in France. In England, though generally the records were most grievously neglected, measures were pursued by government for the publication of a few, and the Domesday Survey was chosen to begin with. In those days, however, such measures were not pursued with much spirit: in 1767 was given the royal order for the printing of Domesday Book; in 1770 the work was begun, and not till 1788 was it completed—that is, sixteen years after the order for its publication! In the last year of the century began to be shown a wish for more vigorous measures for the preservation of the contents of our public offices—a committee of the House of Commons was appointed to examine the condition of the records of the nation, and to devise measures for making them more public. Circulars of questions were transmitted to the keepers of all offices of public records throughout the kingdom, and the answers, which are printed in the Report, furnished a certain degree of information. But in this point the work of the committee was very incomplete, and a capital error was committed at the first outset, in trusting to the information of persons on the spot, instead of sending competent persons to examine everything. The consequence of this was, that everybody sent the minimum of information, and in many instances that minimum was rendered doubly unsatisfactory by the incompetency of the person who communicated it. In one instance, the keeper of the cathedral records confessed honestly enough his incapability of reading or deciphering the documents which were committed to his charge. Another evil, equally great, was that everybody stuck so close to the letter of their directions, that nine-tenths of what really formed an important part of our national records were unnoticed. Of this we have lamentable proof in the insignificant returns from the universities, and from most of the cathedrals.

This same year (1800), on a petition of the House of Commons founded upon the report of their committee, a Commission was appointed by the king, for the purpose of carrying into effect the measures which they had recommended, namely, the improvement of the places where, and of the circumstances under which, the records were preserved, and more especially the printing and publication of such records and calendars of records as should appear to be of the greatest importance. After thirty years' labours, which had at least had the effect of increasing the know-

ledge of, and interest in, our state records, and which had thus had some share in raising up those who were to show its defects, this Commission became an object of great and general dissatisfaction. During that period, as might have been expected, a certain number of volumes had been published; but they were neither so numerous, nor, in many cases, so accurately edited, as they ought to have been, when we consider that during that period a sum of £350,000 sterling had been expended. In fact, the public money had been squandered most extravagantly; the editing of records had become a kind of sinecure; and the volumes which were produced, after all the money which had been thrown away under the heads of transcribing, editing, collating and correcting, can seldom be used with any confidence. Early in 1831, the proceedings of the Old Commission were made a subject of public inquiry, which ended in its being replaced by a New Commission, with modified, and, in some cases, more extensive, powers.

The condition of the records in France had now again begun to occupy the attention of the French government. In a Report, dated 31 December, 1833, the minister of public instruction, M. Guizot, proposed to the king the formation of a commission under the *surveillance* of his department, whose object should be to publish the inedited documents illustrative of the history of France, which lay buried in the archives and libraries of the kingdom.—

“For about fifteen years,” he said in this Report, “the study of the sources of history has resumed a new activity. Men possessed of a clear-sighted intellect, of uncommon knowledge, and of laborious perseverance, have penetrated some into the vast *dépôt* of the archives of the kingdom; others into the manuscript collections of the Royal Library; some have carried their researches as far as the libraries and archives of the departments. In every instance, the first attempt, in rummaging completely at hazard, showed that great treasures have remained buried in them. The efforts were redoubled, and were quickly crowned by discoveries as important as they were unexpected, by true revelations, which throw a new light on different events, on particular ages, of our history; to that degree that we may perhaps be allowed to presume, that the manuscripts and original monuments which have been hitherto brought to light scarcely surpass in number and importance those which have remained inedited.”

“It is in the power of the government alone, in my opinion, to accomplish the great work of a general publication of all the important and hitherto inedited materials for the history of our country. The government alone possesses the resources of every kind which this vast enterprise requires. I leave out of the question the means of meeting the expenses which would be necessary for it; but, as guardian and depository of these precious legacies of past ages, the government can enrich such a publication with a mass of materials which private indi-

viduals might labour in vain to obtain. It is a liberal work, and worthy of the patronage which YOUR MAJESTY affords to the propagation of public instruction and the diffusion of light.

"But each day of delay renders the task more difficult; not only are traditions disappearing, and thus depriving us of many means of completing and interpreting the written testimonies; but the monuments themselves are becoming materially injured. There are many depositories, more particularly in the departments, where the more ancient pieces are disappearing or becoming illegible for want of necessary care. I think it therefore urgent that the enterprize should be put into execution, and that it receive at once a sufficiently great extension."

The proposals of the minister were at once embraced by the king. M. Guizot began to lay the foundations of a full and extensive collection of every kind of important historical document; a commission was formed, and a grant of 120,000 francs was voted in the budget to be devoted to this purpose. In the November of 1833, M. Guizot addressed a circular to the prefects of the departments, requesting from each a precise and detailed account of the situation and contents of the libraries and archives of his province, both with a view to improving and regulating their administration and funds, and of ascertaining and making available the documents which they might contain. With a similar object, a few months later (July, 1834), a circular was addressed to the academies and societies of learned men which had been formed in the provincial towns. In this latter month, a committee was formed, under the presidency of the minister, to inspect and direct the details of the undertaking, which was to meet at least once every fortnight. The members of this committee were all men distinguished by their historical knowledge and writings: MM. Villemain, Daunou, Naudet, Guérard, Mignet, Champollion-Figeac, Fauriel, Vitet, Jules Desnoyers, Granier de Cassagnac, and Fallot, who was to act as secretary. In November, 1834, M. Guizot presented to the king a Report more peculiarly confined to the *Commission Historique*, in which he dwelt at some length on its objects, and on the steps which had already been taken to carry them into effect, and described several important publications which had already been commenced. The vigour and activity of M. Guizot's commission, at its commencement, presents a strong contrast to the proceedings of our first Record Commission. The minister's last Report, dated the 2d of December, 1835, announced the completion of four quarto volumes of the collection, and gave the titles of about seven others which were actually in the press and in a greater or less state of advancement, as well as many which were in preparation. To do all this, the chamber was only called upon for a grant of less than £5000 a year.

M. Guizot's first anxiety was to examine the collections in the provinces, because their existence and preservation was always the most precarious, and their contents the least known. In his Report of Nov. 1834, he observes—

“In Paris, and certain towns, few in number, the archives are methodically classed, and exact inventories of the pieces deposited in them have been composed, but everywhere else reign disorder and confusion. At the epoch of the revolutionary troubles, a vast quantity of documents, till then preserved in the ancient monasteries, in the castles, or in the archives of the commons, were at once delivered up to plunder and devastation. Heaps of papers and parchments, transported to the neighbouring municipalities, were thrown carelessly into barns or deserted halls; in several places even the remembrance of these translations, made negligently and without formalities, is lost. Hence the generally established opinion which has become, as we may say, tradition in many departments, that everything perished in those times of agitation. Yet it is certain, that we may still recover a considerable part of the ancient archives, especially in the episcopal towns and in those where the parliament was held, and that a mass of important documents has been saved and restored to the towns, when, at a later period, a conservative authority caused to be deposited in the chief places of the districts the wrecks of the ancient abbeys, confounded with the charters and other authentic monuments.”

In France, almost every town of any consequence possesses its municipal archives and library. In a few instances their contents had been tolerably well arranged and catalogued, but in by far the greater number they lay in confusion and neglect. Those who had the care of them were in general totally unfit for the task, and we have heard of an instance where the office of town librarian and keeper of the records was disputed between a shoemaker and, we think, an innkeeper, and in another case a similar office had been given to a bookbinder, on account of the supposed necessary connection of his trade with literature, and after his death it was found that what had been noble volumes of MSS. on vellum were reduced to mere covers, whose contents had strengthened the back of many a goodly volume which had passed through the librarian's shop. M. Guizot hoped to raise in the municipal authorities some emulation of preserving and collecting their records; he established a correspondence with such persons in the provinces as were capable of examining and appreciating the documents themselves, and where no such persons could be found he supplied their place by archaeologists from Paris. Lists were also circulated of the places where records had existed before the revolution, which would serve to point out the probable position where such as had not been destroyed might be sought.

In some of the towns were formed branch commissions, as at Besançon. The public library of Besançon is the depository of the vast collection of papers of the cardinal Perrenot de Granvelle, principal minister of Charles V. and Philippe II., consisting of his correspondence, of the notes of his agents, and of all the pieces relative to his administration in the Low Countries and in the kingdom of Naples. These papers have been subjected to a complete analysis, and the more valuable are now in preparation for the press.

"The rich and precious archives of the ancient counts of Flanders are preserved at Lille: they contain documents whose date goes back as far as the eleventh century. I am taking measures, in concert with the préfet du Nord, to cause these archives to be explored, and to select those documents which may appear worthy of publication.

"The remains of the ancient archives of Roussillon are preserved at Perpignan. Among them will be found interesting information relating to the history of that province and to that of the relations between the kings of France and those of Aragon. Numerous spoliations and a long neglect, from which these archives have at length been preserved by the zeal of the librarian of the town of Perpignan, have not so impoverished them but that they may yet offer important documents.

"To Poitiers, where are deposited the archives of the ancient province of Aquitaine, I have sent, with the title of archivist of the town, M. Redet, one of the most distinguished pupils of the Ecole des Chartes. M. Chelles, of the same school, has in like manner been sent to Lyons with the same title."—*Report of Nov. 1834.*

In his last Report, M. Guizot reverts again to the researches which were carried on in the departments—

"Already the greater part of the libraries, or collection of archives, have been carefully explored. The correspondents of my ministry have been assisted in their researches by the persons whom I have sent into different places, and by a great number of learned men, who have offered themselves voluntarily to the administration. Several general and municipal councils have voted extraordinary funds to be applied to the purpose of cataloguing and classifying their archives.

"Dr. Leglay, one of my most active and intelligent correspondents, has been employed in bringing to light the rich dépôts of the department du Nord, and particularly those of Lille and Cambrai. He has continued the inventories which were compiled with so much care by the Godefroys before 1789; he has pointed out, in the Catalogue of the Manuscripts of Cambrai, two chapters of the chronicle of Molinet which are not found in the printed edition; lastly, he has made known two works which appear to be worthy of attention, the *Memoirs of Robert d'Esclabes*, a gentleman of Hainaut, who served in the army of the League in the times of Henry III. and Henry IV., and those of

the Baron de Vuerden, containing a mass of interesting and inedited information concerning the public affairs of the seventeenth century.

"Messrs. Redet and de la Fontenelle have explored the archives of Poitiers, M. Moreau those of Saintes, M. Maillet those of Rennes, M. Monniers those of the Jura. Similar labours have been commenced by M. Mermet at Vienne in the Dauphiné; by M. Ollivier at Valence, by M. Morellet at Albi, by M. de Formeville at Lisieux, by M. Maillard de Chambure at Dijon and at Semur. Various manuscripts and curious documents deposited in the library of Lyons have been pointed out and examined by Messrs. Monin and Péricault.

"At the same time that the correspondents of the ministry were employed at certain stations in seeking inedited monuments relative to the history of their towns or of their ancient provinces, several journeys were undertaken by my orders both in France and abroad.

"M. Weiss was charged with an excursion in the departments of Doubs and Jura, for the purpose of examining all the public or private collections of books or manuscripts.

"M. Michelet has visited all the collections which occur from Poitiers to Bayonne, from Pau to Toulouse and Montauban, from Cahors to Bourges and Orleans. The result of his investigations has been given in a long Report which he presented to me on his return.

"M. Granier de Cassagnac, in a visit to the South of France, placed himself in personal relation with the correspondents of my ministry in all the towns through which he passed, and he examined the state of the dépôts in which they were employed, the results which up to the present moment they have obtained, the direction which it will be desirable to give to their ulterior researches, and the means which can be placed at their disposal to aid them in their labours."

Thus the examination of the provincial libraries and archives has in France already produced very beneficial results, and has furnished several works now in the course of publication. We think that our own commission has too much neglected the country libraries and archives; for, though from many circumstances they are not so promising as were those of France, and we would not willingly have any of the valuable works which have been carried on in the national archives of the metropolis, the Tower, the Museum, the Chapter House, &c., neglected for the more doubtful results which a search in the provincial dépôts might furnish, we still believe that there remains much to be gathered.* The numerous libraries of the universities are rich in manuscripts of which the larger portion is to all useful purposes entirely unknown. It is probable that they would not furnish many works of which the publication would come within

* We believe that there are many important collections of MSS. in this country which are as yet unknown. The attention which has of late been given to them has brought many to light which no one had even dreamt of, and scarcely a day passes without our hearing of some new discoveries.

the present plan of the Record Commission, whose objects, from the vast mass of materials of a more decided character which exist in England, must necessarily, for a time at least, be very much circumscribed. Perhaps all that we have a right to expect of the Commission is a tolerably accurate catalogue of the most important historical manuscripts preserved in the universities. Yet we confess that we look forward to something more. We have long been in the habit of reading the manuscripts of one of our universities, and we know how valuable are the short scraps and notes of an historical nature with which they abound, notes written down by contemporaries more or less interested in the events, and which often supply circumstances of history that are nowhere else to be found. We desire fervently to see a catalogue, wherein all the larger historical manuscripts shall be carefully and accurately described, and wherein everything of the kind to which we have just alluded shall be printed at length. The value of such a work may be easily conceived, and the task is by no means so difficult or so great as at first sight it may seem to be.

There is another class of historical documents which the provincial libraries may afford, documents of a very high value,—we mean ancient correspondence. Both the Commission Historique and the Record Commission have shown their esteem for such material. As family correspondence, what can be a more interesting and more valuable illustration of the history and public feeling of a somewhat remote period than the Paston Papers, of which five quarto volumes have been published. And we believe that much correspondence, and that of a more public character than the letters of the Paston family, still lies concealed in different parts of England. In an ancient family residence in the county of Durham, a tradition had long existed that there were somewhere concealed in it important documents relating to the great rebellion of the north in the reign of Elizabeth. It had been so long repeated, that it began to be looked on as a mere tradition, when a gentleman acquainted with the family resolved one day to make a complete search after the supposed historical treasures of the house. Every corner was carefully examined, and the enterprise was on the point of being relinquished in despair, when curiosity attracted their attention to an old strong box, which was thrown aside among the lumber, and which had no appearance of having been opened for centuries. It was now at last opened, and was found to be full of documents, extensive correspondence of the time of Elizabeth, with many royal letters; they related chiefly to the rebellion, and there were interesting diaries by people concerned or nearly

interested in it. The gentleman to whom we owe the discovery of these relics is Sir Cuthbert Sharpe, who we believe has now in the press a history of the northern rebellion of 1569, chiefly founded upon them.

After the universities, the most important, probably, of all our provincial archives are those of the cathedrals, and there is the greater necessity of making an immediate inquiry into the nature and condition of the documents preserved there, because they have in so many cases and so long been left in a state of the most deplorable neglect. Every one who has read Gunton's History knows what a beautiful collection of manuscripts the cathedral of Peterborough formerly possessed. We had ourselves, no long time ago, occasion to make inquiries after certain manuscripts which we believed to exist there, and to our surprise we were informed that there was not a single manuscript on vellum left, that a few paper manuscripts were all that remained. Of course this information did not apply to the muniments, among which is the precious "*Liber Swaffham*," containing the life of the Saxon hero Hereward, which the writer is at present editing from a transcript that was formerly made for the antiquarian Gale. Here, it is supposed that many of the treasures of Peterborough library have found their way into private collections. The cathedral of Lincoln contains many valuable records and other manuscripts, so do those of Worcester and Hereford and Exeter, and many others, and the rich library at Durham is well known, many of whose treasures are likely to be made public by the meritorious efforts of the Surtees Society.

Many important documents are lurking in private repositories in our provinces. How many valuable chartularies of monasteries have been bought and sold of late years! Some have been rescued from the most obscure corners—even, we believe in one instance, from the shop of a dealer in miscellaneous curiosities. The archives of the castles were dispersed at a much later period than those of the monasteries. The last guardians of Ludlow Castle, the ancient court of the marches of Wales, were obscure persons who enriched themselves upon the plunder and sale even of its furniture and ornaments, and tradition points out private individuals of the county as the possessors of many important records which formed part of the spoils. Some rather early rolls and other documents which formerly belonged to some of the Welsh castles and municipalities lately passed through our own hands. We consider it the duty of a Record Commission to look carefully into such things—they should use their judgment in printing that which is most necessary, but they should leave nothing unknown. We think, indeed, that the government should

cause diligent inquiries to be made after the records which are not deposited in public offices, that a report should be obtained stating their nature and situation, and the possibility of collecting them. It must not be forgotten that a large portion of the most valuable of the Admiralty documents now line the shelves of the Pepysian library at Cambridge. It is by no means creditable to our government that the important collection of the records of the ancient abbey of Battle should not have been, ere this, deposited in some place of safety, and their value as legal documents properly attested.

We would willingly suggest to the consideration of our Record Commission, the propriety of publishing the whole or, at least, a selection of our monastic chartularies. Their great historical value is well known to all who have read the history of our constitution by Sir Francis Palgrave, who has given some most interesting illustrations from those of Battle, Abingdon, Caen, &c. The chartulary of the abbey of Barnewell contains much valuable and curious information relating to the earlier history of the university of Cambridge. Many chartularies are preserved in the British Museum, many are found in the libraries of the universities, and many are, as we may say, scattered over the world.

Although we would not desire our Record Commission to neglect any of its publications by incurring the expenses necessary to a complete and satisfactory inquiry into the contents of the provincial libraries, we still think that those libraries, even for their intrinsic value, have claims to their attention before those of the libraries of other lands. We look, indeed, with some dissatisfaction on any money expended upon foreign correspondence, because we cannot see any proportionate advantages which are likely to be obtained by it. In this respect, the French Commission hold a position entirely differing from our own, both because the records of France have been scattered over Europe, and because the objects of that commission embrace in a great degree the history of literature and philosophy, of which the documents are naturally more widely dispersed. It was on this account, that M. Guizot sought to establish a connection with the historians of foreign countries, and that more particularly in England, whither, as early as the August of 1833, he sent M. Francisque Michel, a gentleman so well known by his publications of the early French and Norman literature. The first and grand object of M. Michel's mission was the transcription of the large metrical history of Normandy, written in the twelfth century by Benoît de Sainte-More; but his general objects were more of a literary than historical character. It is, however, not easy to draw an exact line between what is historical and what is merely literary in the writings of these remote ages, and many of the publications

which have already arisen from M. Michel's researches, which were confined to London, Cambridge, and Oxford, are equally valuable in whichever point of view we regard them. One of the most important results of his mission will be the two volumes of inedited documents relating to the Norman Conquest of England, of which the first has lately been published.

The volumes of the collection of the *Commission Historique*, which are now finished, partake more of the nature of our State Papers than of the general publications of our Record Commission. While they want nothing of the severe accuracy of state documents, they still possess a sufficient interest for the general reader. Three volumes only have been actually published; a fourth waits, we believe, for the completion of a volume of folio maps, which are to illustrate it.

The first volume of the series is a diary of the proceedings of the States General of France, held at Tours in 1484, drawn up by John Masselin, an ecclesiastic and one of the deputies for Rouen, who by his zeal and talents acted a very prominent part on the occasion. The abuses and disorders which had crept into every part of the state during the reign of the ninth Louis, and the feebleness of the government which immediately followed his death on the elevation of a minor to the throne, rendered it necessary to call together the representatives of the three estates of the kingdom; and their proceedings, which Masselin has given at full length, afford us an interesting picture of the little immediate good which arose from the endeavours of men who, from the circumstance of their labours and counsel being so rarely called for, were not accustomed to state business, and who therefore were not skilful enough to make their endeavours efficient by unity of action. The chancellor of the kingdom opens the parliament by a sufficiently long and sententious address, well larded with quotations from ancient authors, in which he enters most fully into the praise of the nobleness and authority of their new king, mixed up with flattery of the deputies on the score of the tried loyalty and obedience of his subjects, not without some bitter reflections on what he considers the wicked inconstancy of the Commons of England.*

“Nowhere do we read that even for a single day either inconstancy of mind, or the too great severity of the royal orders, or the victories of the enemy, or any extent of evils, have constrained the people of

* In another place the Normans pay a high compliment to the moderation of the English, in their wars,—“What disorders of war will you compare to so great a desolation? Would you speak of the English? They did not burn our towns like the Burgundians; they did not plunder; they did not kill or take your people; they sought only to retain the country, not to destroy it.”—p. 554.

France to be faithless to their kings. Quite the contrary! the people have been ever ready to run to arms with all their might, and even to die willingly, if fate so ordained. The greatest difficulty becomes easy, when it is a question of defending the person, or obeying the orders of their sovereign. Your histories of the French are full of examples of faithfulness and constancy; whereas, let us open the chronicles of foreign nations, and we often see princes abandoned by their subjects for the slightest cause. Insomuch, that had I come to cite special proofs of your devotion to princes, and of the treasons of others, truly a whole day would have been as nothing. Let it suffice to mention our neighbours, the English. Consider, I pray you, the events which have occurred in that country since the death of King Edward. Look at his children, murdered with impunity, in spite of their age and good qualities; and the crown given to the assassin by the favour of the people! And if we ascend higher into the past history of that nation, it will appear that scarcely two or three at most of her kings have been allowed to mount the throne quietly and without revolutions, so much she loveth to change the reigning families, and to desert the legitimate heirs. We read even that since the time when the first William conquered that country, they are at the ninth change of dynasty, and, to date from the beginning of their monarchy, it is the twenty-sixth. No one, doubtless, will reproach the faithful French with such inconstancy and such a mass of crimes."—p. 36.

Without doubt the chancellor dated the commencement of our monarchy from the days of ancient Brute.

The discourse of the chancellor was followed next day by the solemn administration of the mass and a sermon, in which "among other things the preacher commended the innocence of the king, which, like a canvass, clean, polished, and white, is given us to paint upon, and that it was necessary above all things to take care that no stain or false colours should touch it; for, as one spot of dirt is enough to spoil a white wall, so the least stain of sin soils and destroys innocence. But it ought to be painted and adorned with true and noble colours, with gold and silver, with purple and azure, that is, with the four cardinal and royal virtues. He preached long upon this theme." When the deputies met on business, their first care was to divide themselves into six divisions, for the sake of avoiding confusion, which six divisions were each to deliberate separately, their several resolutions to be afterwards compared together by a council composed of a certain number of persons from each. Their choice of a president was not very happy, and the honest spirit of Masselin breaks out more than once into indignation against his conduct.* At first,

* The president, it seems, was guilty of revealing the secrets of the assembly to the nobles. On one occasion Masselin lets slip the following threat. "*Censura, plane dicam, dominus president et quidam alii profecto digni sunt, sentientque calamum, si post hæc non rectius ambulent.*" See particularly pp. 114—120.

though there was much want of agreement in their deliberations, things went on very fairly; the dukes of Orleans and Bourbon encouraged and flattered the commons, doubtless with their own particular views: but, when the zeal of the deputies began to give umbrage to the party in power, the latter began to show that their only object was to deceive them, to obtain their money, and then to treat them with disrespect. In one instance their repugnance to agree to what they considered the exorbitant demands of the court upon their purses drew upon them gross insult, and the person who uttered it is supposed to have been the Duke of Bourbon himself—

"I," said he, "know well the manners of clowns. If they are not sufficiently oppressed with burthens, they soon become insolent! If therefore you relieve them entirely of this tax of *tailles*, they will immediately show themselves, mutually and towards their lords, rebellious and intolerable; thus they ought not to be allowed to know liberty, but only subjection. For my part, I consider this tax as the strongest chain by which they can be bridled.

"Strange discourse!" observes John Masselin, "and unworthy to be uttered by so eminent a person! But in his mind, as is commonly the case with old men, his covetousness had increased with his age, and he appeared to fear the diminution of his pension."—p. 420.

The deputies, however, showed much spirit, and, when their labours were ended, separated with anything but satisfaction. One, a bold and zealous theologian, gave vent to his feelings before the chancellor in no measured terms—

"After they have obtained our consent for the raising of money, there is no longer any doubt that we are cajoled; it is clear that everything has been treated with contempt, both the demands inserted in our *cahier*, and our final resolutions, and the limits which we have established. As for the money, they have only granted us one point, namely, that the tax shall no longer be called a *taille*, but in future a free grant, as though our labours and the good of the state were but an affair of words. Truly we would rather have the tax called a *taille*, or even a *maltôte*, or a worse name still, if one could be found, so that the people might be relieved. May they have the malediction of God and the execration of men, whose actions and plots have been the cause of all this! They are the most dangerous enemies of the people and of the state. Where is their conscience, to take from us, against our will, and in spite of a solemn agreement, what is our own, and that without there being any danger of the state to render it necessary? O ye detestable and public thieves, ministers of a tyrannical power! is it thus that the state will prosper? I call God to witness, that all are bound to restitution, not only those who do and procure these things, but all those who have aided or consented in them, and even those who shall receive the money of which we have been robbed.

"Him, thus speaking, and eager to continue, although he was not far from the truth, many blamed and constrained to be silent."—p. 644.

This interesting journal is preserved in several manuscripts, and we agree in the surprise of its editor, M. Berner, that it should have remained so long inedited. The honesty and good sense of its author are conspicuous throughout, and there can be little doubt that he entered the transactions of each day as soon as it was ended. Like all the volumes yet published by the Commission, it is most ably edited. The Latin text is accompanied with a French translation, which is rendered valuable by having incorporated with it verbatim reprints of such of the speeches, &c. of this assembly as were printed in black-letter at the time.

The two other volumes of the *Commission Historique* which have been published form part of the grand series which will be compiled from the archives of the different ministerial offices. They are the first of seven volumes, whose materials, relating to the negotiations concerning the Spanish succession during the reign of Louis XIV., are deposited in the office of the minister for foreign affairs, and they are compiled and edited by M. Mignet, the distinguished keeper of the archives of that ministry, who has prefaced them with an exquisite sketch of the political state and relation of France and Spain, up to the end of the period which this work will embrace. M. Mignet's book is not a mere collection of documents—the official papers are interwoven in a circumstantial narrative, which gives it all the interest of a diplomatic history. The first volume of the corresponding collection from the archives of the minister of war has been finished some months, but it waits, we believe, the illustrative atlas of maps. The editor of this series is general baron Pelet.

Although the collections of the public archives generally afford materials for only a very late period of history, their contents during that period are tolerably complete. Those of the minister for foreign affairs begin with the seventeenth century, but they are thence continued in a perfect series of about 12,000 volumes, having received no injury by the revolution of 1793. The same may be said of the archives of the department of war. Those of the minister for the marine are not as yet available for historical purposes; they were separated from the other archives under the minister Seignelay; they were thrown into confusion in 1793, when each noble family endeavoured to seize and carry away the papers which related to itself; and that confusion was afterwards increased by their arrangement in alphabetical order. They are at present at Versailles, but they are to be transferred to Paris, when the historical section of the ministry of the marine will be employed in arranging them.

The publications which the Commission has at present in the press relate to distant points of a wide extent of time. The period of the first two races of the Frankish kings will be illustrated by two early and important chartularies, that of the abbey of Saint-Bertin, now preserved in the library of St. Omer, and that of the church of Notre Dame of Chartres. The history of Neustria, under the Normans, will be given in the vast and hitherto inedited chronicle in Anglo-Norman verse, by Benoît de Saint-More, from the MS. Harl. 1717, in the British Museum. Of this work, edited by M. Francisque Michel, the first volume will be published in November. The chronicle of Benoît will be followed by that of the monastery of Mont Saint-Michel, by William de Saint-Paer, also in Anglo-Norman verse, which has been communicated to the Commission by Mr. Thomas Wright, its correspondent in London.

A long period will receive interesting illustration from the collection of letters of the kings, queens, princes, and princesses of France, to the kings, queens, princes, and princesses of England, from the middle of the twelfth to the end of the sixteenth century, selected by M. Champollion-Figeac, chiefly from the collections made by Bréquigny during his residence in London.

The long space from the date of the above-mentioned works to the end of the fourteenth century has, as yet, only furnished one document of importance—the history, in Provençal verse, by a contemporary, of the wars against the heretical Albigenses, which will be published from a manuscript in the Royal Library, with a translation, by M. Fauriel. We have, however, some hopes of seeing printed in the collection, a very long and interesting poem in Latin elegiacs, by a French ecclesiastic of the middle, or rather of the first half, of the thirteenth century, relating to the same wars, and to the affairs in which France was concerned during the latter end of the twelfth and beginning of the thirteenth centuries.

The reigns of Charles VI., Charles VII. and Louis XI., have afforded two most important chronicles—that of the monk of Saint-Denis, and that of Amelgard. The history of the sixteenth century will receive much light from a selection of the vast materials contained in the papers of the Cardinal Perrenot de Granvelle, chief minister of the Spanish monarchs Charles V. and Philip II., which are preserved in the Public Library of Besançon, and from the Memoirs of Robert d'Esclabes, a gentleman of Hainault, who served in the army of the League in the days of Henry III. and Henry IV. The papers of Cardinal Mazarin will also yield a rich harvest. For the history of the seventeenth century there are already in preparation, a History, in sixteen

books, of the Wars of the Franche-Comté from 1632 to 1642, by a counsellor at the parliament of Dôle, the Lord Girardot of Beauchemin, who was at this time a member of the government of the province; and the Memoirs of the Baron de Vuverden.

The Commission appointed by M. Guizot has also ordered and commenced several larger collections, whose contents are restricted to no particular period. M. Guérard will make a selection of documents from three depositories—from the original Registers of the Parliament of Paris, from the Registers of the *Chambre des Comptes*, and from the Treasury of Charters. A still greater work has been entrusted to M. Champollion-Figeac, that of making a selection from the whole of the State Documents contained in the *Bibliothèque Royale*. Three very extensive collections have already been subjected to analysis—that of Dupuy; that of Brienne; and that of Bréquigny, consisting of his transcripts from our Exchequer, Tower, and British Museum. The collection of Colbert, so rich in materials of every kind relating to the foreign and domestic affairs of France, is at present undergoing the same process, and the first volume of the series is to go to press during the present year. A collection of the Charters of Towns and Corporations, from the eleventh to the fifteenth century, will be edited by M. Augustin Thierry.

Such are the historical publications with which the French Commission has commenced its labours. The publications of our present Record Commission relate to an earlier period of history than the generality of those of the *Commission Historique*. The most important of them all—the grand collections of our rolls—have found an admirable and learned editor in Mr. Duffus Hardy, of the Tower Record Office. There are already published, or nearly ready for publication, under his care, the first volume of the Patent Rolls, containing the whole of the reign of John; the first volume of the Close Rolls, embracing the same period with the eight first years of Hen. III.; Liberate, Misæ, and Prestita Rolls, of that reign; a volume of Norman Rolls, and one of Oblate and Fine Rolls, of the same period; a volume of French Rolls; and the first volumes of the Charter Rolls and the Gascon Rolls, each relating to the reign of John and part of that of his successor Henry. At present the original rolls are printed verbatim; but after a certain period they become so numerous and extensive, that we can hardly suppose that our Commission entertains the idea of continuing the printing of the originals. We recommend strongly that they should be continued in the shape of calendars; but these calendars must be carefully made—not such things as were formerly dignified by that name, whose only use was to blind people as to the contents of the original rolls. One of the most crying sins of our first Record Commission was the reproduction of the Fœ-

dera; and it certainly became a difficult question with the Commission that followed, whether the money, which had been thrown away, at the rate of about £5000 for a folio volume of 500 pages, on the reprinting of a work which was already on the shelves of every great library, should be entirely lost, or whether some value should be given to the work by throwing more money after that which was gone. We are glad, however, that the production of the future volumes has been entrusted to the care of Mr. Stevenson, a gentleman in whose hands they will certainly be edited with accuracy and judgment. Into his care also has been given a work of extreme interest and value,—a collection of Letters partly from the British Museum, but by far the greater part from the Tower, beginning with the early part of the twelfth century, and closing with the middle of the fourteenth: they will make three thick volumes in octavo. We believe that it is also in contemplation to print some of the Rolls of the *Cartæ Antiquæ*, consisting of what are supposed to have been very early transcripts of the charters brought into Chancery to be confirmed.

Two volumes of the Rolls of the Curia Regis, consisting of pleas before the king's justices, including the reign of the first Richard and the first year of the reign of John, have been edited by Sir Francis Palgrave. A volume of the Fines levied on lands or other possessions, from 7 Rich. I. to 16 John, in five counties, as well as the Pipe Roll, which is attributed to the 31 Hen. I., have been published by Mr. Hunter. A Chancellor's Roll, or duplicate of the Pipe of 3 John, has also been printed by Mr. Hunter. Mr. Roberts, of the Tower, has edited selections from the Fine Rolls of the reign of Hen. III. As we approach the later periods of our history, the publications of our Record Commission are much less numerous. Mr. Hunter has given a volume of Select Rolls from the Chapter House, which contains, besides a patent roll of 7 John, six rolls relative to the confiscations of lands in the barons' wars of the reign of Hen. III., and transcripts of letters-patent of the reigns of Hen. V. and Hen. VI. Mr. Hardy, in his volume of Norman Rolls, has given the very interesting one of the first year of Henry V., when the series of those rolls is resumed. But by far the most important illustration of the history of this period is found in the five volumes, by Sir Harris Nicolas, of the Proceedings and Ordinances of the Privy Council, published from MSS. in the British Museum, which contain the reigns of Rich. II., Hen. IV., Hen. V. and Hen. VI., to the year 1445.

We have long expected anxiously, from its great importance, the first volume of the grand collection of the English Chronicles, (comprising the Saxon period,) by Mr. Petrie, who has formed a plan somewhat similar (though more extensive) to that of the

celebrated collection of the Historians of France by Dom Bouquet. We know that this plan is by no means universally approved; yet, on a fair comparison of the advantages and inconveniences of both plans, that of printing each chronicle separately, and that of the French Benedictine, we think that, for a regular and complete series of chronicles, where, as in Mr. Petrie's collection, the time is judiciously divided into periods so as not to cause too much cutting up of single authors, the latter is decidedly the best.*

In the formation of the *Commission Historique*, M. Guizot's plan embraced an extent which was never contemplated by our Record Commission—the development and progress of philosophy, literature, and the arts, have ever marched hand-in-hand with those of political events.—

"After the political history, the intellectual and moral history of a country have an equal claim upon our attention: there is no grander or nobler part of the destinies of a people than the series of their efforts and of their progress in philosophy, science, and literature. Without doubt the abundances, and the special character of the monuments of this kind, prescribe to us in this respect some reserve; they must not be taken too readily, or in too great number, into a collection, of which what is properly termed history is the main object. But the works which, at certain epochs, have strongly agitated men's minds, and have exercised a powerful action on the intellectual development of contemporary generations,—those which have opened, in the movement of

* The following observations, on the inconvenience of minute divisions in Dom Bouquet's plan, from a Report by Messrs. Naudet and Daunou, the editors of the nineteenth volume of the series, are, we think, extremely judicious:—

"Il est fort probable que, fidèle au plan adopté, à partir du tome v., par Dom Bouquet, Brial n'aurait pris pour matière de la dixième série que les deux règnes de Saint Louis et de Philippe III., de 1226 à 1285, 59 ans. Nous prions l'Académie d'examiner s'il ne vaudrait pas mieux comprendre dans cette série nouvelle Philippe-le-Bel et ses trois fils, Louis X., Philippe V. et Charles IV., jusqu'en 1328. L'espace total serait de 102 ans, et correspondrait en grande partie au xiii^e siècle. On éviterait par cette disposition, ou l'on restreindrait du moins les morcellements que la critique a plus d'une fois reprochés aux éditeurs de ce grand recueil. En effet, il leur a fallu partager en neuf sections et distribuer en autant de volumes les chroniques de Saint-Denis, découper en de minces fragments et presque en parcelles beaucoup d'autres chroniques moins étendues, interrompre soudainement les relations des guerres, des révolutions, des entreprises de tout genre, qui, commencées sous une de ces séries, n'ont été poursuivies ou consommées que sous la suivante. A la vérité, cet inconvénient est un résultat inévitable de toute division d'un corps d'annales par des époques déterminées; mais on l'aggrave en multipliant les points d'arrêt: on le rend moins fréquent, moins sensible, quelquefois moins réel, à mesure qu'on agrandit les périodes. Quand il ne s'agit que d'un seul et même ouvrage historique, un partage en livres ou chapitres, qui ne tend qu'à distinguer les règnes, ne rompt pas l'enchaînement des faits: un récit n'y est interrompu que pour être continué à fort peu pages de distance; au lieu qu'en un recueil tel que celui qui nous occupe, les narrations, arrêtées dans leur cours naturel par la fin d'une série, se re prennent qu'en d'autres volumes publiés quatre ou cinq ans plus tard. La distribution en sections a sans doute des avantages; mais nous doutons que ce soit bien servir les intérêts des lecteurs que de morceler et de dissocier à ce point les matières de l'instruction qu'on leur prépare."

ideas, a new era—those, lastly, which, under a form purely literary, reveal to us forgotten manners, customs and facts of social life, the traces of which have disappeared,—such works are closely allied with history; and, should we discover some monuments of this kind, we should consider it our duty to undertake at once the publication, in forming a particular series of such works in the general collection.

“Lastly, Sire, the history of the arts ought to occupy a place in this vast sum total of researches, which embraces all the parts of the national existence and destinies. No study, perhaps, reveals to us more clearly the social condition, and the true mind of past generations, than that of their religious, civil, public, and domestic monuments, of the various ideas and rules which have presided at their construction,—the study, in a word, of all the works and all the variations of architecture, which is, at the same time, the beginning and the summary of all the arts.”—*Report of M. Guizot, Nov. 1834.*

A separate Committee was named in January, 1835, to superintend the formation of this branch of the grand work. Like the former, they were all men distinguished in literature or science, the most eminent in those researches over which they were now called to preside. They were Messrs. Victor Cousin, Vitet, Auguste Le Prévost, Pierre Mérimée (the inspector-general of historical monuments), Victor Hugo, Ch. Lenormant, Albert Lenoir (the architect), and Didron, who is the secretary of the Committee.

The labours of this Committee are naturally but secondary to those of the other, and their extent, in the number of volumes at least, is much more circumscribed. The only one which has yet made much advance is the volume of inedited works of Abelard, by M. Victor Cousin, which we believe is just published, or on the point of publication. It is divided into three parts, the first of which contains the *Sic et Non*, (from a manuscript in the library of Avranches,) the work which caused Abelard's condemnation at the Council of Sens, in 1140.* The second part consists of fragments of a Treatise on Dialectics, in the form of a long commentary by Abelard on the *Organon* of Aristotle; and the third part will contain a collection of fragments and lesser philosophical works of Abelard, among which will be printed his interesting *Glossæ in Porphyrium*. We believe that M. Cousin is also preparing some important but hitherto inedited works of our countryman Roger Bacon, one of the most distinguished scholars of the Parisian university.

Under the direction of the Second Committee, M. Sainte-Beuve is drawing up an account of the successive developments, during the three last centuries, of the study and critical history of the Ancient Literature of France; and M. de Wailly, chief of the administrative section of the archives of the kingdom, is employed on a concise Manual of Palæography.

As far as the labours of this Committee are directed to the history of philosophy and literature, whose monuments are written documents, the plan which presented itself naturally in the works of the First Committee, is that which must be adopted here also, namely, the simple publication of such inedited monuments as appear to be of sufficient importance. But, when we enter upon the history of the arts, it becomes necessary to follow quite a different course, to produce works much more complete and much more comprehensive. We cannot describe the measures taken by M. Guizot to attain this object better than in his own words:

"When we quit science and literature to occupy ourselves with the arts, we must necessarily change our method. Here it is no longer an affair of discovering and printing inedited works. With the exception of a small number of special treatises, the history of the arts is not in books; it is written in the monuments themselves, whose forms, variable according to times and places, represent not only the principles and the rules followed by the different schools, but, above all, the mind, the ideas, the knowledge, which belonged to the ages of which they are memorials. It is, therefore, the forms of the monuments which we must reproduce, by means of a short but exact description, taking care to note minutely the characteristic differences which are remarkable in each. All the monuments which have existed, or which still exist, on the soil of France will be the object of a particular study in each town, in each hamlet, in each group of habitations. To the descriptive notices will be often joined a plan, a section, and at least one or two elevations of the structures mentioned; all the plans and designs shall be reduced, as far as possible, to one scale, and the collective sum of these works will form a true monumental statistic of France, studied according to its different ages.

"At this moment M. Ramey is executing a specimen of this work for all the monuments which exist in three cantons of the department of the Oise, and M. Grille de Benzélin, for two arrondissements of the department of the Meurthe.

"M. Mérimée, inspector of the historical monuments of France, and one of the members of the Committee, has surveyed, during the last months of this present year, the whole of the ancient province of Brittany. The numerous observations which he has sent me relate chiefly to the history of the Breton architecture, in which he thinks that he has discovered a particular style. He has, moreover, addressed to me, as well as to the minister of the interior, various propositions relating to the conservation of the buildings of the middle ages which he has visited. Lastly, he is gone, by my orders, into the department of la Vienne, in order to examine the remains of the ancient abbey of Charroux, to make a statement of the present condition of this monument, and to take the necessary steps for insuring its preservation.

"In every part M. Mérimée has remarked a great readiness to preserve and study the monuments of our history. Learned societies are busily engaged in describing them; a great number of artists and of private individuals are making researches at their charge; every one is

zealous to enter, as far as it is in his power, into the views of the government. Nevertheless, such researches require a special knowledge, and consequently ought to be made according to detailed and precise instructions. The Committee has undertaken to compile these instructions, which will themselves form a considerable work. M. Albert Lenoir, member of the Committee, is engaged on all that concerns the public monuments, Gallic, Greek, Roman and Christian, up to the eleventh century; M. Auguste Le Prévost, on the religious monuments from the eleventh century to the present day; M. Mérimée, on the military architecture of all epochs, including the roads, which, in their origin, are all military. M. Lenormant has composed a treatise on all the moveables of different ages, on vases and ornaments, on medals, on vignettes and miniatures of manuscripts, &c. &c. The first part of these instructions is completely finished, and will soon be put to press. Engravings on wood, added to the work, will render it clearer and more easy to understand.

"I considered that, at the moment when they are executing with so much care, under the ministry of war, the map of France, it would be desirable to have made, by the skilful engineers of that department, a map of ancient France, with an indication of the ancient ways and the ancient towns of all epochs. General Baron Pelet, the director of the dépôt of war, has agreed to this proposition, and has offered to compile from the great map of France a map in four sheets, where all the monuments, and all the data relating to archæology, shall be noted in a particular manner. General Pelet has given instructions to this effect to the officers of the staff, who are engaged in the formation of the general map."—*Report of Dec. 1835.*

From what has been already done, and from the judicious manner in which it has been done, we look for much from the *Commission Historique*. It bears in all its members the marks of the great man under whose auspices it arose, and the strong character which he has given to it will not easily be changed by after circumstances. The government seems to feel deeply the importance of the undertaking, and is evidently desirous of co-operating in the pursuit of its objects. The annual grant of 120,000 francs* has gone, and will go far, particularly where so much economy is shown in its distribution; in fact, if we take into consideration the different value of money in the two countries, and of the expenses of work and materials, it ought to do as much as the expenditure of our own Record Commission. But it enjoys several advantages: for no person who is a member of the Commission is paid for literary labour, and the commissioners have generally been most zealous in volunteering their services. Other persons employed receive, as in our Commission, a certain remuneration under the two heads of transcripts and editing.

A writer in our monthly contemporary, the *Gentleman's Ma-*

* We learn that the minister of public instruction intends to ask for 150,000 francs in the budget of the ensuing year, but, at the same time, we are told that he has not much confidence of obtaining it.

gazine, in reviewing the first publication of the Surtees Society, has committed a slight inadvertency, in arguing our superiority over other nations from the supposed circumstance that societies of individuals here do that in which elsewhere the government interferes, and in considering, as far as we understand him, the interference of the government for the publication of the national monuments as a badge of despotism. In this point we differ little from our neighbours. In other countries such societies are as numerous, and even more numerous, than in our own; and their publications, with some exceptions, have been infinitely superior, because they never adopted the childish system of exclusiveness, and the still worse systems of feasting, of paying great salaries to inferior servants, and of making toys instead of useful books, which have too often characterized the societies in merry England. The Surtees Society has begun its labours in a better spirit, and promises us a few books of great historical value. It is still left to the chance labours of such societies, or of individual zeal, to print the monuments of our moral and intellectual history.* The most promising of all attempts which have hitherto been made is that of our antiquaries. The Society of Antiquaries has, indeed, raised good hopes by the establishment of its *Saxon Committee*—its *Cædmon* will, we have no doubt, find a worthy successor in *Layamon*, of which we hope soon to see the first volume; its *Exeter Book*, on which Mr. Thorpe is at present engaged, will be the most important publication it has yet undertaken. We would counsel the antiquaries to follow it up with the works of the illustrious Alfred, which in Mr. Kemble, who, we believe, has long had the idea of collecting them, would find a skilful editor; and they might next give us what is much wanting, a good edition of *Piers Plowman*, that most important monument of the language and of the moral and political feeling of the fourteenth century. By proceeding vigorously in the path which has been struck out for them, the antiquaries will purchase the good opinion of posterity. But we fear that the spirit which gave life to the *Saxon Committee* is weak and short-lived. The great-mindedness of the seventeenth century, which, besides securing to us our political rights by its wisdom and its blood, has left us so many noble monuments of individual industry in the publication of our historical monuments, is but just awaking after its long slumber; we hope and trust that it may have gained strength and freshness by its repose.

* In France there is, what we ought long ago to have had in England, a Society of History—it has lately published, under the judicious care of M. Champollion-Figeac, a beautiful volume, containing two curious chronicles relating to the Establishment of the Normans in Italy and Sicily; and it has in preparation what will, we have no doubt, be an excellent edition of Gregory of Tours.

ART. VI.—*Briefe an Johann Heinrich Merck, von Göthe, Herder, Wieland, und andern bedeutenden Zeitgenossen. Mit Merck's biographischer Skizze.* Herausgegeben von Dr. Karl-Wagner, Lehrer am Gross-Herzoglichen Gymnasium zu Darmstadt. (Letters to John Henry Merck, from Göthe, Herder, Wieland, and other eminent Contemporaries. With a Biographical Sketch of Merck's Life. Edited by Dr. Charles Wagner, Teacher at the Grand Ducal Gymnasium, Darmstadt.) 8vo. 1835.

THIS work is not only full of attraction for the man of letters, and the lover of modern German literature in general, but it equally invites the attention of the poet and philosopher, of the artist, naturalist, and geologist; comprising, as it does, a series of letters from most of the eminent men (between the years 1770 and 1790) who belong to those classes. For more than half a century have these interesting documents of the most interesting period of German and perhaps of general literature been kept back from the world. The person to whom they were addressed, Johann Heinrich Merck, was a gentleman of ample fortune, resident at Darmstadt, whose varied talents and enlightened appreciation of merit have linked his name with the first geniuses of that prolific period. Of him Göthe declares—"This singular man has, of all others, exercised the greatest influence over my life." Herder exclaims—"Good man! Heaven grant me always a friend like you!" And Wieland, in the fulness of his warm heart, says—"Should it ever happen that I could love nothing more, I should still love Göthe and Merck;" and, on another occasion, "Excellent friend! before I desert you, I shall have poisoned my wife and strangled my seven children!" Göthe, in his own early biography, gives an account of Merck, which we here insert rather as illustrative of part, than as a complete picture, of his character.

"Of his early education I know but little. After completing his studies, he accompanied a gentleman to Switzerland, where he remained some time, and returned married. When I first knew him, he was paymaster of the forces at Darmstadt. Endowed with the highest intellect and understanding, he had made himself extensively acquainted more especially with modern literature, and particularly studied the history of mankind and of the world in all ages and places. He was peculiarly gifted with the power of judging accurately and acutely. As a man of business also, and a ready accountant, he was much distinguished. By all, save those in whom his biting sarcasms had excited personal dread, was he hailed as a welcome acquisition to society. His visage was long and thin, with a pointed prominent nose, and light blue eyes, approaching to grey, which seemed eagerly to observe all around him, and gave his expression something tiger-like. Lavater's Physiognomy has pre-

served his profile. A strange incongruity characterized his mind. By nature noble, trustworthy, and upright, he had become so embittered against the world, and had so yielded to this morbid feeling of irritation, that an almost irresistible inclination for mischief, and even for knavery, seemed at times to overpower him."

Here it must be remembered that Göthe was not sitting as a moral judge, but rather reviewing the picture of human life in a poetic sense; and that "rogue" and "knave" bore very different meanings in his vocabulary from what they did in Lavater's. Göthe adds:—"But as we willingly seek the excitement of that danger from which we believe ourselves secure, so was I the more anxious for the enjoyment of his good qualities, feeling convinced that he would not turn his evil side towards me." He continues in the same strain to expatiate on his peculiar and seemingly contradictory qualities, and the subsequent correspondence amply fills up the measure of his character; which we here see reflected in that of others over whom he exercised a never flagging sway, and whom he was constantly urging, by reasonable encouragement or undisguised sarcasm, to the fulfilment of that contract which great talents tacitly make with the public. No lack of energy, or falling off of power, escaped his eagle eye; the friend who had once obtained his interest felt that he must labour to retain it; and even the name of Göthe did not screen him from Merck's criticising lash;—of which an instance occurs in the short preliminary biography from which these particulars are extracted. When that great poet sent him his *Clavigo* to peruse, Merck reminded him of his higher powers, adding, "You must not write such stuff again—anybody could do as much."

With regard to himself, fortune had made him too independent, and nature too versatile, to acquire great individual celebrity. To enumerate the various subjects on which he tried his powers will suffice to prove why he did not attain any European fame. To few is it given to be great in more than one line. Merck excelled alike in poetry, descriptive prose, tales, satire, and epigrams. A few of his smaller satirical poems are annexed to this work, and remind us of the humour of Swift. As a critic he stood the first of his day; all the cotemporary writers were reviewed by him, and in him the candidate for fame either hailed or feared the stern examiner, whose opinion would make or mar his fortune with the public. His criticisms on the works of the day formed one of the great supports of the *Teutscher Merkur* (German Mercury); and Wieland, the editor of that periodical, emphatically says, "Your reviews give life or death to the Mercury;" and again—"Really and truly, dear friend, you ought to write more; all you have hitherto thrown on paper is pure gold." There is every

reason also to assert that his pen was always employed on the side of truth, and for the maintenance of a severity and purity of taste, which had a most salutary effect upon the numerous candidates for fame at that period. In all subjects connected with art he displayed the same powers of judgment. His own house was a museum of collections. In him rising talent of every kind found a ready patron, and several of the distinguished German artists of that time owe their outset in life, and their support on the road to improvement, to his judicious advice and liberality; while the letters from the Grand Duke and Duchess of Weimar, and from Göthe, evidence his high repute as a connoisseur. Notwithstanding all these occupations, and the regular attendance which his official situation required, he found time for deep research into natural history, geology, and physiology; and prosecuted these sciences with an ardour which attracted the notice of the first professors, and procured him the correspondence of a Blumenbach, a Camper, and a Sir Joseph Banks.

With all long-established prejudices of society—with all fallacies of system, or mannerisms of style—Merck waged unceasing war. No moral imposture, or quackery in literature or science, eluded his scrutiny; and, no matter how exalted the individual, or how triumphant the party, the darts of his sarcastic spirit were always hurled at them. On all occasions he was clear, severe, and practical; with sufficient shrewdness and knowledge of the world to know where harshness and ridicule would be good, and with kindness and poetry enough in his nature to feel where tenderness and encouragement would be better. For his own peace of mind, his ideal of perfection was placed too high. He knew too well what was excellent, to be satisfied with what he himself did. His was indeed "the quick bosom to which quiet is a hell;" and, in change and multiplicity of avocations, he sought that satisfaction which one alone would not afford. "Whenever," as Göthe says, "he began to curse his own abilities, and was disgusted at not finding his powers of production come up to the standard which he had fixed, he would throw aside the politer arts, and transfer all his energies to some public speculation or mercantile enterprise, which, while it yielded pecuniary profit, also afforded food for a while to his restless mind." Such was the man who held in his hands all the ends of that graceful knot of Weimar *beaux esprits*, and was either the open friend, or confidential arbiter, of its poets and princes—of its literature and politics.

On reviewing his character and life, we are struck with a congeniality in many respects between Merck and the late William Roscoe. In thirst for knowledge, in versatility of talent, and in philanthropic efforts for the dissemination of science and the pro-

motion of intellectual pursuits, there is a striking coincidence between them. Happy were the task of the biographer had the resemblance extended throughout life, and the same serene sky marked the setting of each bright luminary. Suffice it here to say, that, disappointed in spirit, and exhausted with a painful disease, Merck put an end to his life with his own hand, on the 27th of June, 1791, at the age of fifty. Let us deal gently with his memory, and leave judgment to Him who alone could know the force of the temptation, or the severity of the conflict.

Of the variety of subjects discussed in the letters composing this work, some conception may be formed from the following list of correspondents—

Herder.	G. Forster.
Sophie de la Roche.	K. Hess.
Boie.	Voigt.
G. Schlosser.	von Schmerfeld.
Nicolai.	von Sömmerring.
Gothe.	Lichtenberg.
Wieland.	G. M. de la Roche.
Grand Duchess of Weimar.	Gothe's mother.
Grand Duke of Weimar.	Knigge.
H. Fuseli.	P. Camper.
Caroline Herder.	Baron Hohenfeld.
Ursinus.	Blumenbach.
F. Jacobi.	Sir Joseph Banks.
Baron von Beroldingen.	Faujas de St. Fond.
Louisa von Gochhausen.	Hemsterhuis.
Dalberg, Prince Primate of	Prince Gallitzin.
Frankfort.	A. Camper.
Bode.	Count Frederick Stolberg.
Wille.	Baon de Luc.
W. Tischbein.	Schneider.
Zentner.	Eberhard.
Count von Veltheim.	Wytttenbach.
Bertuch.	Sarasin.

Such a list of names as the above seems almost to supersede the necessity of any further remark. Fortunate should we esteem our countrymen, had any of those bright cycles of talent, which at various periods have illumined, and still illumine our progress to civilization, bequeathed to us so rich a legacy of biographical characteristics as is here presented. For although we have no lack of posthumous correspondence of the good, the great, the witty, and the notorious of our own country, yet we know of no English work which can compare in aggregate value with the one before us. Dating from the most prosperous period of German literature, it includes the chief actors on the theatre of letters, and more especially that brilliant constellation of genius which

encircled the ducal coronet of Weimar during the latter half of the last century, and from thence shed its light over the whole cultivated world. To those, therefore, who are at all conversant in the writings and biography of this poetical groupe, we would earnestly recommend this correspondence as an indispensable supplement—as a test by which they may prove the conclusions to which that study has advanced them. Here they will find the hopes, the fears, and the ambitions of the poet's heart; the varieties of character under which the same productive principle displays itself—by turns the careless thought, or profound reflection—the spontaneous opinion, or mature criticism. Here they may trace the first conception, the opening childhood, and the gradual ripening of those works which we now behold only in their full-grown form; and compare, as it were, the private cipher of the man with the public autograph of the author; while, in the numerous letters from the grand duchess, and her enlightened son, Charles Augustus, we recognise the intelligent and philanthropic patronage which at once inspired the talents, and secured the welfare of their illustrious literary dependents.

To the English reader, also, who has only a common share of patriotism, the high rank awarded to our literature, in the course of these Letters, cannot be a subject of indifference. We remark, with undisguised pride, the veneration of these writers for their English predecessors in the beginning of the eighteenth century; while the excellencies of Shakspeare, whose genius has become European property, are gladly claimed by them as current coin for the acquirement of human knowledge, and the interchange of poetical feeling. Our remarks must chiefly be confined to the Weimar circle, and we shall be gratified if, by a few translated specimens, we can induce those possessing the language-key, to unlock and partake of the feast before them; and still more so, should some spirited individual be thereby encouraged to present the collective work to the public in an English dress.

Herder's letters we find first in order, commencing in 1770; between the age of twenty-six and twenty-eight, and, as such, too early to exhibit more than that ardent thirst for knowledge and deep-seated affection for mankind and truth, which afterwards overflowed in his maturer works. He commences this correspondence while travelling with the unfortunate Prince of Holstein, immediately on quitting Darmstadt. There he had first made the acquaintance of Merck, and, under his auspices, been introduced to Caroline Flachsland, the lady who subsequently became his wife. His stay there lasted a fortnight, and he left the place betrothed in heart and hand. This was an attachment which formed the main staff of his domestic happiness throughout

life, and upon which he could always rest his weary mind, amidst the disappointments and vexations which always attend the promoter of any good, or the opponent of any corrupt public system, and which finally and prematurely brought Herder to the grave. These letters, therefore, occurring at this eventful time, are marked with all those alternations of hope and despair, sunshine and gloom, which the excitement of loving and being loved, first awakened in such a mind, could not fail to exhibit. Merck was the confidant of his affection, and the bearer of his letters to its object, whom he recommends urgently to his kindness. "Countless times during these last two days," he writes in his first letter after their separation, "have I been with you all in Darmstadt. How can I help it, if you are of such material natures as not to feel my presence?"—and in a postscript he adds:—

"The enclosed I beg you to deliver; but, of course, only into the hands and before the eyes of her for whom it is intended. The contents, upon my priestly conscience, are only such as will make you no go-between, although, like the left hand in Scripture, 'you know not what your right hand doeth.'"

In these letters we find frequent outbursts of that admiration for Ossian and Shakspeare which first suggested his collection of different National Songs, ("Volks Lieder,") by which he has unfolded a page of popular tradition, as valuable to the historian as to the poet. His enthusiasm on this subject is best told in his own words.

"In rummaging my papers a day or two ago I found some translations which I had made some time back from the finest English ballads, and especially from Shakspeare. Concluding that you have not given up Shakspeare, I enclose a few of these scraps. In the original English, with their own metre, old-fashioned rhymes and peculiar fable style, each is excellent in its kind, and in the places where they are introduced of most astonishing effect. But precisely for this reason are they entirely untranslatable. On this account has Wieland* omitted, or at best most unmercifully mutilated them. This last is especially the case with Ariel's song, and indeed with both the songs in 'The Tempest;' the one so solemnly mystical, the other so ætherially sylph-like joyous; both which, as far as I can remember from a couple of lines, are miserably travestied by Wieland. The latter song, 'Where the bee sucks,' &c. has been also attempted by Moses, and by the translator of the 'Essay on the Genius of Pope;' but neither of them to my fancy. Just see now whether my version satisfies you better; but, for the life of you, attend only to tones, not to words—you must only sing, not read. The Cuckoo song has been charmingly set to music by Handel; in German, however, the play upon words is not so striking, at least not to the perception of

* Wieland translated 22 of Shakspeare's plays between the years 1762 and 1766.

every blockhead. Besides this, I cannot help thinking that I have discovered some faint traces of this cuckoo prophecy, and of the owl's song, (the latter, however, in the character of a death-watch,) amongst the provincial traditions of my own father-land; which induces me, to deviate entirely from the English version. The ballad 'Come away, come away Death,' has a wonderful effect where it is introduced, and Shakspeare has done well in making the duke, before whom it is sung, so loud in its praise. This is an old romance, much older than Shakspeare; as also 'Take, oh take those lips away.' These old songs have that effect upon me, that I am firmly resolved, should I ever set foot on British ground, merely to skim through London, just peep at the theatre and Garrick, pay my respects to Hume, and then fly off to Wales, Scotland, and the Western Isles; on one of which, like the youngest son of Ossian, Macpherson sits enthroned.* There shall I hear the Celtic national songs wildly chanted in the real language and tone of the country—those songs which, in their present metamorphosis into hexameters and Greek metre, I can only liken to a painted perfumed paper flower, instead of that living and fair-blooming daughter of the earth, who exhales her fragrance on the wild mountain side. But to return to Shakspeare; help me to bewail a loss, at which certainly every other honest man would only laugh. During my frenzy for Shakspeare, I had particularly studied those scenes wherein he opens to us his world of ghosts and fairies—those parts which the English prize as his finest, and in which I took the more delight having dreamed away my childhood among such fables. I had, for instance, translated the fairy 'divertissement' in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, (which Wieland has, I believe, entirely omitted,) and the witch scene in *Macbeth*, where the witches are boiling, conjuring, muttering, and bubbling through a whole discant of ghostly tones—but my translations have disappeared, and I can find nothing, nothing but a few soliloquies from *King Lear*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, &c. This is enough to make me tear my eyes out. In short I find every thing but my conjurations, and these must have been swept away, or burnt, when the witches last cleaned out my rooms at Riga. To my own private gratification such a loss is irreparable;—but I continue prating about Shakspeare, whom I never can leave, when once I get upon him."

Herder sojourned some months at Strasburg, whence the greater part of these letters are dated, and where he parted from the Prince of Holstein. This city had a double claim upon his recollections, having led to his first acquaintance with Göthe, whom he characteristically describes, (as Göthe does him in his *Life*,) and also as having been the scene of a series of painful operations for a fistula lachrymalis under which he laboured, and which he describes with stoical detail. His disgust of Strasburg on first entering it is expressed with a true lover's whimsicality. "Strasburg," he says, "is the most miserable, the most barren, and the most disagreeable place, (that, speaking with all due consideration, I have yet seen in my life. Here is not even a wood, or a spot,

where one can repose with one's book and one's genius in the shade—and then that it should lie so near Darmstadt, and yet not be Darmstadt, is certainly great part of the annoyance, but I assure you not all." In short, in these letters he runs down every note of the gamut, from the highest glee of mirth to the deepest gloom of despondency. For the latter, he had, however, besides the circumstance of being in love, some rational grounds, having been assailed in the most sensitive part by the officiousness of some individuals, who, as Herder's wife, alluding subsequently to this period in her "*Erinnerungen*," says, "interfered in our engagement, and wanted to model it to their own way of thinking." Writing on this to Merck, Herder says, "Let me embrace you, dear friend, for all the affection, patience, and kindness you have shown to me, and my, or rather, your friend, (for in many respects she belongs more to you than to me,) in her present uncomfortable situation—a situation at which I am as much annoyed as astonished. Really between four or five people such an entangled skein of love, friendship, jealousy, hatred and humbug has been drawn, as would hardly be credited to exist in so eventless a little circle; and, as all the ends seem to lead towards you, I can only call to you, 'Hold tight, dear Merck, till time shall in pity have unravelled some of the shreds.'"

Göthe and Merck were at this time engaged in the "*Frankfurt Journal*," to which Herder evidently largely contributed; reviewing, among others, several English works; and it is not a little interesting to notice the different effusions, now an original ode or versified translation, of which the post between Strasburg and Darmstadt (and doubtless a slow one) was the bearer. In his fits of lightheartedness, which were here and there spiced with a little irony, (for Herder rather piqued himself on resembling our English Swift, and was on that account nicknamed "the Dean" by his friends,) he seems to have struck rather harder than he intended. Merck's peculiar temperament disliked perhaps to be encountered with its own weapons, and in his last letters Herder labours to remove some unfriendly impression with all the earnestness and generosity which man as man could exert, or as friend require. We could almost forgive Merck his ill-temper for having brought to light so beautiful a side of Herder's character; but, with these letters before us, we cannot exculpate the man who could read them to misinterpret, or, what is worse, to pervert. And this it seems was the case; for the acquaintance apparently ceases with these letters, and some after-passages bespeak no kindly feeling on Merck's part towards his former friend.

We continue to catch glimpses of Herder's career through the letters from the Weimar circle, which he joined in 1776. One

passage in Wieland's correspondence is too superb in itself, and too flattering to the excellent Herder, to be omitted. In mentioning the birth of an heir to the house of Weimar, he says; "*Herder spoke at the Baptism of the Prince like a God. His discourse shall be sent to you when printed. There are only five sheets of it, but I know nothing more pure, more sublime, more simple, more touching, more finely conceived, or more exquisitely delivered, either in the German or any other tongue. I doubt whether a nobler or more impressive baptism was ever conferred on any German prince. Welcome be therefore Charles Frederick, Dei Gratia, and may it be well with our grandchildren, by, with or under him—over him will come none 'ex nostris.'*"*

It were much to be desired that we possessed some complete biography of this delightful poet, sound divine, and amiable man. Those published in Germany, although severally of great merit, do not even collectively do justice either to the extent of his usefulness, or to the spirit which dictated his writings. His only daughter, a lady of the highest worth and talent, resident at Weimar, is in possession of most interesting documents; and especially of her father's correspondence with a certain princess, which, in point of epistolary style and beauty of moral and poetical sentiment, stands unrivalled.

The short sketch of his life and works, in the late William Taylor's Survey of German Poetry, offers, as far as it goes, a comprehensive view of Herder's character.

Sophie de la Roche's letters follow next. She is celebrated as having written a novel called "*Fräulein von Sternheim*," "*Rosalie's Letters*," and other light, but interesting works; as having been the first love of Wieland, and the grandmother of Bettina von Arnim, whose correspondence with Göthe was reviewed in Number XXXII. of our Journal. Madame de la Roche's letters are interesting, as showing the place awarded to female talent in Germany, and the union of the domestic wife and mother with the now exploded character of "*blue stocking*" at an earlier period even than with us. She writes with much elegance and lively anecdote, but seems thoroughly afraid of Merck's satirical vein, although not too much to tell him so in the plainest terms.

Next follow six letters from Boie, which are highly interesting, as belonging to that period when he, and his circle of young associates, Burger, Götter, Voss, Hölty, the two counts Stolberg, Miller, Laisewitz, &c. of whom Boie was the eldest, formed by a study of the Grecian poets, and especially of Homer, by a perfect familiarity with Shakspeare, and by a new acquaintance with

* This baptismal Sermon is printed among Herder's collective works.

"Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," which unlocked to them the beauties of the real ballad style, kept the muses in full employment at Göttingen, and poured forth upon the world a stream of lyrical poetry through the much frequented channels of the "Musen Almanach," and the "Deutsches Museum." Boie was co-editor with Gotter of the Almanach, and announces in these letters his cession of it to Voss (the celebrated translator of Homer), who married his sister, and his having engaged with Dohm in the "Deutsches Museum," which he subsequently carried on for years alone. His assiduity in collecting contributions for these periodicals is most entertaining. (Herder not inaptly calls him the Muses' Accoucheur.) Merck was evidently a contributor of no little importance, but always in a strict incognito. This correspondence also shows that, with all the bolsterous wit and joviality of the Göttingen party, and their resolution to enjoy life, cost what it might, Boie was not happy. Towards the close we find him satiated with dissipation and sighing for quieter joys. "Pity me," he says; "I have a heart, and am banished to a university, where I cannot use it. My situation, it is true, has much of real good; but I am lonely in heart and desponding." Of Herder he speaks delightfully. "I am tired," he writes, "of the students, and of being the learned man, and still more so, since I have known Herder—the only sage in whom I have found the *man* as I wished to find him. The friendship he has granted to me is one of the purest joys of my life."

G. Schlosser, brother-in-law of Göthe, known by several small didactic pieces, has three letters here, as distinct in character as they are separate in time. In a strain of sentimental philosophy, he analyzes the difference between the understanding and the heart; the independence of the one, the miserable dependence of the other. Evidently unprovided with the rudder of religion, he longs for the haven of peace which he cannot find, and touchingly laments that mental darkness in which his thoughts run foul of one another. From various natural arguments he adduces the fact of another world, and appeals to Merck to confirm his trembling opinions. "I have, and you know it, always hoped and believed in a future state; now I hope and believe, because I need it more than ever. Without it the creation would be an imperfect work, and I would rather be a stock or a stone—any thing but a man." The other letters are more cheerful; time and a wife having effected much, his style becomes marital and contented.

Nicolai's letters next appear. He was known as a great bookseller at Berlin; as the author of the "Joys of Werther"—of a novel called "Sabina Nostanke"; as editor of the "Allgemeine Deutsche Bibliothek," &c. He was contemporary, friend

and follower of Lessing, and one in whom the nervous opposition of that great genius to the prejudices of the age, and the trammels of an over-formal orthodoxy, had degenerated into a jeering rationalism, and a denial of the higher aspirations of our nature. From his editorial chair, which was a conspicuous object in the intellectual arena, he waged continual war with the ranks of authorship. In this correspondence Göthe appears as head culprit, and his spleen against this arch-innovator is the burden of every letter. They exhibit, however, a striking picture of the times, and of Nicolai's restless activity of mind, which afterwards induced that extraordinary state of nervous optical delusion, so interestingly recorded by Whiter; a portion of his biography best known in England.

Göthe now stands before us. His letters, twenty-six in number, commence at the age of twenty-five, and, carrying us to the very meridian of his powers, progressively show us the grand bases on which his wide-extended popularity was founded. The prevailing character of this correspondence, and especially of the earlier part, consists in that independent energy of mind, that animation of conscious power, which propelled him forward in the race he ran, with an impetus above the comprehension of timid minds; and which, subduing alike the passions of mankind and the difficulties of science to his will, would have rendered Göthe a great man, in whatever circumstances he might have been placed.

No mind has perhaps yet appeared before the public more difficult to decipher, more impossible to square with our usual sympathies, than Göthe's. In attempting, therefore, this analysis, we presume not to pronounce a decisive judgment, but only to present those impressions to which a knowledge of Germany, of Göthe's works, and more especially the private disclosures of this correspondence, have given rise. From the letters of the other Weimar literati, who seemingly acknowledged their allegiance to this monarch of intellect as willingly as he could have required it, these observations are equally gleaned as from his own. With regard, however, to the real motives and innate workings of his superior mind, which, in an intercourse of this intimate nature, might be expected to exhibit themselves, we are still left rather to guess than to decide. His character, on the other hand, appears as clear as day-light; but that character consisted precisely in never exposing his mind. He generally writes, also, in a hurry, giving biographical data rather than private feelings. Calm and dispassionate observation appears to be his great object in life; and though he occasionally utters a maxim, he never expresses a sentiment.

As this correspondence included no less a period than eleven

years, it necessarily involved the most momentous transactions of his life, and must have exposed Göthe, like other men, to the average vicissitudes of fortune; yet we find him invariably erect and collected, appealing to no sympathy, indulging in no affection, expressing neither hope nor fear; so that, with this total absence of all the usual topics of friendship, his attachment for the cynical but useful Merck seems rather to be the pretext than the object of this intercourse, and, although offering an indispensable aspect of his character, this work is adapted rather for the votary of science than of fancy. Poetry, it is true, peeps through every subject, forming at all times a graceful background, but seldom obtruding as a prominent object; and on this account we can indulge in but slender extracts for an article of this kind. The following letter, however, strikingly exemplifies the man, and shows when and where were laid the foundations upon which the mighty fabric of his *Faust* was erected:

“Weimar, August 5th, 1778.

“I must now tell you something about my journeyings. Last winter a tour through the Hartz gave me much pleasure; for you know that much as I hate to see Nature tortured into Romance, so much do I delight in finding Romance consistent with Nature. I started alone; about the last day of November—on horseback, with a knapsack—rode through hail, frost, and mud to Nordhausen, entered the Hartz by the Baumann's Höhle, and so by Wernigerode and Goslar into the Upper Hartz, (the details I will give you another time,) overcame all difficulties, and stood, I think, on the 8th of December, at noon, on the summit of the Brocken. A cheerful genial sun above—snow an ell and half thick on the ground, and the cloud-bedecked panorama of Germany beneath me; so that the forester, whom, having lived for years at the foot, and always deemed the ascent impossible, I had with difficulty persuaded to accompany me, was quite beside himself with admiration. Here I spent a fortnight alone—no human being knowing where I was: of the thousand thoughts in this solitude, the enclosure will give you some idea.

“In the spring I was in Berlin—quite a different spectacle. We spent a few days there, and I only peeped in, as a child into a penny show. But you know that I exist in contemplation, and a thousand new lights broke upon me. I saw much of old Fritz*,—of his gold, silver, marble, monkeys, parrots, and torn curtains;—and overheard his own minions snarl at the great man. A large portion of Prince Henry's army which we passed—the various manoeuvres we witnessed, and the persons of the generals who sat opposite to me by half dozens at dinner, have made me much more familiar with the present war. Otherwise, I had no intercourse with mankind, and did not utter a word in the Prussian dominions which they might not have printed; for which I was exclaimed against as proud, &c.

* Frederick the Great.

"The Raphaels which the duchess has brought with her are a great enjoyment to me. Now I am in search of all kinds of drawings. I have also just re-opened an old quarry, which probably had been in disuse for centuries. The porch at the old castle was built of this stone, which can be worked to the greatest pitch of delicacy. It is very hard, but can be shaved or rasped with ease; has no cracks, imbibes no moisture, and is of that beautiful grey colour so much in request and so seldom found. French snuff-boxes are of the same hue—neither blue nor yellow. It is a woodstone—the middle sort between common and marble. Adieu, old man. Now you have heard again from me, tell me something in return, and don't forget me. Should there be no war, I will some day visit you."

In appreciating the vantage-ground which the collected mind obtains over the being of impulse and passion, Göthe seems to have aimed and arrived at that stoical atmosphere of self-possession, whence he could leisurely survey the vast mass of human nature (lying like the "cloud-bedecked panorama of Germany") beneath him; and deliberately choose and appropriate those portions best adapted for his use. To accomplish this, he necessarily sacrificed the indulgence of those affections by which the independence of other minds is compromised. To Nature he gave his heart, and felt it securely invested; to Mankind his understanding, and nothing more, and though, by the immense range and ardent cultivation of his versatile genius, for which no subject was so intricate that it did not seek to explore it, no fact so simple that it disdained to appropriate it, he indirectly included the direct benefit of his fellow-creatures, (he was, for instance, the original inventor and first projector of the excellent system of national schools in Germany,) yet we may safely question whether he was influenced so much by an expanded philanthropy as by a refined selfishness. At the same time, by the same process by which he controlled the elements of his own passions, was he enabled to agitate them in the bosom of others. No one could kindle stronger and more lasting attachments; no heart remain more fire-proof than his own. He despised not the sweets of love or friendship, and no author has more vividly described them, but he culled them only so far as was consistent with his prescribed law of independence. After his first boyish fancies, it may be doubted whether he ever loved; but as the fresh breath of youth is supposed to invigorate the failing energies of old age, so did Göthe refresh the powers of his imagination at the fountain of an overflowing heart, and catch the very tone of truth from the impassioned effusions of his votaries.*

* Those who may be startled at these opinions, we must refer to "Göthe's Briefwechsel mit einem Kinde," already mentioned.

To disarm affliction of its weapons by voluntarily withdrawing from the objects within its reach, is the specious reasoning of many a cold-blooded Epicurean in happiness. Of this principle Göthe seems to have partaken. Like every system of human presumption, however, this involves its own punishment. "The man," as Bacon says, "who has wife and children, has taken hostages of fortune;" and he who has nothing to lose is more pitiable than he who mourns the lost. Göthe lived a worshipped but loveless life; his marriage was formed comparatively late in life by conventional decorum; his son proved no blessing; and, if selfishness were not the cause, it was at all events the result of such a policy.

This systematic coldness and reserve, which apparently date from his first elevation in the political world, naturally engendered discontent, as well in those who penetrated, as in those who misunderstood, its motives. Vanity it was called by some; pride, more correctly, by others. Even Wieland, the kind and sincere friend, laments the ill-will borne towards him; but even Wieland admits the change that had come over Göthe. Alluding to Göthe's employment in the state, he says, "His imagination seems quenched; instead of the all-enlivening warmth which used to emanate from him, he seems to be enveloped in an atmosphere of political frost. He is always gentle and harmless, but is friends with no one, and nothing can be done with him." The sincerity of this avowal may be confirmed by the following sentence. Speaking of a report of Göthe's being ill, which had reached Merck, Wieland adds, "About Göthe don't be uneasy, dear brother; he is well, and the gossip of certain good people about the decline of his health reminds me of the fable of the two wolves, who, hearing that the stag was ill, thus addressed the fawn: 'How is your father?' 'Better than you gentlemen could wish,' answered the fawn; and '*fiat applicatio*' as far and as much as you please."

In this correspondence we find a lively picture of the esteem in which Göthe was held by the reigning family and court of Weimar. His presence formed an indispensable portion of their public pageantry and private comfort; and we see his active and intelligent influence extending over every part of the state. Nowhere can the relation of prince and subject appear to such advantage as between the enlightened Duke of Weimar and his illustrious minister. Each seems to have found in the other the friend best fitted to develop the energies of his nature; and, whether in the public plans of agricultural improvement or state economy, of which these letters treat largely, or in the social tour and amusing search for works of art, where no professed picture-

dealer could drive a bargain with more gusto than the duke and his premier, we find them acting with one mind, and without a single interruption to their friendship. Here again, however, we must forbear to pry too deeply, or we may fancy we discern Göthe using Charles Augustus rather as the most valuable of his tools than as the most liberal of his friends. "I am now," he said, "mixed up in all court and political subjects, and shall probably not extricate myself again. My situation, however, is favourable enough, and the dukedom of Weimar and Eisenach a theatre sufficient to practise the rôle of the world."

On all subjects connected with science, this correspondence assumes a high biographical value, and for England, where Göthe is recognized as a great poet, and but little more, it is peculiarly adapted to fill up the measure of his character. Here we see him by turns the artist, geologist, anatomist, physiologist, and politician.—alike indefatigable in all pursuits, and passing from one subject to another with a rapidity in which we hardly know whether most to admire the depth of his research or the versatility of his powers.

In poetry, although he has bequeathed so much to posterity, he seems, like our Pope, to display rather a systematic versification of prose, than a spontaneous effusion of verse. He had neither the poet's timidity nor the poet's flights. Mankind he took as he found them, neither seeking nor caring to make them better. He fixed no ideal standard, therefore experienced no disappointment. He was highly receptive, but rarely sensitive—imaginative without an ideal—poetical without fiction: and the good old age to which he attained may be attributed less to his robust physical constitution than to the absence of all mental irritation. The enthusiastic reader, therefore, who may expect to find the flowers of fancy or the sweets of sentiment scattered in these leaves, must quit Göthe, and pass on to that poet of the graces, Wieland—whose sixty letters to Merck form the most attractive essence of this work. Considered either as a poet or as a man, the analysis of Wieland's character imposes both an easy and an agreeable task; and, among the rich harvest of ideas which these letters offer, the only difficulty is that of selection. High as the fame of Wieland already stands in the scale of public genius and private excellence, these letters were still wanting to pay the full tribute to his praise; and although we rejoice to be able to offer some of these epistolary specimens of his delightful mind, yet for the enjoyment of all their beauties not a letter ought to be retrenched. The "*Teutscher Merkur*," a monthly work, of which he was editor from the year 1773 to 1795, which formed not the least important of Wieland's pretensions to fame,

and mainly contributed to procure for Weimar the title of the German Athens, is the ostensible object of this intercourse. Merck largely contributed, especially in the way of reviews; and the correspondence opens by Wieland's formally making over to him the critical department. In this glance behind the scenes, we find him apprising Merck that Berlin and Vienna were the two cities that he would wish to have handled softly and prudently. "All universities," he says, "I surrender to your mercy." Prussia, indeed, under Frederick the Great, seems to have inspired awe in all classes. Speaking of an historical novel which had attracted some notice, Wieland says, "Be as bold upon it as you please, only not too biting; for the author is a Prussian officer, and has a crowd of friends in blue coats (the Prussian uniform) whom I would not wish to offend." In this periodical most of Wieland's poetical works appeared piecemeal—a kind of rehearsal, before printing them separately, which both felt the pulse of public opinion, and contributed to that delicacy of polish which distinguishes his style.

From the length of time which this correspondence includes, and the perfect openness with which it is conducted, we are enabled to trace the progress of many of his popular works, and more especially of that master-piece of his genius, *Oberon*. The manner in which he details the beginning of this immortal poem, of which he gives no hint till he is fairly launched into its adventures, and the glimpses he affords of the progress of his constant couple through their various assailments, is no little acquisition to the lover of poetry. Seldom are we thus allowed to peep into the poet's work-shop. Indeed Wieland had not that confidence in his own powers which could induce him to expose the growth of this darling work even to the eye of a friend; on the contrary he mentions it with all the timidity and anxiety as to result which ever accompany true genius, and reminds Merck never to forget that, in the strictest sense of the word, he is "the only man on God's earth to whom he either would, could, or might, thus expose the inmost secrets of his mind, heart, and whole being." In many instances he complains of want of leisure and of the necessary repose of mind, and of the absence of all inspiration in the persons and things around him, (yet, if he found this not in Weimar, we know not where he would have sought it,) and makes it a powerful plea with Merck, in his reiterated requests for more contributory help to the *Mercury*, which at this time seems to weigh heavily upon him, and to call him from the dewy meads of imagination, which were his peculiar province, to the mere dusty highroad of business.

Speaking of his progress, he says, "My fifth and sixth cantos

are I think *entre nous*, so good, so *omnibus numeris* good, that I am only provoked that I cannot defer their publication until after my death." "Day and night," he adds, "Oberon is all my thought;" and again, "Oberon is my resource against a crowd of *desagréments*. To those who maintain rapidity of composition to be a necessary test of genius the following quotation from Wieland's pen may prove either encouragement or reproof:

"Of the time and labour I devote to this work, no poet, great or small, of the Holy Roman empire can well form an idea. Those gentry, with few exceptions, seek how they may best make the task of verse-making easy. I, on the contrary, give myself all possible trouble. The difficulties which lie in the mechanism of my eight-lined stanzas, in the nature of the iambics, and in the comparatively limited range of our rhyming words; the fatigue of manipulating the stubborn clay into the exact image which I require, and of giving it that roundness and *fini*, without which I have no pleasure in the performance, are unspeakable. I vow to you, I have in this last week spent not less than three days and a half upon one stanza—the whole machinery being at a stand-still for one single word, which I wanted and could not supply."

He then proceeds to explain his pecuniary views with regard to Oberon, which, he says, are very "miserable," and describes the slender profits likely to arise. "But, says the German public," he continues, "why is this good gentleman such a fool as to devote so much time and labour to a work which no one will thank him for? and to this I have nothing to answer."

"With the *gloriola* of the thing," he adds, "it will be much the same as with the *utile*. Nine-tenths of the reading world are the last people to repay a poor fellow even in that coin. The remaining tenth, with the exception of about a dozen, are hard and fast determined beforehand not to give me any credit, but to pretend that they would weave such stuff as that any day *à la douzaine*; and for the dozen remaining honest folk, they will doubtless find real enjoyment in the work, but quite in private; and, should a parcel of saucy boys take it into their heads to pelt me the next day in the open market place, no living soul would take my part—if even they did not join the assailants. On the other hand, I shall have full liberty to sit down and feast myself, *ad nauseam* upon the name and fame which awaits me in the twentieth century. These, dear brother, are my views, but again I repeat, I complain not; my lot is of my own casting. Certainly, had I spent one-hundredth part of the time I have bestowed on my idrises and Oberons in a well-turned panegyric on Maria Theresa, or Catherine the Great, my coffers would wear a different aspect; but such wisdom I never had, nor shall have. All that remains is to be resigned to my fate—to do what I can—to bear what I must—and to expect from mankind nothing I do not earn. And so much for Oberon."

In spite of these half-sad, half-playful prognostics, Wieland

was destined to reap much of that glory which Oberon has now permanently established.

In another letter we find an interesting account of Göthe's first introduction to the king of elves and sprites.

"Last week I had a delightful day with Göthe. He and I were obliged to make up our minds to sit to May, who, ex voto of the Duchess of Wirtemberg, was to paint us for her highness. Göthe sat both fore and afternoon, and begged me, *serenissime** being absent, to bear him company, and read Oberon aloud. Fortunately for me, this generally capricious man was in one of his best and most receptive moods, and as *amusable* as a girl of sixteen. Never did I see a man so delighted with the production of another, as he was with my Oberon; especially with the fifth canto, where Huon acquits himself *verbo tenus* of the emperor's commands. It was a true *joissance*, as you may guess, to me. A day or two afterwards, he owned to me that it might perhaps be three years before this degree of susceptibility and openness of every sense of enjoyment for a work *hufus furfure et fatius* would again come over him.

Wieland's modesty, it would seem, was one of the causes which conspired to spoil "this generally capricious man," who, with his vaunted coolness and self-possession, must, we fancy, have rather belied himself in owning that only once in three years could he command his own powers to the enjoyment of such a work as Oberon.

To all those acquainted with Wieland's works, the skill with which he identifies himself with the age and country in which he introduces his poetic personages, and the perfectly harmonious keeping of his rich and varied accessories with the principal subject of his piece, have been a matter of surprise and admiration; and, although accounted for, it is not diminished, when we observe how completely he concentrated all his powers on one object, and bent the whole energy of his mind to its attainment. The letters, at this time, are pregnant with fairy imagery, and, whether plaintive or jocund, Oberon is ever the burden of his song. Apologising for want of punctuality in correspondence, and trusting in Merck's friendship to excuse it, he adds:—

"And if it were not so, Heaven knows how impossible it would be for me to think, or attempt to think, or write, of any thing else but Oberon; and woe to me if it were otherwise! For I am only in the ninth canto, with three more before me, and must exert myself to the utmost, lest this immense *amphora* should turn out a mere *brocus* at last."

And on a previous occasion, with the reaction of spirits succeeding a difficulty overcome, he thus concludes:—

"Oberon sends you his compliments—I am now in the midst of the seventh canto; and my enamoured pair, hero and heroine, have just,

* The grand duke.

during a dreadful storm, been thrown overboard, without the incensed Oberon's deigning to take the slightest notice of them. Heaven help them out of this watery ordeal, and me to a happy conclusion! Amen."

Lastly, he announces the appearance of this master-piece, "which," he says, "is born just time enough to escape the effects of a miserable influenza, in which my soul is sticking like an oyster in the mud;" and adds, "the shares of my credit with the duke, Göthe, and the Weimar public, have risen one hundred per cent. in consequence of this little production. May it only fare the same in the larger world without."

We do not apologize to our readers for attracting their attention to those portions of this correspondence which treat of Oberon, feeling convinced that those who know its full-grown beauties, cannot be indifferent to these early annals of its progress. That a work of this kind should completely engross the mind of its author, during the period of its composition, is not surprising; but Wieland's appears at times to have been kept at that extreme tension of productive excitement, which, though the surest earnest of his success, it is almost painful to trace, and which makes us wonder at the healthy longevity of mind and body to which he attained. He himself, in a letter to some one, expresses his surprise at this extension of power, having been, to borrow the late Mr. Taylor's translation, "a hot-house plant; reared within doors; too much nursed by women, and too much confined by study." The secret of this, however, seems to consist in the wholesome atmosphere in which his affections were ever maintained. Wieland's private character required no veiling; the poetical license which his charity inclined him to grant to the domestic failings of his genial friends, he never claimed for himself. And while his imagination wandered to the fertile shores of Greece, or the luxurious halls of the East, his heart and good sense, uncloyed by the voluptuous and sensual imagery which had been passing before his mental vision, were ever found stationary, and occupied with the little circle of his home-joys in Weimar.

Although peculiarly fitted, by the gentleness of his nature and the purity of his taste, to move in the politest circles, and called thither by the general recognition of his talents, Wieland never degenerated from that simplicity which was his great charm. A poet without caprice, a courtier without intrigue, he pursued the even tenor of his way; and, though in the enlightened court of Weimar the distinctions of genius seemed to be substituted for those of rank, he never forgot where the friend left off, or the sovereign began, or ought to begin. Returning from a visit at Ettersburg (one of the ducal residences), he jocularly observes, "I have put it down as a *regula sanitatis et prudentiæ*, in my *liber memorialis*,

that none of my sort should stay longer than three days with a prince."

Nowhere, however, has the noble ducal family been more worthily panegyricised than in this correspondence, which teems with expressions of gratitude and respect, untainted by the semblance of adulation or ambition. Ambition, indeed, in the meaner sense of the word, was as foreign to Wieland's character as bombast to his muse; and, at the time when the court of Mannheim intimated a desire, and held out a lure, to attach him to its service, we find him thus answering Merck:—

"You remind me that I ought to profit by the favourable gale which seems to blow me towards the Neckar, and to turn my back on this land where no wine grows, where the water is good for nothing, and where Eurus and Boreas, during eight months of the year, make themselves as troublesome as possible. Yes, my dear sir, all well and good, if, *pro primo*, it were as easy as moving from one street to another; if, *pro secundo*, the cloven foot were not every where to be found ("wenn der Teufel nicht überall im Nest wäre"); and if, *pro tertio*, it were not a hundred to one that, by so doing, I should jump out of the frying-pan into the fire (aus dem Regen in die Traufe). Then, although Hönipesch,* I believe, would do all in his power, I am by no means certain how far this good-will in Mannheim extends. Granting, however, that they really desire my company, under what class and *quo titulo* could I appear? And what worldly advantages could compensate for all the leisure, peace, liberty, independence, esteem, and affection which I here enjoy? True it is that I signify (*bedeute*) but little here, and am, in *sensu politico*, seven times less than I signify. But I neither wish to be, nor signify anything; and in this precisely consists one-third of my comfort. The ruling personages here are perhaps the best in the whole world. They regard me favourably, do not oppress me, would do every thing for my comfort, and require so little at my hands that I am almost ashamed to eat their bread. Their serene highnesses in Gotha are almost as kindly disposed, so that, even should the greatest of misfortunes befall Weimar, I see nothing in a worldly sense to fear. I sit, therefore, peacefully beneath the shade of my own trees; and would it not be hard, if, from all the 110 beautiful apple, pear, and cherry trees which I planted last year, I were to have no fruit? Would it not be a folly in me to exchange the safety of my present obscurity (*qui bene latuit*, &c.), and plunge myself into the *mare infidum* of Mannheim, where, the moment one pair of eyes is sealed, I risk much more than here—even in case of the dreaded event of the extinction of the present line? Should I be wise to barter my delightful independence, my *sacrosanto far niente*, and the golden privilege of saying to all and anybody, 'What's that to me?' for the slavery, the grievous bondage of Mannheim vanity? Add to this a wife and five children, with a sixth upon the road, and an aged mother, all of whom *count* to form a whole, which, in mutual love, harmony and joy, is one of the happiest in the world."

* Count Hompesch, minister to the court of the Palatinate.

He continues in this strain, and then adds :—

“ *Au contraire*, I am fairly in the way for a lasting breach with the Palatinate. Guess why? Are there not sins which a poet, neither in this nor in the next world, can forgive? Only imagine; these Mannheim people have been teasing and baiting me to compose an opera for them, and now it is all ready, it comes out that they have given their best actress, an angel of beauty and voice, *leave of absence for a year*; for a pilgrimage to London and Paris, to dance in the planets, or God knows where; and my little piece, which, with the assistance of the lovely nymph Danzy, might, must, and ought to have had the most splendid success, now, for want of an actress who can either look or sing like Rosamond, may be thrown to the dogs. Is not this enough to drive a man mad?—and are these the people I am to have any thing more to do with? So, fare ye well, ye banks of my paternal Neckar!”

In these sixty letters we have ample proof of Wieland's peculiar talent for and love of letter-writing. With a happy vivacity he details the minutiae of the world of letters, of business, and of intrigue around him; and while he introduces us to the personages, habits, literature, and gossip of the day, leads us on with all the interest of an historico-biographic novel. His style, abounding in native wit and classic allusion, forbids the slightest approach to garrulity; and, whether considered as a picture of the times, or as a model of epistolary elegance, this correspondence is equally valuable.

To his wife, a being of simple nature and unambitious manners, whom he often mentions, he was tenderly attached. She brought him fourteen children; nine of whom survived him, and every now and then he announces an accession to his family or to his works, with equal complacency. This called forth the following remark from the Grand Duchess to Merck :—

“ ‘ Danishmend (for so she complimentarily called him in allusion to his history of Danishmend the wise) has again been christening. *Je crains qu'à la fin il se ressent un peu*’ at the indefatigable accouchements of his wife and of the Mercury. He appears, however, well pleased with both; so we must let him have his own way—*chacun à sa folie*. ”

Wieland was indeed just what a poet ought to be. Dwelling in a dream of beauty and home of love, no views of aggrandisement, or visions of perfection, disturbed the one or embittered the other. Health, peace, and competence, were all he sought for his muse, his family, or himself. Poetry he loved for poetry's sake, and, quoting from a former work of his own, he thus addresses his muse :—

“ Thou art, oh, Muse! the blessing of my life,
And if the world be deaf, then sing to me alone.”

Pure and lively in diction, fanciful and elegant in sentiment,

he neither provokes to mirth, nor depresses to melancholy. In the same relation as flowers and birds in the scale of animated nature, is Wieland's verse in the ranks of modern literature. He aspired not to form one of the seven pillars of the temple of wisdom, but his were the roses which clustered to the very pinnacle. And, to conclude in the words of the late Mr. Taylor—"If not the greatest genius among the poets, he was the greatest poet among the geniuses of Germany."

The letters from the Grand Duchess Amalie, and her illustrious son, Charles Augustus, though last in order here, are almost first in interest. Relating individually to Merck, they prove the high esteem in which he was held at the court of Weimar, and, generally, the liberal tone of politics and literature which these enlightened personages so mainly contributed to maintain at that period in Germany. Of the grand duchess, Wieland says:—

"The longer I live with her, the more am I convinced that she, *telle qu'elle est*, is one of the most amiable and glorious compounds of human nature, female nature, and princely nature, (*Menschlichkeit, Weiblichkeit und Fürstlichkeit*,) that ever appeared on this globe."

And in another place:—

"This lady is really one of the best on God's earth. I doubt whether there is one of her rank whose head and heart are superior, or who could live on more dignified and delightful terms with people of our caste. For my part, I should be the most ungrateful creature between heaven and earth, did I ever forget how much she has contributed to the happiness of my life. I assure you I cannot even contemplate the idea of losing her, should it be my lot to outlive this affliction before I am seventy years of age."

This was the tone of all who knew this excellent princess, who, without interfering in the government, exactly stood in that gap of the state which is best filled by, and seems intended for, a feminine mind. After resigning the regency, and viewing the fulfilment of all her hopes and cares in the person of her son, her's became the province of gracious remembrance, little kindnesses, and beneficent patronage, which, like their kindred, the gentle courtesies of speech, though small in cost are rich in produce.

Her highness's acquaintance with Merck originated in a tour among the Rhine scenery, where he accidentally met with her, and was induced to join her suite, and where, by the refinement and cultivation of his tastes, he greatly enhanced her enjoyment of the beauties both of art and nature. He was subsequently much at the court of Weimar, and on one occasion spent more than half a year in its delightful circle. From that period till shortly before his death, the grand duchess maintained a friendly

correspondence with him, which exhibits that interval, probably the happiest of her life, when, reposing from the anxieties of government, she enjoyed, without restraint, the literary society that she had been the first to summon around the court, and, little foreseeing the cloud which was to darken her latter days, spent her time in the dignified cultivation of her taste and talents. Writing to Merck she says :

"The good old Oeser* has been here, and has brought with him some splendid specimens of art and a Menge of indescribable beauty. My love for drawing continues as strong as ever. I have a camera obscura, in which I sketch, and which I find most serviceable in facilitating an acquaintance with the proportions of Nature. For me, it is of great service, as I commenced my devotion to drawing rather late in life. This year I have also purchased an electrifying machine, which is good and powerful, and affords me much occupation. In the mean time the theatrical world is also flourishing, to which friend Wolf† is a faithful ally. You will shortly receive, through Frau Aja,‡ a new dramatic piece, which has just issued from the prolific pen of the privy councillor (Göthe). Thus pass our days quietly and cheerfully; and did not the lean cherries and unripe strawberries of our desserts remind us, we should almost forget that *Madre Natura* has visited us with a cold, nasty, summer."

Again, when Merck's fit of anatomy was at its height, she writes :

"Your elephant bone affairs appear to sever you from all human intercourse. We see nothing of you, and hear of nothing but bones and skeletons. Notwithstanding this, I pluck up heart to address you, having a request to make somewhat in character with your present studies. A short time ago, I was reading Camper's Lecture to the Academy of Painting, and was much struck by the truth and profundity of his remarks. I now wish, if possible, to procure some of Camper's drawings of the human head. You must know, dear Merck, that I have for some time past applied myself to portrait painting, and they flatter me by saying I am rather happy in my likenesses. In order, therefore, to perfect myself further in this line, I should much like to see some of those drawings where Camper has divided the head into compartments; and, having heard that you anticipate the pleasure of seeing him this spring, I beg you will employ this opportunity of facilitating my request; without, however, mentioning my name. As for the rest, dear Merck,

* A painter and engraver of some eminence, and a friend of Winckelmann's.

† An abbreviation of Wolfgang, Göthe's christian name.

‡ Göthe's mother, resident in Frankfurt; so named by the Counts Stolberg, from one of the popular traditions of the middle ages, where Frau Aja, a princess by birth, and mother of several brave sons, plays a conspicuous part. These old documents, which teem with poetic beauty and historic character, were much in vogue with the Weimar set; and, Madame Göthe's character partaking somewhat of the heroism and tenderness of her ancient namesake, she was generally known by this appellation among her son's acquaintances.

I should much enjoy seeing you here again. If bones are your only attraction, we can oblige you with a whole crop of them. Farewell, and keep me in good remembrance. Your friend,

AMALIE."

Without doubting the sincerity of Merck's devotion to the amiable duchess, he was evidently courtier enough to know how peculiarly he was adapted to serve her; and we find him at all times pouring into the ducal palace a succession of works of art, which, while they gratified her taste, renewed her remembrance of the sender. Her highness, in return, freely availed herself of his services, and frequently consulted him on little acts of patronage and benevolence, which she probably found to be better entrusted to the distant than to the nearer friend. But we must here leave the examination of her various excellencies, and proceed to the character of her son, in whom they were completely reflected.

The letters from the grand duke are twenty-three in number, and, both in elegance of style and moral excellence, exhibit that enlightened prince of modern days, who, although his reign has justly been compared to the Augustan age of literature, and to the later lustre of the Italian States, has left no obsequious flatteries to sully his fame. In this correspondence, conjointly with that of his illustrious mother, we find a delightful picture of sovereignty on a small scale—that happy degree which its owners may wear lightly and cheerfully, without compromising their dignity or denying themselves the indulgence of the social affections, and which, though circumscribed in public power, may be widely diffusive of private good.

The earliest date of these letters is at twenty-three years of age, and we find the young duke already familiar with the details of government, with the affections of a husband, and the hopes of a father. His young duchess, a princess of the House of Darmstadt, who, however, rather tried her husband's and people's patience in the hopes of an heir, is often mentioned by him with the most domestic complacency; and, in her firm but gentle character, seems to afford an earnest of the heroic matron, who was one of the few at once to awe and win the heart of Napoleon during his insolent career of conquest.

His highness, as if determined to make his little principality the very essence of all the sweets of art and literature, here appears ardently engaged in forming a collection of pictures, prints, and drawings, by old masters; and from the number of his agents stationed in different parts of Germany, and the discrimination of taste evident in this correspondence, Sir Thomas Lawrence himself would not have despised the walls and folios of the Weimar palaces. The salutary influence of Merck's judgment,

and the respect shown to his talents, are conspicuous in every letter. Dating from Weimar, August 26th, 1780, his highness begins,

"Dear Merck: My letter has no object beyond that which the commonest flint in the world would effect with a genuine Darmstadt steel—namely, that of eliciting a spark. I am in the most miserable of letter-writing humours, and am so spoiled by your frequent and delightful epistles, that I can hardly live without them."

And again,

"This is only an *avant-courier* of the acknowledgment of all your kindnesses; among which I may class the *Everding*, which is exquisitely beautiful, and which, in spite of the wretched state of obtuseness in which a succession of coughs, colds, and formal visits have imprisoned my senses, has given me the greatest pleasure. As soon as I am free from all three, I will write to you properly."

Evidently recognizing in Merck one of that rare species of the human kind who carry a practical good sense into all they undertake, his highness largely employed his talents in the advancement of his political plans; and, while sentiment was hardly to be expected from a friend and disciple of Goethe's, its place is occupied by that strong moral sense and practical philanthropy which are infinitely preferable in the head of a state. From the situation occupied by Merck in the Darmstadt government, he was the more adapted to promote the latter virtue, and it appears that a comparison between the economy of both states was frequently made with mutual advantage. The establishment of different manufactures in his territories seems here to be a favourite object with the grand duke; and, though he has been accused of being the man of letters rather than the man of business, this correspondence fully acquits him of any undue predominance. In the first letter, after a long list of commissions regarding works of art, we find his highness thus adding:

"And now for *politica*. In the first place I wish to procure some written account of the advantages attending the present disposal of the crown estates; with a calculation made from some individual instance of the same, in your country, in order that I may see how the old revenues are continued to be produced from them.

"Secondly, I want to see a description of the madder manufacture, as far as it concerns the agriculturist, and how the land is prepared for its cultivation; and I must beg you, dear M. Merck, to inquire, in a private way, among the Swiss, if they would not be inclined to establish a similar manufacture in other countries.

"Thirdly, Would you have the goodness to look out for a few *Anabaptists*, who would be induced to undertake a journey next summer to Eisenach, at my cost, in order to inspect an estate which I should be glad to let to them. You may promise them the following terms in my name:

"The expenses of the journey thither and back; whatever the result;

"Free exercise of their religion, as they enjoy it in other places;

"As long a lease as they can desire;

"Exemption from all surety and affidavits upon oath.

"If you can meet with a few people of this description to make the trial on these terms, they may apply next summer forthwith to the President von Herd, at Eisenach, inspect the estate, and enter as tenants the following autumn,

"My list of commissions is now at length finished; but your kindness in undertaking all requests spoils a person so much that one hardly knows where to set proper limits."

The reason for the duke's preference of Anabaptists as tenants for his estate does not appear. They seem, however, to have differed little in principle of conduct from their brethren of the present day, giving him much trouble by their extortion, discontent, and laziness; and they were at last ejected from the estate.

With these varied attractions in and around the sovereign, it will not appear surprising that so many travellers should have turned their faces towards Weimar. The Duke himself says,

"I have been living for the last three weeks in such a round of dissipation, that I have had time neither to think nor write. During this time we have had more strangers here at once, than the course of many years had previously brought to Weimar. This evening we also expect a fresh arrival; and one of a most interesting kind—Prince Augustus of Gotha, with the celebrated Abbé Raynal. I hear wonderful things of his powers of conversation, and all here, from the chief to the heyduke, are on the tiptoe of expectation."

We regret to be obliged to cut short our extracts, but the reader will probably be interested in pursuing the biography of a prince who so much promoted the advance of European intellect, and who, whether in art, science, or agriculture, would have created a Holkham out of a wilderness. Nor is the attraction of this correspondence confined to the character and pursuits of his highness. The events detailed, of course, assume a value proportionate to the station of the writer, and are adapted to supply many an authentic anecdote for future history. From the frequent and characteristic mention of Frederick the Great, who was great-uncle to the duke, a comprehensive sketch may be obtained, and though in some instances the foibles as well as the virtues of that monarch may be here exhibited, yet these are also valuable as illustrative of the spirit of the times.

Our limits forbid our proceeding further, and we must leave his highness's correspondence, together with the rest of the work,

to proclaim their own value to the mind of the reader. The list at the commencement of this article will show how small a portion we have noticed, and the large remnant yet untouched. Of this the correspondence of the artists, and that of the men of science, afford the two most distinct kinds of interest—to the general reader, the former especially, containing, as it does, many delightful letters from Wille, the celebrated engraver, and from Tischbein, the no-less-famed German artist. The latter, among other anecdotes connected with painting, details his intimacy with the Chevalier Hamilton (Sir William Hamilton) at Naples, and his admiration of a girl in the chevalier's suite, whom he describes as an angel of grace and beauty, and in whom we immediately recognize that modern Venus, both in morals and person, the lovely Lady Hamilton. A letter also from Fuseli to Lavater is here introduced, and we quite approve of its introduction, for Fuseli is here seen to the life, and all who at all remember the witty, clever, madcap president, will recognize him as distinctly in every line as in all the wild legacies of his pencil. But here we must stay our remarks, and conclude with expressing a hope that this comprehensive biographic correspondence may meet with the attention that it deserves.

ART. VII.—*Marie Tudor, Drame en trois journées, en prose,*
par Victor Hugo. Paris, 1833.

THE observation of Cicero's, that the theatre should be the *speculum vitæ humanæ*, is so just, and so fraught with important consequences to the refinement and morals of a nation, that it cannot be too much insisted upon by those whose duty it is to investigate the merits of dramatic works and writers.

Theatrical productions, indeed, which have not for their end "to hold, as it were, the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure," will neither descend to posterity themselves, nor confer immortality upon their authors. Novelty or fashion may sustain them for a season, but they will inevitably soon fall into oblivion and neglect.

Whether the author and the drama now before us are to be considered as belonging to this class, will appear from the following analysis and examination of the tragedy itself.

The heroine of this piece is Mary Tudor, eldest daughter of Henry VIII. This princess, after succeeding to the throne of England, upon the demise of Edward VI., united herself in mar-

riage to Philip II. of Spain, one of the most detestable monster of cruelty that ever cursed mankind. The blood with which she deluged England soon proved the congeniality of their dispositions.

The main subject of the tragedy is the queen's love for a Neapolitan, named Fabiano Fabiani, and the death of this paramour by order of Mary herself, when under the influence of jealousy. But, that the reader may have sufficient data from which to form his own opinion of the merits of this work, we shall, quitting generalities, proceed to its details, and follow the poet from the opening scene to the fall of the curtain.

The action is divided into three "periods," each having its own peculiar title; the first being "*The Artisan*." The scene lies upon the banks of the Thames, near the house of a working cutler, named Gilbert. Simone Renard, the Spanish envoy, and several of Mary's courtiers, are introduced conversing (how and why they should meet and become so communicative in such a place, it is difficult to imagine) upon Mary's fondness for Fabiani, upon the popular indignation raised against him, and the general wish for his downfall. This wish, Renard assures his companions, shall not remain long unfulfilled. Night approaching, the courtiers disperse, while Renard, muffled up in the ample folds of his mantle, the better to escape observation, lingers near Gilbert's dwelling. With this last-mentioned person lives a young girl, of whom he has been long enamoured, and whom, now that she has attained to the full perfection of her charms, he anxiously desires to make his wife. Pity, which "melts the mind to love," had first created the interest he felt for her. He had found her when a babe exposed in the open streets at night, had carried her home, and brought her up as well as his means allowed. The honest lover little imagined that the object of his dearest hopes had already set her affections upon another—upon Fabiani—and that, seduced by the flattery and the presents of that gallant, she had no longer any thing to refuse him. But, although the victim of seduction, gratitude still maintained its place within her heart, and she ceased not to regard Gilbert with all that affectionate interest and esteem which benefits conferred naturally create in young and ingenuous minds. Such were precisely the sentiments which Jane (for that was the girl's name) expressed to Gilbert, as he was about to leave his dwelling, for the purpose of transacting some business in a distant part of the city. Having thus taken leave of him, she returns within doors.

A Jew, who, by a strange accident, which it is unnecessary here to explain, has come to the knowledge both of Jane's real birth and her connection with Fabiani, accosts Gilbert just as he

leaves his *protégée*, assures him that the girl has deceived him, advises him not to leave his house that night, and at the same time discloses to him that the object of his affections is the daughter of Lord Talbot, who, in the reign of Henry VIII., had perished on the scaffold for his adherence to the Catholic faith. He tells him moreover that Fabiani, who was aware of Jane's claims, having come into possession of all the property and estates belonging to that family, and being fearful that the secret might one day be discovered, had seduced the girl as much with a view to his interest as to personal gratification.

Grief, jealousy, and rage, by turns distract the breast of the artisan upon this communication, and he resolves upon vengeance at whatever cost. The Jew promises to further his views, provided he renders him a like assistance in a business of his own. While thus conversing, Fabiani, singing a love-ditty, and accompanying himself upon the lute, approaches, being on his way to meet his fair one at the wonted hour. Gilbert, following the Jew's advice, retires; and Fabiani is about to enter the house, when the Israelite, who is close by, advances, and without much preamble, informs him that he has in his possession certain papers, which prove Jane to be the legitimate daughter and lawful heiress of Lord Talbot, and as such, to be entitled to all the property and estates belonging to her deceased father, including those held by him. Upon hearing this, Fabiani insists upon having these vouchers, but the Jew refuses to part with them unless in exchange for a paper signed by Mary, and given by her to Fabiani, which ensures to the person presenting it whatever favour he may demand. The Jew's intention is to avail himself of it, in order to recover from the queen 10,000 marks of gold. At first, Fabiani refuses to give up the paper, but afterwards, taking it out of his vest, as if for the purpose of giving it to the Jew, while the latter stoops in order to examine the signature, he plunges his dagger into his throat. While falling, the Jew throws from him (unperceived by Fabiani) the papers which cause his death. The Italian proceeds hastily to search the clothes of the murdered man for the important documents, but not finding them, his next care is to dispose of the corpse by throwing it into the river; and, being unable to effect this by himself, he goes for the boatman who rowed him to his assignation every evening, to obtain his assistance. Whilst Fabiani makes his exit on one side, Gilbert enters on the other, and, finding the Jew just expiring, inquires of him who is the murderer; the other informs him, and at the same time points to the papers, by virtue of which the birth and rights of Jane may be proved and asserted. This done, he dies, whilst Gilbert picks up and secures the papers. Fabiani, who has

failed in meeting with the boatman, now returns, in order to make away with the body, and seeing Gilbert close by, desires his assistance in consigning it to the water. At first the artisan refuses, but Fabiani soon convinces him of the necessity of compliance, by threatening to accuse him of having committed the murder—a crime which in one of Gilbert's class is punishable with death, whilst he, being a nobleman, would escape with the nominal penalty of four-pence—such being the law of England at that time, according to our author: *The penalty for the murder of a Jew by a nobleman being four-pence. . . .* Gross as may have been the barbarity of the sixteenth century, can any one believe that such a law could possibly have existed? Without, however, stopping to inquire the truth or falsehood of this alleged fact, we return to our narrative. After consigning the body to its watery grave, Fabiani proceeds towards the artisan's dwelling, when, perceiving himself followed by Gilbert, and thinking his object is to obtain some acknowledgment for the service he had rendered him, he offers him a purse. Gilbert makes signs of refusal, but after a moment's reflection accepts it. The Neapolitan again advances towards the house, but, finding the artisan still near him, orders him to depart. High words ensue. Gilbert declares that he knows all, and threatens to be revenged at some time or other, being then unarmed. Fabiani withdraws, fully resolved in his own mind upon the destruction of Gilbert, whose absence is now essential for his security. Left alone, Gilbert sees upon the ground the stiletto with which Fabiani had killed the Jew, and eagerly secures it. The Spanish envoy, who had been secretly lingering near the spot during the various occurrences of the night, and was consequently well acquainted with all, now enters, and, finding Gilbert breathing nothing but vengeance, takes advantage of his excitement to convert him into a fit and willing instrument for his own designs. After mutual promises of assistance, Gilbert engaging to further the Spaniard's views, and the latter pledging himself to gratify the vengeance of the gully, who swears to accomplish his purpose, even at the sacrifice of his own life, they separate.

The second period is entitled "*The Queen*," and the scene of action is Mary's palace. The queen, having been informed by Simone Bernard of Fabiani's infidelity, refuses to give credit to the accusation, unless supported by undeniable and convincing proofs. These the envoy declares to be ready. He had caused the young woman seduced by the Italian to be arrested during the night, and her evidence, corroborated by that of Gilbert, who cared not at what price he purchased vengeance, disclosed every thing. No sooner has Mary become convinced of her para-

mour's falseness, than her former love is converted into the most rancorous hate, to be satisfied only with the blood of the faithless one.

A tissue of the vilest iniquity here commences. The queen orders Gilbert to be brought in, but previously to his entering she places some of her guards in concealment in an adjoining chamber, with directions to rush in upon a certain signal. Gilbert is introduced, and, on being asked by Mary if he is ready to wreak, even should it cost him his own life, her wrath upon the Italian, and by this means avenge his own wrongs upon the seducer of his beloved, he refuses, because he is as yet not certain of Jane's infidelity. The queen promises to convince him of it, and for this purpose causes him to retire behind some tapestry, where he can overhear all that is said. Jane is then called in, and, being questioned respecting Fabiani, confesses every thing; but, while admitting her seduction by the Italian, she expresses her deep and heartfelt sorrow at having betrayed Gilbert, for whom she had ever cherished an affectionate regard. The latter immediately comes forth from his concealment, and, addressing the queen, declares himself ready to execute her behests, provided she will swear by her crown and the holy gospels to grant him one favour. Mary having given the promise upon oath, Gilbert makes known to her the existence of Lord Talbot's daughter and her seduction by the person then in possession of her estates; he then requires the queen to restore the noble damsel to her rights, having first compelled her vile seducer to make some atonement by marrying her. The queen, who is ignorant that Fabiani is the seducer alluded to, readily consents to see justice done to the much-wronged orphan, which promise being obtained, Gilbert declares the seducer to be Fabiani, and his victim Jane. The queen is incredulous, but the cutler shows her the papers given him by the Jew. The situation of Mary is most embarrassing, she having solemnly sworn by her crown and the gospels to grant Gilbert's request, while the execution of his promise to her is only conditional. In this dilemma a sudden thought suggests itself to her with the rapidity of lightning. Having commanded Jane to withdraw, and being left alone with the artisan, she orders him to grasp in his uplifted hand a dagger, the same dagger with which Fabiani had deprived the Jew of life. No sooner has Gilbert obeyed this order than the queen seizes his arm, and, uttering a loud shriek, calls in the courtiers and the guards, and, affecting the greatest agitation, declares that Gilbert has attempted to assassinate her, and orders him to be carried off to prison. She then sends for Fabiani, whom she receives with her wonted kindness, telling him that she

has prepared an agreeable surprise for him, and immediately upon a given signal, Jane appears. The Italian, being asked if he knows the girl, replies in the negative. Yielding to her rage, Mary strikes him in the face with her glove, and, using the bitterest invectives, informs him that Jane is the daughter of Lord Talbot, Countess of Wexford, and as such acknowledges her in presence of the assembled courtiers. She then again indulges in the severest reproaches against her late lover, and commands him to be committed a prisoner to the Tower of London, there to await his trial. The Italian protests against this treatment, solemnly denying his having been guilty of any act deserving punishment. To this Mary replies that it is not her intention to punish him for having seduced a lady, but for a very different crime. But, before declaring what that crime is, she orders the whole court to be assembled. This done, Mary accuses Fabiani of having made an attempt upon her life by means of Gilbert. The latter, already prompted what to do, confirms the accusation by confessing himself the hired assassin of the favourite, in proof of which he produces the purse he received from him, and the stiletto with which he had killed the Jew. The Lord High Chancellor, who is present, declares that in cases of treason confession could not save the culprit, and that it was even beyond the power of the royal prerogative to extend mercy to the offender.

This second act or "period," as the author is pleased to call it, concludes with the appearance of the executioner in the royal presence, why or wherefore it would be difficult to conjecture, much more to explain.

The third "period" is divided into two parts, and is entitled "*Which of the two?*"

In the first part, the action lies within the limits of the prison of the Tower of London. Fabiani and Gilbert have been condemned to death for upwards of one month, but the queen, in whose breast not only compassion, but even the most violent love had pleaded on behalf of the favourite, had from time to time deferred the execution. So loudly and so importunately, however, was his death demanded by all classes, so strongly was it insisted upon by the court, the people, and the Spanish envoy, that Mary could no longer delay inflicting the penalty of the law upon one who was the object of such universal hatred. Fabiani was therefore to suffer on that very day, and Gilbert on the next. But, although apparently compelled to yield to the popular voice, the queen was resolved to save her favourite, at whatever cost.

On the other hand, Jane was resolved to leave no means untried to prevent Gilbert from being brought to the scaffold. Both females, impelled by the same motive, and actuated by similar

feelings, introduce themselves into the Tower, Jane secretly, the queen openly. Simone Renard, who is in constant attendance upon the latter, and continually urging her to order execution, finding all his representations and remonstrances vain, and suspecting that Mary's intention is ultimately to save her lover, or at least to put off once more the infliction of the penalty, determines to excite popular commotion, and thus, by acting upon the queen's fears, to compel her to acquiesce in the general wish. In the mean time, Mary, having ordered the attendance of the constable of the Tower, enjoins him to favour Fabiani's escape, and he in consequence causes a boat to be placed quite close to a secret gate of the Tower, which overlooks the river. Jane, who had concealed herself near the spot where the dialogue took place between the queen and the constable, having overheard every word, conceives the idea of saving Gilbert by the very means or escape provided for Fabiani; so that, at the appointed hour, the honest Gilbert is substituted for the favourite, with the assistance of the constable himself, who, participating in the general hatred against the Italian, cares but little about disobeying the queen in this instance. But, at the very moment that he thus favours the flight of Gilbert, he orders the boatman not to hurry, a circumstance which is wholly unaccounted for by the author, and which must consequently be added to the many inconsistencies to be found in this drama.

In the mean time the people assemble tumultuously, cries of vengeance are already heard in the distance, and an infuriated mob is soon perceived advancing to the Tower. The queen, who at that moment has just left it for her city palace, there to devise the best means of appeasing the popular indignation, with difficulty succeeds in returning to and shutting herself up within its walls. The Spanish envoy, who is still with her, deriving fresh boldness from the danger in which he sees her placed, and which he himself has created, urges her still more vehemently than before. But obstacles and dangers only impart new courage and resolution to love. Mary is ready to confront every peril and to make every sacrifice to save a faithless lover. The crown of England itself is nothing when placed in competition with Fabiano Fabiani. She again summons the constable of the Tower, and inquires if her lover is safe. On being told that he is not, she gives way to the most furious transports of rage, and heaps curses and imprecations upon the court, the people, and the envoy. Nearer and yet nearer are now heard the cries of "Death to Fabiani! Death to Fabiani!" Simone Renard and the other noblemen renew their entreaties with Mary, who answers by stigmatizing them as cow-

ards, and by wishing for a few squadrons of her guards to disperse and cut down a vile mob, who dare to demand the head of the only man she loves. "Death to Fabiani! Death to Fabiani!" is again heard in sounds more fearful from their proximity. The mob are already under the Tower walls, the ditch is filled up, and preparations made for forcing the first gate; torches are lighted, the report of musquetry is heard, stones fly in every direction, the windows are beaten in, and fragments of glass are strewn about the floor and reach even to the feet of the queen. She can no longer resist. Pale, breathless, and half-frantic, biting her nether lip for rage, she allows Simone Renard to place himself at a window to address the people, and to promise them the death of Fabiani. The Spanish envoy then shows himself to the multitude, announces to them the immediate execution of the sentence, and adds, that the Tower bell will toll during the time the prisoner is conveyed from his prison to the scaffold, and that three guns shall be fired—the first when the prisoner ascends the fatal platform, the second when he lays his head upon the block, and the third when it is severed from his body. Lastly, he recommends that the city should be illuminated, in token of its joy at the event. The address of the envoy is answered by loud and deafening shouts of applause. "Long live Mary! Long live the queen!" are the exclamations of the same people who have forced her consent to the death of her beloved. The multitude then dispersing by degrees, quiet is again restored.

The queen, however, is not inclined to keep faith with the people, by fulfilling the promise made to them in her name. Ordering the constable into her presence, she commands him, on pain of losing his head, to save Fabiani, by substituting Gilbert for him, a thing easy to be done, it being the custom to conduct the condemned to the place of execution covered with a very long black veil. But how shall he execute the queen's command? Has the boat yet left? The constable runs to a window, and, seeing it still at the secret gate, promises, upon his life, to save Fabiani. Here ends the first part of the third period.

The scene of action is changed in the second part, and represents the Hall of the Tower through which prisoners are accustomed to pass on their way to execution.

Jane, who is accompanied by one of the guards of the Tower, is desirous of going forth in order to meet her Gilbert on the way to execution; but her request is declared impossible to be granted, no one being allowed to leave the Tower before the condemned. Slowly the latter crosses the hall with the usual cortège, and covered with the black veil before mentioned. A most interesting scene now ensues between the queen and Jane.

While the former is certain that it is not Fabiani thus proceeding to meet his fate, the latter believes exactly the reverse, and the dramatic interest is wonderfully heightened by the manner in which they mutually betray their belief and their feelings. The mournful tolling of the Tower bell announces to the two females that the condemned is already on his way to the scaffold. The city, brilliantly illuminated, is seen through a window at the end of the chamber, testifying the universal joy, with only two exceptions. At first Jane throws herself in a state of despair at the queen's feet, conjuring her to send some one to stop the execution. Mary, who is as yet unsuspicious of the truth, deigns not to listen to the lamentations and prayers of the unhappy girl, but, a sudden doubt flashing across her mind, she in her turn becomes agonized, and with cries of despair calls for the guards of the prison, and dispatches horsemen to stop the execution. But the bell has already ceased to toll—the Tower reverberates the first report of the cannon. "Ah! he is now ascending the scaffold!" shrieks the queen. The second report echoes through the vaulted chamber. "He kneels! he kneels!" cries the wretched Mary. At the third report, anguish chokes her voice. But which of the two was executed? A door at the bottom of the room opens, and Simone Renard comes forward holding Gilbert by the hand.

Such is the tragedy of Hugo, in which many beauties are more than counterbalanced by innumerable defects; resembling in this most of the other productions of its remarkable author, who, being gifted with more warmth of imagination than discrimination and judgment, allows himself to be carried away by the former in a far greater degree than would be expected in one who aspires to the first rank among dramatic writers. But, whatever may be the literary merit, and some it undoubtedly possesses, whatever may be the stage effect of the tragedy in question, what idea should be formed of it with respect to that loftiness of purpose, that ennobling end, which ought to characterize every dramatic production? What moral instruction is to be found contained in *Mary Tudor*? None: certainly none,—a case unfortunately too general with the tragedies of this author. The imaginary amours and crimes of a queen are the subject of the tragedy. The former are of no interest to any one, and where is any moral instruction to be found in the latter? The least consideration will convince us that the only effect produced by this and similar dramas of Victor Hugo's is that of creating in the minds of the spectators a profound disgust and contempt for man and life itself. Every circumstance appears in the blackest colours, every fact is represented in the worst light, and

every action is attributed to the worst motives. No string which returns a cheerful and spirit-stirring sound is touched by our author; his touch awakens only those whose mournful and lugubrious resonance discourages and depresses the mind; he either does not, or will not see that a never-ceasing repetition of the same strain generates not only ennui, but an extreme indifference, in the auditors, whose attention it will be almost impossible afterwards to arouse: in the same manner as opium, when administered in too large quantities to the Orientals, renders them stupid and insensible, nothing but an increase of the dose being able to produce in them the desired effect. By continually touching a string which should be struck not only seldom but with great judgment, the author has deprived himself of one great source of producing stage-effect; he has to a certain degree annihilated his terror-exciting power. Nor will it be irrelevant to point out to our readers how often Victor Hugo is in open contradiction with his own principles, or rather to show how totally void he is of any, and how determined never to acknowledge them.

In a short preface which precedes his *Mary Tudor*, the author, speaking with almost oracular authority, and as if in the name and on behalf of the romantic school, of which he of course assumes himself to be the head and chief director, thus characterizes the drama, which he wishes to see established in the 19th century:

“ S’il y avoit aujourd’hui un homme qui pût réaliser le drame comme nous le comprenons, ce drame ce serait le cœur humain, la passion humaine, la tête humaine, la volonté humaine, ce serait le passé ressuscité au profit du présent, ce serait l’histoire que nos pères ont fait, confrontée avec l’histoire que nous faisons, ce serait le mélange sur la scène de tout ce qui est mêlé dans la vie; ce serait une émeute là et une causerie d’amour ici, et dans la causerie de l’amour une leçon pour le peuple, et dans l’émeute un cri pour le cœur; ce serait le rire, ce serait les larmes, ce serait le bien, ce serait le mal, le haut, le bas, la fatalité, la providence, le génie, le hasard, la société, le monde, la nature, la vie; et, au-dessus de tout cela, on sentirait planer quelque chose de grand.”

Any one may see that in this passage there are many high-sounding words, but a great lack of reasoning and judgment. A principle however is to be discovered in it, the application of which, although likely to produce many and serious errors, will also originate an infinite number of beauties. The French poet is desirous, and certainly no one will totally oppose his wish, that every thing should be susceptible of being treated of in the drama; that the fancy of the dramatic poet should know no other limits than those of creation itself; and he affirms that an observ-

ance of this rule would be productive of something really grand. Now it appears to us that Victor Hugo has by no means followed his own dictum, for he has in most instances either not been able or willing to see things except on one side, and that one certainly not the most beautiful, the most noble, or the most generous. Where is to be found in his drama that grandeur of which he speaks in so grave a strain? It is true that here and there is to be found a scene not only beautiful but most beautiful; but this will not be much wondered at by those who reflect that he has thrown off all restraint, broken through every law, and that consequently a vast field lies before him for the indulgence of his fancy. Every obstacle being removed, and every difficulty overcome, a few scattered beauties can no longer be considered as wonderful in one who would really deserve the name of a genius, if he knew how to confine his fancy within proper bounds.

The above observations will perhaps enable us to determine, whether Victor Hugo is or is not to be considered as so great and surprising a writer as some have supposed him to be; the more so as he appears to depart from the principles hitherto most generally respected and observed, especially among polite and cultivated nations. For instance, of the following, which may now be considered as fundamental axioms, viz. all men are brothers, to whatsoever nation they may belong—men should not injure and oppress, but love and cherish each other—no nation or people can be stigmatised as wicked and cowardly, since man's nature is mixed up of good and evil—of these and such-like moral axioms, Hugo appears to be entirely ignorant; and he therefore considers himself justified in abusing every nation, excepting the French, but especially, and we know not from what motive, the Italians. It was first in his "Cromwell," and next in his "Lucrezia Borgia" that he launched out into his abuse of Italians in general, and of Neapolitans in particular in his "Mary Tudor." Will it be necessary for us to bring forward quotations? We apprehend not.

All we have to say in conclusion is, that the author of "Mary Tudor" does not appear to us, either in the tragedy before us or in the greater part of his other productions, to have fulfilled the duty or attained the end which we conceive is to be expected from the dramatic poet, or which should constitute his chief stimulus and highest ambition; that the path he pursues, though occasionally strewed with flowers, is decidedly a wrong one; and that, though one of momentary brilliancy, his will not prove a lasting fame.

ART. VIII.—*Storia della Letteratura Italiana*, del Cavaliere Abate Giuseppe Maffei, &c. &c. &c. *Seconda Edizione Originale, emendata ed accresciuta colla Storia dei primi trenta-due Anni del Secolo XIX.* (History of Italian Literature, by Joseph Maffei, &c. &c. &c. A Second Original Edition, corrected and enlarged with the History of the first thirty-two Years of the 19th Century.), 4 vols. 12mo. Milano. 1834.

SHORTLY after the first establishment in this country of a periodical expressly and exclusively dedicated to making the British reading public acquainted with the actual and progressive condition of intellect and literature in other lands, we reviewed at considerable length, and with appropriate eulogy, the *Storia della Letteratura Italiana* by Camillo Ugoni,* making, at the same time, honourable mention of the slighter and humbler production of a fellow-labourer in the same vineyard, Giuseppe Maffei. Upon that occasion we took a survey of the rise, development, and character of Italian literature, which, though brief and without reference to our author—indeed, Ugoni's history relates solely to the last half of the last century—was sufficiently comprehensive to render any recurrence to the subject, save in the way of controversy, a mere work of supererogation; and in such controversy we are not at present, or, for aught we know, likely to be engaged. Turning away, therefore, from the alluring field of original disquisition, and confining our pen, and yet more discursive thoughts, to the matter immediately before us, we shall begin, by saying a few words of our former paper, intended to save trouble to the reader who may have forgotten it.

We therein devoted our criticism solely to Ugoni, from whom all our extracts were taken, whilst of Maffei we merely observed, "the work of Maffei is a pleasing *resumé* of the whole of Italian literature, from its earliest time to the end of the last century. The author, who is Italian professor at Munich, has compressed into a small compass the notices contained in the various Italian historians and biographers, Corniani and Ugoni included."

And, had Ugoni published the fourth volume, on the authors of the present century, of which we then spoke doubtfully, we should probably have again followed the same course; since it is self-evident that a writer, who allots three volumes to fifty years, must afford more food for reviewers than one who condenses eight centuries into the same space—which very comparison, by the way, shows us that we should have said, the fourth and fifth volumes, to keep any proportion between the quantities of mat-

* See Foreign Quarterly Review, Vol. II. p. 621.

ter contained in the different volumes. But Ugoni's continuation has not yet appeared, probably for the same reasons, whatever they might be, that originally suspended his purpose. We are, therefore, now fain to content ourselves with Maffei's fourth volume; which being the case, we must speak somewhat more at large of himself and the general character of his work.

Giuseppe Maffei, as we learn from himself, is a native of the Italian Tyrol, and a *Cavalier Abate*,—an odd combination of titles, to English apprehension,—with more literary dignities and honorary additions to his name than we have patience to read, let alone transcribe; though we must needs state that, amongst other high offices, he held that of preceptor in Italian, or, more humbly, Italian master, to Prince Otto of Bavaria, now King of Greece. To this youthful monarch Maffei dedicates the present new and enlarged edition of his *History of Italian Literature*, and in his dedication thus intimates his expectations of what King Otto is to do for Greece and her literature.

"When I had the high honour of teaching your majesty the Italian language, I witnessed the zeal with which you learned it, the care with which you translated the first three volumes of this history of mine into German. . . . When you read of the protection afforded to arts and letters by the Medici at Florence, the Visconti and Sforzas at Milan, the Aragonese at Naples, the Popes at Rome, the Estes at Ferrara, the Gonzagas at Mantua, and the Dukes of Savoy in Piedmont, I saw in your countenance how keenly you desired to emulate them. The lists are now open to you."

Having already stated this book to be a *resumé*, when we shall have added that it is designed rather to direct the course of reading of the learner of Italian, than to instruct and form the critical taste of the Italian scholar, need we say further that it is somewhat dry, the criticism little *raisonné*, and the biographical portion generally too short to be interesting? From this last censure, however, we may except those Italian classics with whose lives few persons, who are not absolute tyros in Italian literature, are unacquainted, as Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, and their mighty compeers. But let us not be understood as meaning altogether to condemn Maffei's book. To the novice it will afford much useful information, besides teaching him where to seek more. To the Italian scholar, who has not fortitude to encounter Tiraboschi's numerous, over-circumstantial volumes,—which, moreover, only come down to the end of the 17th century,—it will recal and systematize his desultory knowledge.*

* That this work is well calculated to answer these ends, at least, seems to be the general opinion, if we are to judge from the information contained in a note, that "ten

We have hitherto spoken, be it observed, only of the first three volumes. The last stands upon very different ground with respect to its claims upon our attention. But we have not yet quite done with its predecessors.

There is one thing which, we frankly confess, marvellously conciliates our favour towards the *Cavaliere Abate* and his volumes, somewhat dull though they be. It is, that he does not adopt the new-fangled notion, started by a few modern Italian critics, respecting the great early poets of Italy and their amatory effusions. As this neo-critical fancy may not be, and indeed we hope is not, known to all readers, we must inform them that we allude to an hypothesis representing the loves of these poets to be not merely a little fantastical, which we are willing to allow, but actually and altogether allegorical, typifying, or, to speak more correctly, mystifying—what, think you, courteous reader? neither more nor less than Protestantism, if such an anachronism in the use of the word be allowable. Thus do these critics convert Dante's Bice, Boccaccio's Fiametta, and, yet more outrageously, Petrarch's Laura, to omit ladies of less note, into so many *avatars*, or, at the least, *prosopopeias* of the spirit of religious reform; and they further assert the ever-recurring word *amor* to be *tout bonnement* the anagram of *Roma*.

Now, as Maffei neither adopts nor rebuts this whimsical theory—by the by we are not quite sure whether it had been broached when his first three volumes were published—it might seem hardly fair in us to delay our account of his book in order to discuss it; nor will we do so, although, having mentioned the subject, we cannot refrain from adding two remarks which appear to us to be pretty strong, we will not say decisive, against it. We will, however, do this as concisely as may be, and hasten to our proper and present business.

The first of these remarks is, that most of those early poets held the beautiful Italian language cheap, considering it as a vulgar tongue, unfit to be employed upon any loftier or graver topic than love, or some such light matter as might be adapted to the capacity of woman, unacquainted with any other than the said vulgar, commonly called her mother, tongue. It was only the grand and daring genius, the master-mind of Dante, that conceived the bold and happy idea of embodying in this despised vulgar tongue the wildest, noblest, sublimest, the most audacious, as well as the most exalted, conceptions of the muse. His rivals and immediate successors, when they meant to treat of

editions (pirated we conceive) have been published and sold in different parts of Italy, and that the periodicals of Italy, France, Germany, and even England, have concurred in its praises.

serious or important themes, had recourse to Latin; and it was upon his now forgotten Latin poem, "*Africa*," not upon his exquisite Italian lyrics, that Petrarch relied for an immortality of fame. Nor was this an individual mistake of the poet, as is proved by the fact, that it was as the author of "*Africa*," not as the Italian lyricist, that Petrarch was crowned in the Capitol. Is it then likely that these same men should have written seriously of religious abuses, religious reform, except in Latin, although they might and did—seemingly without fear of consequences, since without any sort of caution or disguise—laugh in Italian at the vices of the monks? And with respect to Dante, whose veneration for Latin was less exclusive, he, as a professed Ghibelline, attacked the Popes, very irreverently placing many of them in the various *bolge* (or divisions of the abyss) of his *Inferno*, in plain Italian: why then should he mask any other portion of his anti-papal, or, more properly, his Ghibelline, opinions under what the advocates of this notion call *gergo*, *Anglicè* slang?

Our second remark relates to the supposed anagram. One of Petrarch's principal charges against the Popes is, that they had forsaken Rome for Avignon; and he repeatedly exerted all the powers of his eloquence, in prose and rhyme, to recal them to what he esteemed the natural site of the Papal See. Is this circumstance reconcileable with the anagrammatical hypothesis, according to which, *Amor—Roma*—is spoken of as the seat of all the abuses and abominations of Popery?

Proceed we now to the especial subject of this article, namely, Signor Maffei's fourth volume, the dry conciseness of which we shall occasionally endeavour to relieve or enliven, by introducing a few specimens of poetry, of which our author is singularly sparing, or, when practicable, referring to the criticisms of the German lecturer upon the belles-lettres of the nineteenth century, whose opinions of our modern English poets are already known to our readers—we mean Professor Wolff.*

The first point that strikes us on opening this volume is a little discouraging; for, though it professes to give us the literary history of Italy during the first thirty-two years of the current nineteenth century, Maffei omits, or, as he tells us, designedly avoids, saying a word of any author who still breathes the vital air. Now, although such a course must always have been disappointing, there was a time when we could have understood such forbearance; a time when all gentlemen, men of letters included, were somewhat touchily sensitive to the voice of re-

* See For. Quar. Rev. Vol. XV. p. 347.

proof, and when the office of censor might therefore be attended with unpleasant consequences. But this species of delicacy seems now to be so thoroughly *perruque*, or *rococo*,* or whatever be the newest and most approved term for old-fashioned, that we really cannot conceive why authors, who are now, like eels, used to being skinned alive, ay, and dissected alive too, by those professional literary anatomists, the reviewers, should not as fairly be criticised and appreciated in a history of the literature of their country, as in Travels, Pencilings, or Courses of Lectures. The German professor, Dr. Wolff, does actually give us the literature of the present century, whilst Maffei, in this season of ephemeral excitement, when the books, like the scandal or the politics, of the past year are as though they had never been, gives us biography and criticism appertaining in reality rather to the last than to the present generation. Many of the authors and philosophers of whom he speaks were born not much less than a hundred years ago, and flourished at least as much in the eighteenth as in the nineteenth century. Their masterpieces and great discoveries often bear the date of the former, and we should be perplexed to guess why they did not grace the third volume, did it not occur to us that, at the moment of its publication, those authors and philosophers might still, though well-stricken in years, be denizens of this sublunary sphere.

This omission of living literati is, as before said, most disappointing in this our from-day-to-day age; and would have been so even in soberer times. Eagerly we looked for compatriot criticisms upon the works of Botta, Colletta,† Manzoni, Rosini, Grossi, Pellico, Nota, Niccolini, &c., to compare with our own, as also for a little amusing gossip relative to the admired authors—and when it was clear that we looked in vain, we were more than half tempted to fling away the volume in anger. But, if thus less interesting than we had a right to expect, the volume is by no means uninteresting. The list of names, whether belonging to this century or the last, contains, amongst numbers little known out of Italy, many which we have long been accustomed to revere, respecting the bearing of which we must needs be desirous to learn the opinions of the critics of their own country.

This list contains—to follow the order adopted for the nineteenth century by our historians of literature, who varies his order of precedence according as the different centuries were most fruitful in poetry, history, or philosophy—of poets, Monti, Per-

* For these words we must refer our readers to Blackwood and Mrs. Trollope.

† Colletta was dead in 1832, but, his history not being published, he was not yet a known author.

ticari, the two Pindemontes, Foscolo, Torti, Gianni the *Improvvisatore*, Fantoni, Mezzanotte, Mazza, Bondi, Lamberti, Carretti, Lorenzi, Pignotti, Perego; of philologists, Cesari, Straticò, Grassi;* of historians, Cuoco, Lomonaco, Rosmini, Mengotti; of writers upon literature and the arts, Corniano, Signorelli, Bossi, Zanoja; of antiquaries, Visconti, Sestini, Morcelli, Marini, Zannoni, Morelli; of travellers, Belzoni, Brocchi; of theologians, Tamburini; of men of science, lumping, for brevity's sake, all the sciences together, Pini, Volta, Galvani, Scarpa, Spallanzani, Brunacci, Gioja, Cagnoli, Piazzzi, Oriani; and, alone of the artist genus, Canova; with respect to whom, as to insects in amber, although the first line,

"The things themselves are neither rich nor rare,"

be utterly inapplicable, we may well

"Wonder how the d—l he got there,"

inasmuch as the *Cavaliere Abate* professes to write a history of literature, and not of the arts. Finally, the list concludes,—though rather in the way of digression than as forming an integral part of the subject,—with the celebrated Italian women of the nineteenth century. At this we must confess that we, who in our insular ignorance should never have suspected that to speak of Sappho, for instance, was to digress from the history of Hellenic poetry, were not a little surprised; and if the Italian authoresses whom we are about to name are not quite as celebrated as the Lesbian lyricist, have not quite the European reputation of Madame de Stael, Mrs. Somerville, Miss Edgeworth, and some few sister spirits, they are scarcely more obscure than several of their contemporary poets, whom we have encatalogued. The ladies are Teresa Bandettini, Diodata Saluzzo Roero, Silvia Curtoni Verza, Aglaia Anassilida, Costanza Moscheni, Teresa Albarelli Vordoni, Eleonora Foussea Pimentel, Giustina Renier Michiel; but, with respect to them, their historian tells us so little that, except in one instance, of whom more in due season, we really know not whether they are alive or dead; nor, in our ignorance of the motives for excluding the living, can we even guess; though, if dread of incurring a war of tongues or pens be one of those motives, we suspect that female antagonists may not be the least formidable.

The preceding catalogue will have shown that, if we complain justly of the want of much living interest, of the absence of greater

* Straticò and Grassi seem to us somewhat oddly classed with Cesari, although they did edit dictionaries. Their theoretic proficiency in naval and military architecture should rather have placed them among the men of science or the writers upon the arts.

names in literature though not in science, a sufficient number of Italian literati and philosophers obligingly died between the years 1800 and 1833* to give Maffei's fourth volume a value in the eyes of the general reader as well as of the critic. The greater number of those we have named must, however, rest content at our hands with the preceding enumeration. Few things could be more wearisome to reader or writer than the appending to each name the few lines specifying the author's works, the time and place of his birth and death, &c. &c., for which alone we could afford room (of many we find little more in Maffei), and which would, moreover, prevent our speaking more at large of any. We shall, therefore, at once make our congé to the majority, and select for more particular notice a few in whom we take a particular interest, and whom Maffei has likewise honoured with more detailed biography and criticism. The first of these shall be the universally admired poet Vincenzo Monti, of whom Maffei says—

"Vincenzo Monti was born on the 19th of February, 1754, at Alfonsina in the territory of Ravenna; which place his father, Fedele Monti, presently quitted for Fusignano, a wealthy town of Romagna, and the native place of the renowned musician Corelli. At an early age, Vincenzo was sent to the excellent seminary of Faenza, where he made such proficiency in the Latin language, that he, not ingloriously, wrote Latin verses; he even *improvised* with the utmost fervour of poetic inspiration. But his judicious instructor dissuaded him from increasing the number of extemporaneous bards, whose lays resemble the flash that lightens and passes without leaving a permanent trace behind it. 'The first fruits of the well-meditated writing to which young Monti now devoted himself were elegant elegies; these he published, and they were highly prized by the Abate Girolamo Ferri, a distinguished Latinist of the last century.

"Having acquired the elements of learning and poetry, Monti was sent to the University of Ferrara, in which city his family soon after settled. Like Ovid, Petrarch, and Tasso, he was compelled by his father to study the law; and, like them, he threw aside the volumes of Justinian to devour, by night and by day, those of Horace, Virgil, and the most celebrated Italians. Instead of frequenting the tribunals, and managing law-suits, he devoted his whole soul to poetry. * * * *

"His vision of Ezekiel, conceived and written at the early age of sixteen, in praise of a celebrated preacher, proves that from the very beginning of his career he took a lofty flight, disdaining the servile imitation of any model. Cardinal Borghese, Legate of Ferrara, took the young poet, whose rare genius he had discovered, under his protection; and, when his term of government expired, invited his *protégé* to accom-

* So many have since followed to the grave, that we may begin to look forward to a 50th volume of the modern dead.

pany him to Rome. In that metropolis of Christendom, the poet, who was now twenty-four years of age, formed an intimate friendship with the most learned of archæologists, Ennio Quirino Visconti, with whom he studied, and learned to understand the most recondite beauties of the classics.

* * * * *

"By these and other poems he had risen into great fame. * * * The arrival of the illustrious tragic bard of Asti at Rome first led Monti to try the buskin. Alfieri had rected his *Virginia* in the saloon of Maria Pezzelli, in which the flower of the literati then at Rome were wont to assemble. The young poet was so influenced by this recitation, that, upon his return home, recollecting the deed of Aristodemus, which he had lately read in Pausanias, he conceived the design of his first tragedy, which he rapidly completed, and published under the title of *Aristodemo*.

* * * * *

"Another tragedy, Galeotto Manfredi, followed, but proved less successful than the former, which was now upon all lips, and was even the cause that a young lady of great beauty and learning gave the author her hand in marriage. Monti had conceived a great reverence for the Cavaliere Giovanni Pikler, so celebrated for his cameos, who, to the great grief of all good men, and the serious detriment of the arts, had recently died. Knowing that the deceased had left a daughter, the poet, without having even seen her, expressed a desire to obtain her as his wife; and she, equally unacquainted with his personal appearance, accepted his proposals, because he was the author of *Aristodemo*.

"The tragical death of Hugues Basseville, who, being sent to Rome there to propagate the maxims of the French revolution, was cruelly massacred by the infuriated populace, on the 13th of January, 1793, gave Monti occasion to write the poem to which he owes his chief fame. "We shall presently see that the *Bassevilliana* wrought a happy revolution in Italian poetry, revived the study of Dante, and restored to the place of honour a robust and sublime style."

The remainder of Monti's life is not sufficiently creditable to the influence of poetry upon the character to tempt us to give it thus in detail. It will be enough to say that, after having shown himself in the *Bassevilliana* a decided champion of monarchy, and an inveterate enemy to the French revolutionary principles,—Monti, courted and flattered by the revolutionary warriors of France, and by the revolutionary civil functionaries of northern Italy, became the panegyrist, in fact the poet laureat, of all the various forms of republicanism that successively governed the conquered and revolutionized portions of the Ausonian peninsula; and, upon the fall of the last of these, of Napoleon Buonaparte, Emperor of France and King of Italy,—of all his arbitrary measures, unjust wars, and other acts as repugnant at least to freedom as to lawful sovereignty. Monti likewise accepted various more prosaic posts, the chief of which were those of Secretary to the Cisalpine Re-

public, and Historiographer to Napoleon. But he sang the achievements of the First Consul, and of the Emperor and King, in various poems, instead of recording them in prose. His poetical rivals, who could not emulate his genius, bitterly vituperated our tuncful—must we say?—rat. They habitually termed him a canieleon and a Proteus, imputing his political versatility either to the basest motives or to the most vindictive spirit. Maffei ascribes it, and we really believe justly, to the impressionable susceptibility and ill-regulated judgment natural to the poetic temperament. At all events, it is some comfort to know that Monti became more steady as he advanced in age, and did not perform a third political somerset, in order to turn back from the fallen object of his admiration to his original profession of faith, legitimacy, but, after Napoleon's overthrow, forsaking political subjects, occupied himself chiefly with his admirable translation of the *Iliad*, which Maffei considers as the work that is to immortalize him. Assuredly to translate Homer well can never be small praise; but we—who may perhaps be somewhat fastidiously fanciful upon such matters—must say, that we can never esteem the mere clothing in appropriate poetic phrase the thoughts, feelings, and imagery, of another as a real test of genius,—essentially creative genius. We shall therefore omit our historian's encomiums upon the Italian *Iliad*, and turn to his criticism on *La Bassevilliana*, of which we are told that eighteen editions were sold in six months. But we must first state that Monti died on the 13th October, 1828, after upwards of two years suffering, from the effects of apoplexy.

"On occasion of the tragical death of Hugues Basseville, originating in the French revolution, the imagination of Monti passed the Alps, and, entering Paris, there beheld antipathies, factions, blood, and horrors, of all kinds. He perceived that these were vicissitudes, 'of poem and of history most worthy'; that they offered materials for the sublimest conceptions, in which the mightiest passions should play their stately part. But serious difficulties embarrassed the choice of the form and manner in which to describe such tremendous events.

"Dante, the unhappy victim of the factions and partizanship which in his days filled Italy with wounds and blood, desired at once to devote these horrors to the execration of posterity, and to take a dignified revenge upon the malignant men who had banished him, and forced him to tread the terrible path of climbing and descending strangers' stairs. He therefore forged a journey through the three regions of the dead; placed his recently deceased adversaries in Hell, men in Purgatory such as had expiated their offences, and raised his friends and protectors to Paradise, where he prepared a throne for the Emperor Henry VII.

"Monti, designing, like his master, to paint bloody scenes, faction's inveterate hatred, unreserved executions, feigned that the soul useville, having in the last moments of his existence atoned for his crimes by penitence, is condemned to witness the crimes and sufferings

of France, as a substitute for purgatory. The angel who has redeemed him from the Powers of Evil acts as his guide, and they reach Paris at the moment of the execution of the unfortunate Louis XVI.

"The poet ever adds some creations of his fancy to the reality of facts. For instance, he places on the gates of Paris the monsters which Virgil describes on those of Avernus;—he calls upon the scaffold prepared for Louis four notorious regicides;—he brings together the shades of the King and of Basseville, putting the most pathetic expressions into their mouths;—he introduces the most renowned philosophers, who propagated impiety, hurrying to glut themselves with the blood of the decapitated monarch. * * * * The style of the *Bassevilliana* is always nervous, lofty, harmonious, and well sustained."

In this opinion of the close imitation of Dante by Monti, Wolff goes even beyond Maffei, for he says—

"It is throughout an imitation of *La Divina Commedia*. * * * The soul of Basseville traverses the earth in the company of an angel. The two travellers behave exactly like the ever calm and encouraging Virgil, and the ever alarmed and shrinking Dante. That Monti has misrepresented the character of Basseville, making him a mere creature of his fancy, is evident; but this was unavoidable, since Monti wrote for a purpose that was directly opposed to the opinions and conduct of the French envoy. The poem contains great and peculiar beauties; every line manifestly flows from a truly poetic genius. The diction is fascinating, the imagery grand and striking; and the whole irresistibly hurries the reader along by its sublimity and the glow of its colouring. To my mind, one of the finest passages is the arrival of the ghost at Paris, at the moment of the unfortunate king's execution."

This passage we shall give, second however to the opening stanzas;—and before doing so we must remark, that we think it should rather be said that the *Divina Commedia* suggested Monti's plan, than that the latter is a close imitation of the former. A ghost led by an angel to behold actual crimes and sufferings is surely different from a living man led by one ghost to hear other ghosts narrate past crimes. We must likewise add another remark prefatory to our extract, in justice to the poet and to ourselves. His metre, the *Terza rima*, or stanzas of three lines with triple interlinked rhymes, a peculiarly Italian measure, is perhaps as peculiarly repugnant to the genius of our language and poetry. We have ever found it the most unmanageable of the various modern measures which, in reviewing foreign poetry, it has been our lot to translate;—yet, from the sense almost invariably closing with the stanza (the rule), it is as ill adapted to be rendered into couplets. Blank verse would be the only resource; but blank verse is so unfair a representation of a form of poetry in which

* We have, however, since writing this article, seen that Italians are of a different opinion, as, in an Italian translation of parts of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," each octo-syllable couplet of the introduction almost invariably affords matter sufficient for the three-lined stanza of the *Terza rima*.

the skilful management of the stanza and rhyme is an essential beauty, that we prefer, in this case as in most others, imitating as we best can the metre of the original.

“ Hell had been vanquished in the battle fought ; ”
 The spirit of th’abyss in sullen mood
 Withdrew, his frightful talons clutching nought.
 He roared like lion famishing for food ;
 Th’Eternal he blasphemed, and as he fled
 Loud hissed around his brow the snake brood.
 Then timidly each opening pinion spread
 The soul of Basseville, on new life to look,
 Released from members with his heart’s blood red.
 Then on the mortal prison, just forsook,
 The soul turned sudden back to gaze awhile,
 And, still mistrustful, still in terror shook.
 But the bless’d angel, with a heav’nly smile,
 Cheering the soul it had been his to win
 In dreadful battle waged ’gainst demon vile,
 Said, ‘ Welcome happy spirit to thy kin.
 Welcome unto that comp’ny, fair and brave,
 To whom in Heav’n remitted is each sin.
 Fear not ; thou art not doomed to slip the wave
 Of black Avernus, which who tastes, resigned
 All hope of change, becomes the demon’s slave.
 But Heav’n’s high justice, nor in mercy blind,
 Nor in severity scrupulous to gauge
 Each blot, each wrinkle, of the human mind,
 Has written on the adamantine page
 That thou no joys of Paradise mayst know
 Till punished be of France the guilty rage.
 Meanwhile the wounds, th’immensity of woe,
 That thou hast helped to work, thou, penitent,
 Contemplating with tears, o’er earth must go :
 Thy sentence that thine eyes be ceaseless bent
 Upon flagitious France, of whose offence
 The stench pollutes the very firmament.”

We proceed to the arrival in Paris, which we take to be the acme of the poor ghost’s purgatorial punishment.

“ Wond’ring the spirit sees that from the eyes
 Of his angelic leader tears have gushed,
 Whilst o’er the city streets dread silence lies.
 Hushed is the sacred chime of bells, and hushed
 The works of day, hushed every various sound
 Of creaking saw, of metal hammer-crushed.
 There fears and whisperings alone are found,
 Questionings, looks mistrustful, discontent,
 Dark melancholy that the heart must wound,

Deep accents of affections strangely blent ;
 Accents of mothers, who, foreboding ill,
 Clasp to their bosoms each loved innocent ;
 Accents of wives, who, ev'n on the door's sill
 Strive their impetuous husbands to detain ;
 With tears and fond entreaties urging still.
 But nuptial love and tenderness in vain
 May strive, too strong the powers of Hell, I ween ;
 They free the consort whom fond arms enchain.

For now, in dance ferocious and obscene,
 Are flitting busily from door to door,
 A phantom band of heart-appalling mien,
 Phantoms of ancient Druids, steeped in gore,
 Are these, who still nefariously atheist
 For blood of wretched victims, as of yore,

To Paris throng to revel on the worst
 Of all the crimes, whose magnitude has fed
 The pride of their posterity accurst.

With human life their garments are dyed red,
 And, blood and rottenness from every hair
 Dripping, a loathsome shower around them shed,

Some firebrands, others scourges, toss i' the air,
 Twisted of every kind of coiling snake ;
 Some sacrificial knives, some poison bear.

Firebrands and serpents they o'er mortals shake,
 And, as the blow alights on brow, neck, side,
 Boils in each vein the blood, fierce passions wake.

Then from their houses like a billowy tide
 Men rush enfrenzied, and, from every breast
 Banished, shrinks Pity weeping, terrified.

Now the earth quivers, trampled and oppressed
 By wheels, by feet of horses and of men ;
 The air in hollow moans speaks its unrest ;

Like distant thunder's roar, scarce within ken,
 Like the hoarse murmurs of the midnight surge,
 Like north wind rushing from its far-off den,

Through the dark crowds that round the scaffold floc
 The monarch sees with look and gaze appear
 That might to soft compassion melt a rock ;

Melt rocks, from hardest flint draw pity's tear,
 But not from Gallic tigers : to what fate,
 Monsters, have ye brought him who loved you dear !"

This may suffice as a specimen of the poem that is generally regarded as Monti's master-piece. Of his other works we shall say but little. In Italy his dramas enjoy a splendid reputation, but the much admired *Aristodemo* is to us actually revolting from the nature of the subject, (for which we refer the reader to *Paum-*

nias,) or rather from the manner in which our poet has treated it, dwelling upon, and appearing to revel in, its most disgusting features. In Galeotto Manfredi we must say that Matilda's virago-jealousy and Manfredi's vacillating weakness are, to our mind, more comic than tragic;—in their character we mean—certainly not in the very murderous catastrophe that they produce. *Caio Graccho* pleases us the best, but even this delights not us; we therefore prefer taking our dramatic extract from another poet, of whom we shall now speak.

Ippolito Pindemonte is, we believe, far less popular than Monti on the continent, meaning the transalpine portion of the continent;—Wolff hardly names him—but to our individual taste he is far more poetical; and he has made, we think, a happy attempt (happier than Manzoni's) to adapt the ancient chorus to modern tragedy. Moreover, we have the satisfaction of finding that Italian critics do not very much differ from ourselves in their estimation of this author, of whom Maffei says—

"If Italy has offered our age a new Dante in Monti, she may boast a new Petrarch in the Cavaliere Ippolito Pindemonte, such is the sweetness, such the pensive harmony, that reign in his verses. . . . He and Monti are a glorious pair—two illustrious poets, who cannot be severed in a history of our literature. . . .

"Ippolito Pindemonte, a scion of a noble and wealthy Veronese family, was born in Verona, November 13, 1753. He acquired the elements of learning at the College of the Nobles, at Modena, where his Latin and Italian verses, and his skill in the arts termed knightly (*cavalleresche*), procured for his picture the inscription, 'Excellent in letters and in arms.' Such pompous eulogies only spurred him to merit them. Girolamo Pompei taught him Greek, in his study of which he often forgot the ladies who were waiting for him at the theatre or the dance. . . .

"In his twenty-fourth year he made a pilgrimage through Italy, and crossed the Straits to visit Sicily; whence, passing to Malta, he, as a Knight of St. John of Jerusalem, went on board the galleys of the Order, to serve his noviciate. But he did not, therefore, neglect his favourite studies. . . . Returning to Verona, he greatly delighted in a country life. . . . From 1788 to 1790 he travelled through Switzerland, Germany, France, Holland and England, where he knew, and associated with, the most renowned personages, and where he composed many of his poems. . . .

"In the year 1798 he retired to the territories of Venice, hoping thus to avoid the revolutionary hurricane, which, however, drew that sinking and decrepid republic into its vortex. Our poet then resolved to establish himself at Verona, deeming it a citizen's duty not to abandon his country amidst her throes and perils. During these arduous times he wrote or planned most of his works. . . . His translation of the *Odyssey* occupied thirteen years, and was only completed in 1822.

His excellent translation is, we suspect, one main reason of

Pindemonte's being thus coupled with Monti by our historian of literature.

"Meanwhile Pindemonte saw death raging around him, robbing him of his dearest and most distinguished friends. Their loss deeply grieved him. He said, 'I ought to be satisfied with my lot; I have possessed a competency, passed a brilliant youth, travelled with great pleasure, and experienced no great calamities. One only misfortune has afflicted and continues to afflict me—that I have seen well nigh all my friends drop off one by one, and most of them in the prime of life.' Finally the deaths of Cesari and Monti plunged him into the deepest melancholy. As though his last hour had struck, he prepared for his great journey; and a cold having fallen upon his chest, he, in the night of the 17th of November, 1828, with sentiments of the most fervent piety, resigned his soul to God. All Verona attended his obsequies, and all Italy deeply mourned his loss. . . .

"On opening a volume of Pindemonte, we immediately discover that soft, pathetic, insinuating character which gives a peculiar colouring to his verses. . . . He was above all grieved at seeing the monuments of the arts carried beyond the Alps. Hence the following lines :—

"And you, whose pencils worthy were of Greece,
Titian, Correggio, Paolo, Raffael,
With art laborious as delicate,
Upon the living canvas light and shade
Blended ye but that strangers' walls might boast
The fruits of your high genius?"

But it is from his tragedy of *Arminio* that we propose to take our specimen of Pindemonte's genius. Of this piece Maffei says :

"Not content with the laurels he had gathered in lyric and didactic poetry, Ippolito Pindemonte resolved to attempt the buskin, and published the *Arminio*, which Cesarotti ranks amongst the finest Italian dramas. In it we indeed admire characters well conceived and well supported, a natural and vivid dialogue, choruses dictated by a fertile fantasy and a correct style. But a want of tragic enthusiasm prevented Ippolito's rising into celebrity as a tragedian."

To this criticism we need only add that the subject of the tragedy is the death of the great Cheruscan chief Arminius, (*Germanicus*, Hermann,) renowned for his victory over Varus, who fell in an attempt to make himself king, as mentioned by Tacitus; and that a chorus of bards, naturally finding its place, takes some part in the action. The catastrophe, as in most Italian tragedies, is thrown into narrative; and perhaps the most dramatic scene is one in which Balldur, the son of Arminius, and a somewhat rude lover of old German liberty, after vainly endeavouring to dissuade his father from his ambitious purpose, kills himself in his presence to avoid seeing that father a king. But this scene is too long to extract, and abridging were destroying its effect; we will, therefore, rather take part of an argumentative dialogue, which we think powerful and eloquent, between Arminius and his daughter's

betrothed lover, Thelgastes, who may be described as an older, more cultivated, and more enlightened, as well as more polished, Balldur. Thelgastes, who is recently returned from an embassy to Rome, thus addresses his intended father-in-law.

"With grief and wonder do I hear it murmured,
That, for thy native land, whose liberty
Was erst thy glory, thou art weaving chains—
Ay, that the ever-hated name of king
To thee than other names now sweeter sounds.

Arminius. I fought with Varus,—
And so I fought that since, in haughty Rome,
Ev'n lisping infants of Arminius speak.
New leaders crossed the Rhine. Whether I lay
Inactive in the shade is known to all,
And known that, when Segestes moved his Catti
To join the Romans, I—albeit in vain—
My young wife sent to change her sire's resolve;
And turned mine arms, that day, alas! unblest,
Against that sire, though in his hands remained
Thusneldis, who in chains was sent to Rome,
To my how frenzied grief thou know'st. Thence judge
Whether of mine affections, fervid all,
My country's love be least. The gods more favoured
My wars against the powerful Maroboduus,
Who fled for shelter to the Marcomans.
Why did I, like a sudden tempest, burst
Upon his head? No king the Suevi brooked.
But for a king if the Cheruskans feel
Eager desire, and it be freedom's right
At pleasure to appoint a single chief,
Shall I oppose their wishes? Is their choice
In me a crime? *

Thelgastes. The nation is not then by thee seduced?
Granted. But if the nation rush tow'rd's ruin
In madness, call you him his country's friend
Its course who stays not? Dazzled by thy light,
More baneful as more splendid, to thy hands
Its all the nation trusts. Unchangeably
Wilt thou remain the same? I know Arminius
The leader, but Arminius sovereign,
Arminius free to act his will, I know not.

Behold'st thou here those idle arts, the pride,
The boast of Italy? Those studies deep
That enervate the spirit, or those scrolls,
Learnedly written, that teach men to fear?
Let Italy declaim on virtue's laws;
To practice them is ours. Our arts, our sports,
Are still the bow, the race, to overleap

The highest fence, to swim the angriest stream,
And in the arduous chace weary the woods,
Rome moulds her own divinities, which, sculptured
In gold or marble, she no longer dreads.
That chisel, which, profanely diligent,
In stone embodies Deity, we know not.
We think not in a fragile temple's walls
The heav'nly powers t' enclose. But who so cold
That, midst the forest's venerable horrors,
Or o'er the torrent's depths, feels not the God!
Observe our dwellings, separate, dispersed,
Lowly, unpolished, unadorned by aught
Save innocence. But what! The empty name
Of Germans will alone henceforth be ours.
Where thrones arise, life cannot long remain
Simple, austere, easily satisfied.
Then palaces and squares we shall possess,
And cities boast, although no citizens.
In quarried stones, unconsciously combined,
That proud and honored name does not reside.
It is the union of according wills,
And laws, whose justice curbs man's wilfulness,
That form the genuine city.

Armin. Of thine experience I would ask, if useful
Of thousand lawgivers the slow assembling
Thou judge, when rapidly should peace or war
Be in just balance weighed? And I would ask,
Can warlike science thrive, where each armed man
On all decides?

Thel. We've one sufficient science.

Armin. What is it?

Thel. To dare all, and nothing fear.

Armin. I touch not that.

Thel. He wounds it mortally
Who robs the warrior of the freeman's rights.

Armin. Must we then meet as enemies? Velanthis*—
Is she a bond of insufficient force
Our union to preserve?

Thel. Barbarian, cease!
With deadly wounds thine accents pierce my heart.
To my fond suit, when thou didst promise her,
Thou wast Arminius still. Wherefore not then
Confess that to thy soul a fame so pure,
So real, grew distasteful?
Too terrible the battle we must fight,
Thou with Velanthis armed, with virtue I.

* The name of Arminius's daughter, the promised bride of Thelgastes.

Oh yet respect thyself! The radiant light
Investing thee quench not with thine own hand."

To this we must add, as a specimen of Pindemonte's lyric powers, a chorus; and, though some readers may think that the subject of the modern Petrarch ought to be love, we shall select one that appears to us peculiarly and happily characteristic, in which the elder bards lament their inability to take part in the battle that decides Arminius's fate.

CHORUS.

In us the martial flame is fading;
Feeble our arms, our steps are slow;
Midst blood and death, our brethren aiding,
No longer is it ours to go.

FIRST BARD.

Alas! how swift has flown
That brightly happy age,
When with my voice alone
I woke the battle's rage!
I, who reclined in shady mead,
Can now but sing the hero's deed.
Then did this good right hand
Oft lay the harp aside,
To grasp the deadly brand;
This hand, which can but glide
Now languidly, with failing skill,
O'er chords scarce answering to my will.
Like the swelling wrath of a mountain river
That bounds, in the pride of its conscious power,
So fiercely from height to height
That to dust the thundering waters shiver,
Then aloft rebound, in a silvery shower,
Was my rushing in youth to the fight.
But now, little heeding
Mine earlier force,
My foot is receding,
And years in their course
Scatter snows o'er my head.
Though now broadly sweeping,
The Rhine thus shall wane,
And through swamps feebly creeping,
Scarce ling'ringly gain
Of old Ocean the bed.

SECOND BARD.

Life's latter days are desolate and drear;
Man, wretched man, in early youth must die,

Or see the tomb enclose all he holds dear.

This world is but a vale of misery,
Where the poor wanderer scarcely hopes to gain
One smile, for many tears of agony.

• He sees death all around extend his reign;
Here droops a brother, sickening day by day;
There fades a consort, there a child lies slain.

A grave at every step yawns in my way,
And mine incautious foot tramples on bones
Of friends and kindred, hastening to decay.

And kinsmen turn to foes! Oh hearts, than stones
More hard! throw, throw those murd'rous spears aside,
Whose slightest blows call forth your country's groans!

But, if this brother's battle must be tried,
May freedom's cause with victory be crowned!
Or underground these hoary locks abide,

Ere I in fetters see my country bound!

THIRD BARD.

What deeds of high emprise

Did my youth's comrades share!

Feats of such lofty guise,

In later days are rare.

Ah those were gallant battles! Those

Were fierce encounters, deadly blows!

Strong arms and hearts of flame,

These rival chiefs display;

But the Cheruscan name

Declines from day to day;

And vainly should we hope to view,

The son his father's fame renew.

But ev'n the bravest man,

Though high midst heroes placed,

Would scarce outlast his span

Of life, by bard ungraced;

Nor would the stranger's earnest eye

Ask where the honoured ashes lie.

The dazzling sun at eve,

When sinking in the sea,

No lasting track can leave

Of radiance on the lea;

Such were the proudest hero's fate,

Prolonged not verse his glory's date.

CHORUS.

us the martial flame is fading;

Feeble our arms, our steps are slow;

First blood and death our brethren aiding,

No longer is it ours to go."

Ugo Foscolo, of course, holds a high rank in the esteem of the

Italian as also of the German critic; and gladly should we extract their eulogies of an author whom we personally knew, and whose merits we always fully appreciated, even whilst the strange anomaly of his wild appearance, and yet wilder impetuosity of manner, in the aristocratically calm atmosphere of a London drawing-room, and of a drawing-room variegated and enlivened by the brilliancy of many a star, literary or artistic, called to our lips a smile that no sense of decorum could repress. But poor Foscolo's literary merits and faults, as well as his history, have already been so amply discussed in our pages,* that, although we are not to be restrained by every slight notice of an author that may have previously appeared therein, we can only recur to him *en passant*. Leaving this remarkable man, therefore, we shall now, ere we quit the field of poetry, exhibit our individual superiority over the Italian critics, in a quality in which it is the continental fashion to hold all Britons deficient, viz. gallantry, by immediately paying our respects to the ladies whom Maffei relegates to a page or two of his penultimate chapter. Here again, however, and for the reasons already alleged, we can extract only what he says of the most remarkable.

"Diodata Saluzzo Roero, in a poem entitled *Ippazia*, sang the extraordinary woman bearing that name, (*Anglicè* Hypatia,) who cultivated philosophy and mathematics at Alexandria, and died a Christian martyr. In her poem Signora Saluzzo developed all the doctrines that were in those days known and taught, expounding the dogmas of the Magi, the Platonists, the Stoics, the Eleatics, the Epicureans, the Pyrrhonists, the Eclectics; the secret opinions of the Egyptian priests, with the ceremonies of Isis; and finally celebrating the dogmas and precepts of Christianity, whilst passing sentence upon the various heresies that had then arisen."

Need we add a word of this lady's more ordinary productions, i. e. novels, or rather tales, the proper English for the Italian *novelli*?

Eleonora Fonseca Pimentel, during the ephemeral existence of the Parthenopean republic, adopted the profession, unusual to her sex, of a newspaper writer; and upon the fall of the republic, we are told—

"This lady, graced with every species of learning, and yet more with virtue, praised and even beloved by Metastasio, was sentenced, as the writer of the *Monitore Napoletano*, to lose her life on the gallows erected on the *Piazza di Mercato*, (*Anglicè* the market-place.) When summoned to execution, she asked for her coffee, which she drank, and then walked forth with the mien of one superior to misfortune. Upon reaching the fatal spot, she began speaking to the people; but the executioners, fearing that a disturbance might be thus excited, with their cords put an end at once to her eloquent discourse and her life."

* See *Foreign Quarterly Review*, vol. v. p. 335, and vol. ix. p. 312.

Again we are inclined to give a specimen not taken from Maffei. We happen to have met with the works of Teresa Albarelli Vordoni, of whom our author says—

“ Her *Sermoni* (satires) in blank verse, her *Capitoli* (epistles) in *terza rima*, and her Sonnets, have received the hearty praises of journalists and critics, and gained her a distinguished place amongst the most celebrated Italian poetesses.”

Now, as we think satire almost as unusual a female pursuit as newspaper writing, our specimen shall exhibit the playful feminine manner in which this lady wields the unfeminine lash. She begins her satires as follows:—

“ Behold December come, bringing short days,
And evenings never-ending, dedicate
To sweet voluptuous delights,—on yawns.
* * * *

Alone, beside the blazing hearth, I sit,
Mine elbow on my knee, upon one hand
My chin supported, in a gentle doze,
Whilst ever and anon with t’other hand
I grasp the tongs or shovel, and the fire
Alternately heap up, arrange, or stir;—
Truly a jocund life.”

Our fair satirist then tells us that her husband, as a remedy for this listless condition, suggested that she should write; that she caught at the idea, but hesitated what style to attempt, when he, after some discussion, proposed satire.

“ Ay, but as Gozzi could, dare I assail
The thousand poets of our tuneful days?
May I proclaim how those, in poetry
Who know but sound and metre, yet aspire
To the Castalian fount, sprinkling themselves,
From *Della Cruscan* bolter, with cant words
Of Tuscan obsolete, or toss and churn
Their half-filled heads? ‘And who art thou?’ they’ll ask;
‘What wondrous proof of wisdom hast thou giv’n,
That thou as our preceptress shouldst stand forth,
Thus sputtering sentences?’ A different theme,
The battling of the learned, let me choose.
Haste we on these new gladiators’ stage
To view the bloody fight, unwearied,
That entertains the literary mob,
Serving no further. But should I aver
That Criticism, high Genius’ mother, once
Had docile sons, who thankfully obeyed
Her precepts, knowing such the surest means
To prosper in the service of the muse;
But that her living sons, now of ripe age,

Burst the maternal bondage, frowning fierce
 On whoso dares reprove;—or durst I add
 That slighted mother, Wisdom's consort erst,
 Now a divorced and lawless wanton, yields
 To each licentious paramour's embrace,
 Whence now her speech no taste of reason knows;
 That for her sons, unnat'rally, she spreads
 A board with poison fraught, by Envy's hand—
 Envy, who, e'en beyond the sepulchre,
 Pursues whoever is renowned as great;—
 Will't not be said, 'A woman's pertness see,
 She scarce has skimmed two volumes, yet presumes
 To censure censors! Wretched smatterer!
 Better of caps and ribbons mightst thou judge.'

In case our readers should concur in this opinion, we will add an extract from her *Sermone* of *La villeggiatura*, first explaining that *la villeggiatura* is the proper term for the annual very brief visit to the country, which every Italian inhabitant of a town, who has any pretension to be esteemed fashionable, must perforce pay:—

"They who but in imagination own
 Palace or country-seat, at others' cost
 Must ruralize, I share the general rage
 For *la villeggiatura*. Where to go?"

A fashionable watering-place, with medical hot baths, being fixed upon, our poetess thus proceeds:—

"Let's go. Job-man, thou shalt have double fare,
 But be the coach commodious. This gay month
 Of summer, sacred to delight, disdains
 To harbour thoughts of base economy.
 With caskets, trunks, and band-boxes, the coach
 Is loaded, placed the servant and the dog,
 The husband too. Th' impatient job-man stamps.
 I'm ready. We are off! The city streets
 Slowly we roll along: delicate nerves
 May not endure their bustle. As we go,
 Glances o'er every passenger mine eye,
 Seeking, distinguishing, 'mongst vulgar crowds,
 Some one of better sort, who may report
 That I, no whit inferior to the rest
 Of Fashion's world—I, fitted to excite
 Envy in others—go amongst the sick
 In search of joy. Thus meditating, I
 From town depart; and, when of whips and wheels
 I hear the rattle, to the window spring,
 On my superiors' pomp admiring gaze,
 Or, with complacent pity, on the poor."

We now turn back to the prose writers, philosophers, &c.

whom Maffei places next to the poets. Of these likewise the number, we scarcely need remind the reader, is so large, that we must again content ourselves with selecting a couple from the mass. Our own individual taste would naturally lead us to seek one of these in the class of historians, and the other in that of speculators in political or legislative theories. But we find no historian of sufficient celebrity to warrant the selection; and indeed we must observe, that Vincenzo Cuoco, the best of those here named, although his *Saggio Storico sulla Rivoluzione di Napoli* (Historical Essay upon the Neapolitan Revolution) be highly praised by Maffei, who even gives an abstract of it, is, nevertheless, at least as much valued for his *Platone in Italia* (Plato in Italy), a philosophico-historical romance, as for his history of the rise and fall of the short-lived Parthenopean republic. And here we must pause to observe, that this Plato in Italy, although very much modelled upon the Abbé Barthelemy's *Voyage du Jeune Anacharsis* (Travels of the younger Anacharsis), is here spoken of as an historic novel, analogous to those of Sir Walter Scott and his school; whereupon Maffei introduces the following remarks:—

“ Having to speak of the *Platone in Italia*, an historico-philosophical romance, we must needs say something of this species of composition, which has risen to such fame, and gained Walter Scott and Manzoni such celebrity. * * * * We think the historic novel an admirable device for making known the life and writings of any remarkable personage, or any obscure period of history. The author of *I Viaggi di Petrarca* (Petrarch's Travels), by putting this illustrious Italian in motion, depicting him in the most brilliant epochs of his life, elucidating the history of the times in which he lived, and introducing him in the act of writing those very epistles that, under the title of *Familiar*, of *Senile*, and of *without title*, have so long lain dusty and neglected in the ponderous volumes of the Basle edition, has, in our opinion, rendered a signal service to literature. There is but one fault in the book that we could wish to see corrected—it is the making Petrarch speak, when the words ascribed to him are not upon record as having actually been spoken by him.

“ Any supposed danger of mingling truth and fiction may be avoided by accuracy in quotation. It is thus that Manzoni gives notice when he speaks as a novelist, and when as an historian. * * * We confess it is by consulting the books to which this writer refers that we have become thoroughly acquainted with an historical epoch previously unknown to us.”

On these very curious opinions we shall only observe, that we cannot allow Plato in Italy, or Petrarch's Travels, any more than the Travels of Anacharsis, to rank as historic novels; although we have no other title ready concocted for fictions designed merely as vehicles for the exposition of philosophical systems and

political phenomena; a species of fiction which we dislike as much as we delight in the true *Waverley* and *Ivanhoe* genus; perhaps from a suspicion that it is treating us like children, sweetening the edge of the cup by a title-page announcing a novel, to cheat us into swallowing the black dose of abstract reasoning; when perhaps, for the express purpose of refreshing ourselves after such laborious abstract reasoning, we had, as we thought, opened a work of imagination.

But to return to the business of selection, from which Signor Maffei's views of the historic novel have diverted us. With respect to the political-philosophy class—of Gioja, whom we would fain have made our second choice, on account of the originality at least of some of his legislative ideas upon the subject of rewards and punishments, our author actually tells us nothing beyond the titles of his principal works, thus altogether foiling our idiosyncratic inclinations. Under these circumstances, we have no resource but to submit, and write of the men amongst those upon whom Maffei has bestowed more notice, who have most distinguished themselves, although in matters less congenial with our own peculiar tastes; and the names we select shall be those of Visconti the antiquary, and of him who has conferred upon physical science an instrument, the immense power of which, however highly valued, is still, we suspect, very imperfectly appreciated—still, in fact, incalculable; need we add, of Volta?

We begin, following Maffei's order, with the antiquary, who seems to have been one of the rare instances of an infant prodigy who lived to verify, in riper years, the promise of his childhood.

"Amongst the erudite of our age, pre-eminent, giant-like, stands Ennio Quirino Visconti, prince of modern archaeologists, a very prodigy of learning, and of critical acumen in judging the monuments of antiquity, in distinguishing the genuine from the spurious; who raised the dignity of antiquarian science by combining it with the study of the arts and of the ancient classics. He was born in Rome, on the 30th of October, 1751, the son of Giambattista Visconti, *Prefetto* (we confess our ignorance whether we should translate this old Latin official title, Prefect, President, or Guardian) of Roman Antiquities. So early did Ennio discover the singular perspicacity of his intellect, that, at the age of a year and a half, he was perfectly acquainted with the alphabet; and, being unable as yet to articulate the liquids and consonants, would point them out with his tiny finger in any book shown to him. At two years of age he distinguished on medals the effigies of all the emperors from Julius Cæsar to Gallienus. At three years and a half he read both Latin and Greek; at ten he displayed, in a public examination, a thorough knowledge of geography, history, chronology, numismatics, and geometry; and at twelve, in a more formal and solemn examination, he solved the most abstruse problems in trigonometry, analysis, and the differential calculus."

At thirteen, this modern admirable Crichton translated the *Hecuba* of Euripides, and the *Odes* of Pindar; to which last he appended a critical essay upon the great Greek lyricist, the mode in which he should be translated, the modern metre best adapted thereto, &c. &c. But the discovery of Pompeii, then yet recent, which revived the declining interest in Herculaneum—together with the concomitant or consequent excavations and explorations for antiquities in and about Rome—probably decided the pursuit to which his after-life was dedicated. In 1782, Ennio rather undertook for his father, than assisted him in, the letter-press destined to accompany and elucidate the engravings of the splendid Museo Pio-Clementino; and, upon that father's death in 1784, the superintendence of, and responsibility for, the entire work devolved upon the son. This occupation did not, however, by any means absorb the whole of Visconti's time or attention; every antique discovered, every museum collected by native or foreigner—statues, medals, tombs, inscriptions included—becoming in turn the objects of his powers of investigation, explanation, appreciation, and description. To enumerate all these various antiquarian labours, as we find them in Maffei, would be too long for our space; it could, moreover, be interesting only to professed antiquaries, and they, of course, are well acquainted with the feats of this their distinguished colleague. But we must not omit what may show the peculiar character of Visconti's archæology; *i. e.* that from some of these remains, to others unintelligible, he derived the matter for a critical and historical essay upon pyromancy, or prediction by fire. In fact, Visconti gave to pursuits, usually deemed frivolous, a tone of dignity, and raised them to a station which they have been little accustomed to enjoy, save in those unenlightened times when all knowledge is esteemed marvellous. He himself has said:

“The science of the antiquary is not one of conjecture, but the fruit of a judicious study of the classics—of a diligent combination and comparison of monuments—of a cultivated and unquestionable taste in the fine arts—of a profound knowledge of the usages, laws, religion, and disposition of the ancients; a knowledge seldom unaccompanied by philosophy.”

Upon which Maffei observes:—

“All these various gifts were united in Visconti, who has treated every different branch of archæologic science; whilst Buonarroti, Maffei, Winckelmann, and others were mostly contented with cultivating a single branch. He knew the Greek and Latin classics by heart; the lucidity of his intellect equalled the immensity of his erudition; his critical skill severed not merely the false from the true, but the true from the probable: exercising a just and convincing logic, he would, from two acknowledged truths, educe a third with wonderful ease and certainty.

His demonstrations were brief, although he pretermitted neither text nor monument that might clear up his thesis; whence to him was applied what Montesquieu said of Tacitus, 'He abridges all because he sees all.'

Visconti's reputation soon became European; and scarcely was any antique anywhere discovered, that was not immediately subjected to his critical inspection.

"The political storm growled around Visconti amidst his pacific studies. In 1797, General Berthier, at the head of a French army, entered Rome, established there a temporary republican form of government, and at first appointed our archæologist minister for the Home Department, then, one of the five who composed the executive. Amidst the rage of war and the rapine of the soldiery, he displayed upon various occasions a resolute firmness not to have been anticipated from the placid man of letters. To an ambitious man, rapacious of wealth and honours, he said boldly, 'Look at the Tarpeian rock;' and the zeal with which he repressed the turbulent and the factious provoked the *Monitore Italiano*, a Milanese newspaper, to call him a *Moderate*; as though the practice of a virtue could be matter of reproach. At length he was obliged to resign his office, because, the French commissioners having presented to him the plan of a decree dishonourable to Rome, he indignantly bade them seek elsewhere for destroyers of his country."

Visconti's firmness does not seem to have injured him in the opinion of the French masters of Italy, for we find that,

"In December, 1799, he was named by the French government one of the managers, with the title of superintendent, of the museum then forming in the Louvre. He was afterwards appointed professor of archæology, conservator of antiquities, and a member of the Institute. All France rejoiced; and Millin and David said, 'Ennio Quirino is the finest conquest of the French in Italy.' * * *

"Having thus obtained the ease and tranquillity essential to give the scholar leisure to pursue his studies, he continued to publish immortal writings. * * * From a careful examination of the famous Dendera Zodiac, he proved that, so far from dating, as had been commonly supposed, *one hundred and thirty centuries* before the Christian era, (thus invalidating the chronology of the Bible,) it must have been executed between A. D. 12 and A. D. 132. * * * Visconti's opinion is now generally adopted by the learned."

Again, we omit the catalogue of Visconti's labours and writings, and pass to what Maffei calls "the greatest triumph, the most glorious moment of Visconti's life; his summons by the English parliament to pass judgment upon the Parthenon marbles."

We need hardly state that the antiquary was flattered by the value for his judgment thus evinced, or that he was delighted by the sight of these wonders of ancient art, of which he has said,

"The connoisseur who visits these sculptured marbles is certain that he looks upon many of those precious works which, conceived and directed by Phidias, and in part executed by his chisel, constituted during upwards of seven centuries the wonder of the ancient world, and in Plutarch's time were held inimitable for grace and beauty."*

In Paris he continued to prosecute his antiquarian studies, and to write and publish their result, until the year 1818, when

"On the 7th of February, after long and severe sufferings, under which he was supported by his beloved wife, his two sons, imitators of their father's virtues, and many faithful friends, Visconti expired."

We now come to Volta, with whom we shall conclude. He is one of the illustrious individuals already mentioned as belonging more to the eighteenth than to the nineteenth century, and therefore misplaced in a volume of literary history, professing to treat only of those who have graced the first thirty-two years of the latter. But, as we do find him in the volume now under review, the profound respect we have long entertained for this great benefactor of science compels us to extract and abstract the information herein afforded respecting him, whether misplaced or not.

"Alessandro Volta was born at Como in the year 1745, of an illustrious family, highly distinguished amongst the Como patricians. From his earliest years he discovered an eager inclination for physical and chymical science, the principal phenomena of which, together with the discoveries in electricity, then in progress, he developed in a Latin poem, that still remains unpublished. But it was to the latter subject that he principally applied himself, and upon it he published two memoirs, the one in 1769, addressed to P. Giovanni Beccaria, the other in 1771, addressed to the Abate Spallanzani. * * In consequence of these writings, Count Firmian, then governor of Lombardy, appointed

* Lord Elgin has been so bitterly and generally censured for removing those marbles from Athens, that we cannot refrain from here inserting Canova's opinion of the act, as we find it recorded by Maffei, who, in his account of the great sculptor, tells us—

"From the banks of the Seine Canova repaired to those of the Thames, in order to gaze upon the Parthenon marbles, respecting which he wrote as follows to Lord Elgin, on the 10th of November, 1815: 'Permit me, my Lord, to express to you my delight at having beheld in London the precious ancient marbles which you have brought hither from Greece. I cannot satisfy myself with again and again gazing on them, and, short as my stay in this capital is to be, I consecrate every possible minute to the contemplation of these celebrated relics of ancient art. I admire in them truth to nature, conjoined with the selection of beautiful forms. In them every thing breathes life with admirable distinctness, with exquisite artifice, but without the least affectation; the pomp of art being veiled with the most perfect mastery. The nude is real and most beautiful flesh.' I esteem myself fortunate in having been permitted to contemplate with my own eyes these excellent performances, and should hold this sufficient recompense for having journeyed to London. Great is the obligation and the gratitude, my Lord, that amateurs and artists owe you for having brought within their reach these magnificent, these stupendous, sculptures. I, for my own part, beg to offer you my thousand cordial thanks for the act.'"

him at first regent of the schools of his country, then professor of physical science at Como, whence, in 1797, he was promoted to the same chair in the University of Pavia."

We pass over Maffei's somewhat minutely detailed account of Volta's earlier researches, discoveries, and inventions relative to electricity, hydrogen gas, and the like, not because we esteem them of slight merit or value, but because at the present day, after the immense progress of physical science, in great measure through his instrumentality, and with the actual well-nigh universal diffusion of knowledge, we conceive the progress of information fifty or sixty years ago to be interesting only as matter of history. We must state, however, that, at the time, the fruit of Volta's labour was esteemed of such value, that, upon his visiting England in 1792, he received from the Royal Society a medal struck in honour of his invention of an electricity condenser. We now proceed at once to that which Volta's learned biographer, Biot, has well termed

"The great discovery of the development of electricity from the mutual contact of bodies; a principle absolutely new and unsuspected, which Volta, through his consummate sagacity, discerned, which he established by a series of experiments skilfully and judiciously conducted, and from which he deduced an application so happy and so extraordinary, that this is, if possible, a yet greater discovery than the very principle whence it is derived."

The manner of Volta's discovering this new and important principle requires that the circumstances which led to it should be briefly mentioned.

"Luigi Galvani, born at Bologna on the 9th of September, 1737, dedicated himself to medical science, in which he made such proficiency that he was named professor of anatomy to the renowned Bolognese Scientific Institute (*Istituto delle Scienze*). He especially practised the difficult art of experimenting judiciously. In the prosecution of his experiments, it chanced that some skinned frogs lay upon a table near the conductor of an electrical machine, and, one of the experimenters having accidentally touched the crural nerves, of one of the frogs with the point of a knife, the muscles of the dead animal moved convulsively. Galvani, noting this phenomenon, repeatedly tried the experiment, and believed that he had discovered a new species of electricity, which he denominated animal. He maintained it to be an animal law, and the discovery to belong rather to physiology than to any other branch of natural philosophy. But Volta undertook to prove, by admirably conceived and executed experiments, that this peculiar electricity was no other than the ordinary electricity, produced or excited by the contact of the metals employed in the experiment."

"Not only were the two Universities of Bologna and Pavia divided upon

this question, but the whole of scientific Europe took part with either Galvani or Volta, and this last, unabashed by the great names enrolled amongst his adversaries, including that of Humboldt, demonstrated beyond dispute that, so far from the electric fluid being generated by the animal organization, it was merely a powerful stimulant, altogether extraneous to the nerves and purely metallic."

Maffei here enumerates all the papers, pamphlets, &c. that Volta wrote in defence of his own theory and in opposition to Galvani's; and this it is right that Maffei should do, inasmuch as he professes to write the history of the literature, not of the science, of Italy. But for ourselves, who are bound by no such ties of our own weaving, we care more for what the philosopher did, and to that we turn.

"Volta having ascertained by his experiments that this law of the development of electricity by simple contact was not confined to the metals, but applicable to all heterogeneous bodies, although in very different degrees of intensity, according to their several natures, availed himself of this principle most ingeniously to construct a new apparatus, which, through merely its immediate application, prodigiously increased the effects produced. This apparatus is called the *Voltaic pile*, or the *electric column*, or still better, the *electromotive apparatus*; and is capable of exciting a continuous electric current through all conducting bodies interposed between its poles; which current, being most potent to combine and decompose, is of the utmost use to chymical science."

It was with this pile of Volta's invention, but magnified and multiplied into a battery of intense, of even tremendous, power, that our own illustrious countryman, Sir Humphrey Davy, decomposed and reduced to their primitive elements the metals, the gems, the earths, the gases, indicated the identity of electricity and magnetism,* cleared up innumerable errors, and, it may be said, evolved the primitive elements of nature from their multifarious combinations and modifications;—discoveries that have, indeed, given a new character to physical science, and immortalized his own name, and of which the writer of this paper was an admiring though unscientific spectator in the theatre of the Royal Institution,—but discoveries which, however honourable to the genius that conceived their possibility, and by admirably devised and executed experiments elicited them from the bosom of obscurity, must have remained unattainable without the means furnished by Volta. To him from this, surely not irrelevant, digression we return.

"This portentous machine was first described by its inventor in a French letter to Sir Joseph Banks, in which he shows the analogy between the new apparatus and the torpedo. * * And afterwards

* Since so ably followed out and established by Mr. Faraday.

in a memoir upon the identity of the electric with the Galvanic fluid.
 * * * Galvani could not read all these refutations of his hypothesis, having died on the 4th of December, 1798." [So that he, though celebrated in the volume on the nineteenth century, did not even see that century's dawn.]

"France, in some measure severed from the rest of the world by her external wars, knew nothing of the great discovery of Volta, until Buonaparte had, in the year 1801, triumphed anew over Italy. Then was Volta summoned by the conqueror to Paris, where he repeated his experiments upon the development of electricity by contact, in presence of a numerous commission from the scientific class of the Institute, deputed to witness and judge them. The experiments and their results were received with the admiration they deserved. * * * The First Consul proposed to confer a gold medal upon Volta, and one was, in fact, struck in his honour, bearing a bust of Minerva, with appropriate legends.

"Elected deputy to the *Comices* of Lyons, Volta left the banks of the Seine for those of the Rhone. Again he returned to Italy, there to receive all the honours and emoluments with which his native land sought to guerdon his merit. He was named a knight of the Iron Crown, a member of the Legion of Honour, a senator, a count. After the fall of the kingdom of Italy, the Austrian government appointed him director of the Physico-Mathematical Faculty of the University of Pavia. In the last years of his life Volta's mind was impaired, so that he could no longer advance or enrich his favourite science. On the 5th of March, 1827, he died, at the age of 82, lamented not only by his own country, but by all Italy, by all Europe."

And here we take our leave of Maffei; but cannot lay down the pen without expressing our earnest wish that he may cast aside his scruples about writing of those who may be capable of reading his opinion of them; or, what would be still more desirable, that Camillo Ugoni may give us a few more volumes, including the living literature of this nineteenth century.

ART. IX.—*Erinnerungs-Skizzen, aus Russland, der Türkei und Griechenland, entworfen während des Aufenthalts in jenen Ländern in den Jahren 1833 und 1834, von Legationsrath Tietz.* (Reminiscences of Russia, Turkey, and Greece, sketched during a residence in those countries in 1833 and 1834, by Tietz, Councillor of Legation.) 2 vols. 12mo. Coburg and Leipzig, 1836.

IN giving some account of this work we shall take the same course with the author, and begin with Russia, because, notwithstanding all that has been written on that mighty empire, the subject is one of daily increasing importance, involving questions deeply affecting the future destinies of the civilized world. Without troubling our readers with half a dozen pages of commonplace, which it would be as easy for us to write as unprofitable for them to read, without even giving on this occasion our own opinion of the reality of the assumed projects of Russian ambition, of the facility, or the difficulty, of carrying them into effect, of the real, or affected alarm with which they are viewed by some, and the unbecoming levity with which they are treated by others, we will merely observe, that, as the probability of such projects being entertained and attempted, and the chances of success, depend on the character of the sovereign whose uncontrolled will directs the energies of that assemblage of a hundred nations, differing in laws, languages, manners, and customs, but agreeing in unbounded veneration and implicit obedience to their prince, whom they almost regard as a Deity on earth; it is indispensably necessary towards forming a correct idea of the matter, to be acquainted with the moral and intellectual qualifications, the talents and the weaknesses, the virtues and the vices, of him who wields, whether for good or evil, so tremendous a power, and of those who are the elements of which that power is composed. Every account, therefore, coming from a respectable source, whether confirming or refuting preceding statements, is worthy of attention, and we shall quote from our author, (premising that he is a warm admirer of the Russians and of their present emperor,) various anecdotes and observations, illustrative of his opinions of both.

His first impressions at the view of the magnificence of St. Petersburg resemble those of most preceding travellers.

“On the summit of the winter palace a white flag, with the crowned double eagle, was hoisted, as an indication that the sovereign of the east, the eagle that, with protecting wings and piercing eye, watches over the seventy millions of subjects in his immense empire, is in the capital; when the emperor leaves Petersburg the flag is struck.”

We believe that this estimate of the population of the Russian empire (including of course the kingdom of Poland) at seventy millions, far exceeds the amount generally assigned to it. At least we do not recollect having seen any so high as even sixty millions, and we are inclined to think that the latest official reports do not make it exceed fifty-seven millions. But the Russian synod, which publishes the returns, gives only those of the members of the Greek church. We have been also informed, on good authority, that the returns of the Russo-Greek population are much below the mark, because the nobles, having to furnish a certain quota of recruits according to the number of their vassals, are not very accurate in the lists which they give. But, whatever the real amount may be at the present moment, the very rapid increase of the population must in a few years raise it to seventy millions and more.* In the year 1834 the returns to the synod give the births and deaths of members of the Greek church as follows:—

Births.—Males.....979,877
Females....928,801

Total 1,908,678

Deaths.—Males.....657,822
Females....635,176

Total 1,292,998

Excess of Births 615,680

" There is, perhaps, no sovereign whose character has been so misrepresented as that of Nicholas, an observation however which applies only to foreign countries, and to a certain period, giddy with notions of liberty. He is adored by his people. What a truly noble-minded man this prince is, he has proved on numberless occasions during his reign, and the cry of moles, working in the dark is by this time pretty well reduced to the ridiculous nothingness to which it appertains.

" Even the person of Nicholas is truly imperial, inspiring awe, and yet exciting confidence. A well-proportioned vigorous body, above the ordinary stature, bears a head which seems to be formed after the noblest antique models. A slightly curved nose, a smiling mouth, and a blue eye, which beams with mildness united with austere dignity, beneath the high forehead shaded with light hair, give the countenance a friendly, and yet a serious cast. I was one day walking with a stranger who had just arrived at St. Petersburg, when we met the emperor in his little one-horse droschki, and, stopping a moment, respectfully saluted him. The emperor looked very steadfastly at us, on which I observed the countenance of my companion suffused with a deep red. On my inquiring what was the matter with him, he owned that the

emperor's look, which he could not call severe, had, however, confused him. He had felt that if he cast down his eyes his embarrassment would cease, and yet he had not been able to turn his looks aside from the emperor's majestic figure. I must observe that the person to whom this occurred was not a revolutionary Pole with a bad conscience, or a poetical visionary, but a very plain man. The Russians, even the common people, who are accustomed to look upon the Czar as their father, and therefore seldom call him any thing but 'our good father,' as they do the empress 'our good mother,' are more bold. I have sometimes seen, when the emperor was going through the streets on foot, in his plain green uniform, and without any attendants, old Russians, with their long beards and in their national costume, familiarly approach the sovereign, and state their concerns to him, on which the emperor appeared to give them a kind answer, with which they departed well satisfied.

"The foundation of the great moral energy and firmness which the emperor has so frequently manifested in imminent danger proceeds from a firm reliance on God, who has saved and protected him when death insidiously menaced his life. It is well known how, in the rebellion which broke out on his accession to the throne, he remained for hours, without fear, amidst the troops of the rebels, and at length, only when all his expressions of mildness and clemency were disregarded by them, had recourse to rigorous measures. An officer in the ranks of the rebels, who declared on the trial that he had sworn on the host to murder the emperor, confessed that, at the moment when he laid his hand on his pistol, an incomprehensible power had hindered him from executing his purpose. A look of the emperor's, which accidentally met him, while addressing the rebels, had at once unnerved and disarmed him.

"When or, the breaking out of the cholera at St. Petersburg the frenzy of the people manifested itself in the most frightful excesses, and at length proceeded to the murder of the physicians, whom they fancied to be the authors of that dreadful disorder, the emperor, accompanied by a single aide-de-camp, hastened to the Haymarket, where a furious crowd was collected. He addressed them with a menacing voice, and, when some began to complain of the poisoners, as they called the physicians, he commanded them to fall upon their knees and ask pardon of God for the wickedness of which they had been guilty: and, as if thunderstruck, thousands sunk down, and with tears implored God and the emperor to forgive their error.

"The cholera had appeared in Moscow and spread universal terror and consternation. People scarcely dared to approach the sick for fear of infection. Suddenly the emperor arrived early one morning in that ancient capital of the Czars; he repaired first of all to the church, where he prostrated himself in fervent prayer before the altar of the Lord. He then proceeded fearlessly to the cholera hospital, and, taking one of the most dangerous of the patients by the hand, spoke words of comfort to all of them, and exhorted them to rely on the support of the Most

High. 'I am come,' said he, 'to share sorrow and affliction with my children, with whom I have so often shared their joy.'

"In July, 1833, just before the great fête in the palace and gardens of Peterhof, the emperor received information from Paris, it is said from Louis Philippe's own hand, that some of the Polish fanatics in that city had resolved to go, under false names, to St. Petersburg, and during that fête, when perhaps a hundred thousand persons assemble in the park, to assassinate the emperor. It was generally believed in St. Petersburg that, after the receipt of such intelligence, the fête would be countermanded—but this was a mistake. The emperor even gave orders, that on that day no police officers should appear at Peterhof, and, accompanied only by his brother-in-law, Prince Albert of Prussia, he rode through the park in all directions, welcomed by the people, who trembled for the life of their Czar, with a frenzy of joy. Till late in the evening the emperor was seen with his family amidst the crowd, viewing the splendid illuminations, and many of those sanguinary assassins were probably present, as was proved by several arrests on the following day. Not the slightest trace of apprehension appeared in the countenance of the emperor. He had thrown himself on the protection of that higher power which shielded him.

"As a proof of the spirit of this pious resignation, we may quote the words which he spoke when the empress and the royal family at Berlin implored him, in the autumn of 1834, not to pass through Warsaw, that focus of ingratitude and treachery. 'I am in the hand of God. He has numbered my days—if I fall it must be his will. His will be done,' was the reply that the truly great monarch made to his family. When he reached the frontiers of the kingdom of Poland, he dismissed the troops which had been assembled for his protection, and, accompanied only by his faithful attendant, Count Benkendorf, travelled through the whole country to Warsaw. These traits of the character of the emperor are true, and yet ignorance ventures to insult such a monarch, and to stigmatize him as a tyrant, and Heaven knows what besides. Persons of sense may judge by this what they are to think of the yelping of the world-reforming revolutionists: to take the field against them, in order to convince them of their error, would be labour in vain.

"How the emperor has thought and acted towards his adversaries, who have injured him, the following anecdotes will show. On the breaking up of the camp of the cadets near Peterhof, in the summer of 1833, when they were invited to table by the emperor, he introduced two of them to the empress, saying to her, this is the son of General —, who fell in my service at the storming of Warsaw,—and this is the son of Colonel —, who died gloriously fighting against my troops, in the brave defence of the fortifications of Wola. I have promised to supply the place of a father,—do you therefore be a mother to them. This is the same emperor respecting whom the French journals fabricate the most ridiculous fables of the banishment of poor Polish children to Siberia, and which certain German journals credulously repeat after them.

"The emperor was informed that general S—, who was concerned in the Polish revolution, and had lately died at Paris, expressed his regret on his deathbed that his body would not be buried in his native land. The emperor immediately gave orders for the body to be conveyed to Poland at his own expense. A considerable pension was granted to the family of the deceased for life, and handsome presents sent to the daughters of the master of the house at Paris, where the general had lodged, and who had attended him with the greatest care to the last moment."

"Nicholas is a great sovereign, and at the same time a good father and husband. The domestic happiness of the imperial pair is not obscured by the slightest shade. The empress is a most amiable woman, a majestic and handsome figure, worthy of the consort who is most devotedly attached to her—a circle of fine children surrounds them."

"The emperor's eldest son, Alexander, now seventeen years of age, appears likely to resemble in personal and mental qualifications his illustrious father. Of the goodness of his heart there are many instances. As he goes out every day, advantage was taken of this to present to him innumerable petitions, and as there were probably many among them that could not be attended to, and the good nature and the purse of the prince, and, if they were insufficient, those of the emperor, were misapplied, the latter forbade the prince to receive such papers in future on his excursions. In spite of this prohibition, the prince one day brought home a petition, for which the emperor, on his presenting it, reprimanded him. The prince, then twelve years of age, replied, 'A poor officer crippled by his wounds, whose pension is scarcely sufficient to buy dry bread for himself and his numerous family, seeing that the authorities refused to make any addition to his income, applied to me, to submit to you, his emperor, through me, his humble request. In this case it was my duty to transgress your prohibition, and the really poor man, who has fought and bled for you, will certainly not be dismissed from your throne unheard.' The emperor embraced his son and desired him to follow in future only the feelings of his heart towards the unfortunate. A considerable addition was made to the officer's pension."

"As we are here giving characteristic sketches of the members of the imperial family, we must not pass over the emperor's brother, the grand duke Michael. He too is a handsome man, but there is a gloomy expression in his countenance. He is very generous, almost more so than his finances will allow, and especially to officers and soldiers. The following anecdote will show that it is not for the sake of public praise. An officer of the artillery, which is under the command of the grand duke, came from a distant garrison to St. Petersburg to receive money for his regiment. On his way back, passing the night in a small town, he was so thoughtless as to go to a gaming table and lose part of the money entrusted to him. In despair, he hastened back to Petersburg, proceeded to the palace of the grand duke, and requested the aide-de-camp to obtain him a hearing of his

imperial highness, but without mentioning his name. The grand duke, being very busy, desired the aide-de-camp to inquire what the officer wanted. After some hesitation, the latter confessed his fault to the aide-de-camp, and said he was come to beg the prince to lend him the sum, to save him from inevitable disgrace. When the grand duke heard this, he rose angrily; and was going to the adjoining apartment to the trembling offender: when he reached the door he suddenly turned back—gave the sum to his aide-de-camp, and desired him to tell the officer that he did not lend him the money, but gave it to him—that he did not know him, and would not know his name—that he could not be saved a second time from a disgrace caused by his own fault, and therefore he should take care to reform.

* * “During my stay in Russia, it gave me great pleasure to observe the national peculiarities of the common people. A circumstance that immediately strikes a stranger is the dexterity and docility of the Russians. Thus it is well known that the regimental bands are composed of young peasants, who perhaps had never before even seen the instrument upon which they, in a short time, attain great perfection. The leader of the band says to the recruit, ‘You are to play on *this* instrument,’ and a Russian does so. The most remarkable instance of this aptness at learning, is the celebrated horn-band, now in England. The natural talent of the people for music and singing, certainly has its effect; for a song is the inseparable companion of the Russian. Whatever he may be doing, he sings, chiefly slow airs, in a minor key.

* * “A friend of mine, who had apprenticed several of his young peasants to mechanics and artists in St. Petersburg, employed one of them, who had been about three years with a painter, to paint a saloon for him, the ceiling of which was so admirably done as to excite the astonishment of connoisseurs.

“How many tools does a German carpenter take when he goes to his work? The Russian has nothing but an extremely sharp hatchet sticking in his girdle, and with this he executes every thing, even the carved ornaments of the wooden buildings. If he wants a plumb-line, he ties his axe to a piece of string, and this answers all his purposes just as well. When I lodged in the *Hôtel de Londres*, I often looked for hours together at the erection of the booths intended for the festivities of the carnival, and could scarcely conceive how the fellow, merrily singing all the time, could execute with his hatchet alone all the variety of carved work which adorns the gable-ends and the balconies of the booths.

“The Russian possesses extraordinary presence of mind, which often borders on rashness, and, if you point out the danger to which he exposes himself, he replies very coolly ‘*Neboss*,’ Never fear. On the erection of the Alexander column, one of the rollers employed on the occasion caught the hand of a workman, and threatened to drag his whole body under the enormous mass, which must have crushed him to pieces. A Russian carpenter, seeing the imminent danger, snatched up his sharp hatchet, and, crying *Neboss*, cut off the arm of the sufferer.

stroke. The man who had in this dreadful manner suffered amputation was conveyed to an hospital, where he speedily recovered. The emperor has given both to him and his resolute surgeon an annual pension of 500 rubles."

We have no room for any of the author's descriptions of the various fêtes and amusements of the Russians, of which, besides, accounts may be found in the works of preceding travellers, but we take some passages from his description of the promenade to the park of Catharinenlof, on the 1st of May, which resembles, in many respects, the promenade of Longchamps at Paris, and that of the Prater at Vienna; all intended to welcome the return of spring.

"The empress, with the princesses and their ladies, takes part in this as in all other popular festivals, as well as the emperor and the princes, who appear on horseback. The fête seems to be contrived to give people an opportunity of displaying their new equipages, which drive slowly up and down the great avenue for hours together, the pedestrians collecting in the road between the two lines of carriages to see the company, or to exchange a few words with ladies of their acquaintance in the carriages. Among the people who are dispersed

you see many persons in singular costumes, from all parts of the empire. I was particularly struck with the Armenian princesses, in their last Oriental costume, with a kind of diadem on their heads, and long white veils, who since the country has submitted to the Russian government, live at St. Petersburg, where they have apartments in the Winter Palace, and receive considerable pensions from the Russian crown. I was much amused with a Samoiede, a crooklegged little fellow, about three feet and a half high, with a flat, wrinkled countenance and black bristly hair. He wore high boots of undressed reindeer skin, and a short scarlet coat, fastened round his waist with a bright tin hoop. A silver medal, with the effigy of the emperor, was hung round his neck. I had seen him before at the masquerade in the Winter Palace, at New Year, and heard that he had been sent by his people to submit to the emperor some matter concerning their tribe. It was probably on this occasion that he received the medal. To judge by his jumping and capering, he was highly delighted with the novelty of the scene, and his dwarfish figure formed a strange contrast with the broad-shouldered colossal subaltern officer of the guard who led him about, as appointed to wait on him. When the emperor saw him, he rode up to him, and conversed with him for a few minutes. His puppet-like clapping his hands and capering seemed to indicate that he was telling the emperor how much he was amused. Two Persian monks also, in their long dark robes and high pointed caps, walked gravely among the crowd. I heard the following particulars of their visit to Petersburg. At the beginning of April, 1833, two strange figures were found, at day-break, sitting on the steps of the

Winter Palace. They were asked what was their business, but appeared not to understand the Russian language, only repeating several times the word Czar. Here they remained unnoticed by the people, (who are accustomed to see strangers of all kinds at Petersburg) till about 11 o'clock, when the emperor came out of the palace, to go as usual to the parade. The strangers bowed their knees to him, and addressed him in a language unknown to him, but, which was understood by one of the aide-de-camps, who had made the campaign in Persia, and learnt the language of the country. This officer interpreted their address, which was of the following tenor. 'The strangers were Persian monks, who had heard of the glory of the Russian Czar, and of the clemency with which he had treated the vanquished Persians. Their only wish had been to see the great monarch once in their lives. They had therefore left their homes, and had journeyed on foot for many months through the strange country, but were now rewarded for all their trouble. They had seen the emperor and would now return home; the recollection of this hour would brighten the remainder of their days.' The emperor invited them to remain longer in the capital, and gave them an officer to attend them, with orders to make their visit as agreeable to his guests as possible. They received valuable presents, and were subsequently sent home at the emperor's expense.

"At the beginning of May there is a review, in the square called the Field of Mars, of all the guards, amounting to 50,000 men. At seven o'clock in the morning the troops begin to be drawn up, part in the square itself, part (the artillery, for instance) in the adjoining streets. The windows of the palaces that command the square are gradually filled with spectators, as well as the Summer Garden, which is separated from the square only by a narrow canal. At eleven o'clock the Emperor arrives, with his brother the Grand Duke Michael, and the Imperial Prince Alexander, surrounded by a crowd of aide-de-camps, and rides down the ranks, which receive him with a morning salutation, to which the emperor replies, 'I thank you, children.' Then comes the empress, with the princesses and the younger princes, and their ladies in open carriages, and take their places next to the canal of the Summer Garden. Meantime the diplomatic body arrive on horseback, and station themselves next to the equipages of the empress. The emperor, after riding along the ranks, comes to the same place, and salutes the empress and the foreign ambassadors, among whom he particularly distinguishes the Prussian (at that time General Schoeler), and the Austrian, Count Fiquelmont, whose lady is honoured with the friendship of the empress. A short time before this review the French chargé d'affaires had said that the horses of the Russian cavalry were bad; which was a genuine French lie, as most of the horses of the guards cost not less than 1000 rubles, and are not excelled by any other cavalry, even the English. The emperor had heard of this expression, and when this fine cavalry defiled before him, he turned to the Austrian ambassador, and said, smiling, 'What think you, Count Fiquelmont, would my bad cavalry horses be able to bear the march to Paris?'

We will not determine whether the Frenchman, who was close by, was much edified by this question.

"On a sign from the emperor, the aide-de-camps gallop off in different directions, and the masses of troops begin to move. The infantry files off first, the bands of the regiments being ranged on the side near the emperor. It is a noble sight to see these athletic figures pass in close ranks with firm step; they have given ample proof in the late wars that they are not merely soldiers for the parade. I was most pleased with the Pawlosk regiment of the guards, which retains the old-fashioned brass caps. The first division of the cavalry was that of the Circassians, consisting of 300 men; they are inhabitants of the Caucasus, who, though they have often submitted to the Russian government, have taken every opportunity to resume their natural savage disposition, and to harass the Russian troops stationed in their country. The government has now adopted a plan to attach them to it. Three hundred of these Circassians are sent to Petersburg, where they form a division of the guards, retaining their national costume and arms. Being very well treated, and receiving high pay, (the private has twenty-five Prussian dollars, near four pounds sterling, per month,) their residence in the capital is very agreeable. At the end of three years they are relieved by 300 others, and on their return to their native mountains cannot sufficiently praise the good treatment they have experienced, which naturally gives their countrymen a favourable impression of the Russian government. This plan has had the desired effect; and nothing has been heard of their predatory incursions for some years past."

The author enumerates the other regiments of cavalry, the artillery, and, lastly, the pontoneers, with eighteen flat-bottomed boats, each on a waggon drawn by eight horses, followed by other waggons, with the beams and planks necessary for laying down a bridge.

"Soon after this parade, May, 1833, we read in the French journals, and after them in some revolutionary papers of Southern Germany, a strange story to the following effect: 'An officer of the guards, animated with the idea of delivering the world from the Emperor Nicholas, that oppressor of liberty, fired a pistol at him at that parade. The shot did not take effect, and the noble-hearted martyr was immediately cut down by other officers.' The countless multitude of French lies of this kind, and the repetition of them by the German preachers of liberty, are as ridiculous as the ermine mantle, which the demagogue Behr, now confined in the prison of Munich, had made for himself as future *Duke of Swabia*. It is not worth while to contradict this fable. I was myself about twenty steps from the emperor at that parade, and neither saw nor heard anything of the pistol-shot of the French journal. The only accident that occurred was the falling of an artillery shell, which requires a lively imagination to transform this into an attempt at the Emperor of Russia."

The author here inserts some anecdotes of the personal bravery

of the Russians, which are too long to be inserted here, and the less necessary, as their valour and perseverance of the Russian soldiers are generally acknowledged.

"A great deal is done by the government for the scientific education of young men intended for officers in the several Corps of Cadets, in the Superior Engineer and Artillery Schools, the Corps of Marine Cadets, the Pilots' Schools, &c. There are in the Russian Empire the following Military Schools:—

The Corps of Pages.....	with 168 cadets.
The First Corps of Cadets.....	697
The Second Corps of Cadets.....	702
The Emperor Paul's Corps of Cadets.....	500
The Moscow Corps of Cadets.....	638
The Emperor Alexander's Corps of Cadets.....	429
The Tambow Corps of Cadets.....	102
The Toula Corps of Cadets.....	90
The Noble Regiment.....	897
The School of Neplujeff, in Orenburg.....	50
The Superior School of Engineers.....	160
The Artillery School.....	182
The School for Ensigns and Subalterns of the Guard..	102
The Imperial Lyceum at Czarskojeselo.....	50

And for the Marine—

The Corps of Marine Cadets.....	402
The Cadets of the Pilots.....	300
The Cadets of the Black Sea Pilots.....	222

924

Total, 5691 cadets.

The following is the amount of the several corps of the army:—

Infantry, including the Guards and the Military Colonies	450,000
Garrison Battalions.....	50,000
Invalid Battalions.....	50,000
Artillery, including the Garrison Companies.....	40,000
Engineers and workmen.....	18,000
Cavalry, including the Guards and the Military Colonies	95,000
Train.....	10,000
Cossacks and Irregular Cavalry.....	90,000

Total, 803,000

"Though I saw with great pleasure a naval review at Cronstadt in which the evolutions of the fleet were directed by the emperor himself. I am not sufficiently acquainted with the subject to give an accurate description. Recent events have shown the glory which the fleet has acquired under

the Emperor Nicholas, who annually devotes large sums to increase and improve it. Its co-operation at Navarin, and in the campaign of Field-Marshal Diebitsch against Turkey, the capture of Anapa, and the expulsion of the Turks from the Black Sea, have gained it well-earned reputation. What might the situation of the Turkish Empire now have been, had not a Russian fleet anchored in the Bosphorus in 1833, and protected Constantinople against the rebellious Ibrahim Pasha?

"The latest accounts state the Russian navy at 54 ships of the line, 35 frigates, 10 bomb vessels, 22 cutters, 50 galleys, 500 gun boats, 500 row boats, and 25 fire ships; in all 1196."

Our author speaks in terms of great commendation of the measures adopted for enlightening the people, especially of the department of the minister of popular instruction, under the direction of a native Russian, M. Uvarrow, President of the Academy of Sciences, who is well versed in most branches of learning, and most ardent in promoting its interests.

In the Oriental Museum, under the direction of M. von Adclung, the author saw a large collection of Indian and Persian paintings, which, for the drawing and brilliancy of colouring, may be called masterpieces.

"Among them is an almost contemporary portrait of Gingiskhan, which the author intends to have lithographed. It has the following inscription in Arabic. 'Portrait of the late Timur Khan, the Turcoman, slain in the year 1020 of the Hegira, (1611 of our era,) by Sadiki Beg Escler. The most humble of servants, Monin Mansour, obtained possession of it in the year 1095. May it be fortunate.'"

Here our author seems inadvertently to confound Gingiskhan and Timur; nor does it appear how a portrait of this date, even of the latter, can be called nearly a contemporary portrait.

Though the author seems to have travelled by land from St. Petersburg, he says not a syllable of any part of the empire through which he passed; his next chapter, commencing with his departure from Bucharest, on the 27th of December, 1833, gives an account of his journey from that place across the Balkan to Constantinople. His picture of the extreme misery and moral degradation of the inhabitants, the idleness and filth of the lower orders, the rapacity and tyranny of the Bojars, contrasted with the beauty and fertility of the country, is calculated to excite the most painful feelings.

"A Wallachian village," says he, "is the non plus ultra of the most disgusting filthiness and wretchedness, and consists of holes dug in the ground, over which there is a roof formed of poles, seldom covered with straw, but generally with turf. . . . To obtain provisions in such a place is not merely difficult but impossible. I could get nothing to eat, even by paying a high price for it. The postmaster could

not give me even a bit of bread, and advised me to smoke a pipe if I was hungry. The common Wallachian is lazy, because he knows that he shall not be allowed to enjoy the fruits of his labour, but that they will be taken from him under various pretexts by the Greeks, the farmers of the Bojars, who are the lords and masters of the truly pitiable peasants. These Greeks in Wallachia and Moldavia are the most good-for-nothing *canaille* on the face of the earth, and the Polish Jews, who cheat and plunder the peasants in Poland, are beings of a superior order in comparison with them. The Wallachian, therefore, lives from hand to mouth, regardless of the past and the future, with little more of human nature about him than the form. There is, perhaps, no country in Europe where nature is more kind and productive, but none where moral corruption, degradation, and slavery are greater than in Wallachia and Moldavia. Under a good prince, solicitous for the welfare of his people, these countries would probably be highly prosperous and flourishing."

Of his intercourse with the Pasha of Rudschuck, he says,—

"We sat, therefore, quite at our ease with the pasha, in whom we found (a rarity among the Turks) a very talkative man, and, unless we must place it to the account of the interpreter, one who made at times very sensible observations. As we came from St. Petersburg, he asked many questions about the Emperor Nicholas, his character, his domestic habits, &c., that sovereign being now highly esteemed by him, and by all the Turks, for the truly imperial manner in which he showed to the vanquished. We gratified the curiosity most to the best of our ability, since the recollection of so many admirable traits in the character of Nicholas could not but be agreeable to ourselves."

The Bulgarians are very different in their character from the Wallachians.

"They are," says our author, "a good-tempered people, not idlers and sluggards, like the Greeks, industrious, attached to their religion (the Greek), and hospitable in the highest degree, as we experienced on all occasions. Their language resembling the Russian, we were able to converse with them, and learned that they are mildly treated by their masters, the Turks, they being the only industrious cultivators of the soil in Turkey. The Bulgarian men are a robust, tall, vigorous race; the women beautiful, the form of their face and features resembling that of the women of the Greek islands, and their general figure and stature the fine forms and proportions of the Turkish women. Their beauty is heightened by their tasteful, fanciful costume."

The description of the passage over the Balkan is interesting. The highest point (that over which the author passed) is about 9,000 feet above the level of the sea. Though it may be supposed that the general road for travellers is the most convenient, it is represented as extremely dangerous, and in some places so narrow, that it was necessary at a turn in the road to fire a pistol as a warning to travellers coming in the opposite direction.

halt, before they entered the narrow pass where two horses could not pass each other.

"The great fatigue of this ride," says M. Tietz, "only increased my admiration of the energy and perseverance of the Russian soldiers. If not by this road, yet by similar impracticable paths, where a single horseman can scarcely proceed, Diebitsch, contending with nature and with a brave enemy, had boldly led a whole army, with horses and artillery, animated by the confidence of his great emperor. He who has seen the Balkan thinks Napoleon's passage over Mount St. Bernard a trifle in comparison, though his contemporaries have so highly extolled it."

We pass over the author's description of his journey to Constantinople, the occurrences of his visit in that city, and an excursion to the coast of Asia Minor. The observations on Constantinople are not remarkable for novelty; the author speaks favourably of the Turkish character, and notices in particular the more tolerant spirit which they now manifest. Thus, having obtained a firman to visit the interior of the mosque of St. Sophia, he and his companions remained there, even while the Turks were celebrating divine service; they stood aside, it is true, but they were not in any way molested or noticed. He even affirms that a certain degree of intolerance, for instance, towards Germans, is more common in ~~Trebitsch~~ and London than in Constantinople to an individual who is not a Mussulman. The Russians, however, are, it seems, the favorites, and a stranger who is asked what countryman he is, may be certain of the most friendly treatment if he answers *Bej Moskof*—I am a Russian.

After remaining only a week (from the 6th to 13th January, 1834) in Constantinople, the author embarked on board a Russian lugger which Baron Rückmann, the Russian chargé d'affaires, had appointed to convey him to Napoli di Romania, where he arrived, after a very favourable voyage, in three days.

We hardly know what to say of the hundred pages which the author devotes to Greece. He appears to have come with no favourable idea of the character of the people or of the country; even at Constantinople he says—speaking of the honesty of the Turks, who are very different from the noble-minded Greek, who will swear ten thousand times by the Mother of God that he is an honest man, and laugh in his sleeve when he grossly cheats you—the Greeks proverbially boast "a Greek will overreach ten Jews," and they are in the right. And again, "I was glad that the south wind continued, for I was much pleased with Constantinople, and had no mind to arrive so speedily in the classic land of Greece, where the *shortest residence is incontestably the most agreeable.*" On arriving at Napoli, he says, "Our doc-

tor (a German), a very accomplished young man, declaimed passages of the *Odyssey* in Greek, and was transported at the idea of treading the classic ground of Greece. N.B. He had never been in Greece before. Three weeks later his enthusiasm had vanished, and he longed for the moment when the ship should return to Constantinople." What he says of the filth of the streets, the want of accommodation, the extravagant price of lodgings, &c., may be, and we believe is, in a great degree, true, but we do not like the spirit in which it appeals to be written. There is a levity of expression which, to our feelings at least, is offensive.

"Before the revolution, the plain between Napoli and Argos was adorned with plantations of olive and orange trees; now it is uniformly almost a desert. During the war, the Turks cut down the trees, 'that the fruit might not be gathered by the infidel Greek dogs.' What escaped them was cut down by the Greeks, 'that the fruit might not be gathered by the infidel Turkish dogs.' All in honour of the faith. Now nothing is planted; so nothing grows, and Allah and God no longer perform miracles to make something out of nothing. Nobody expected the regency to do this, but as it received sixty millions of francs from the three great powers, it might have planted, that Greece might one day reap."

The author is throughout dissatisfied with Count Armandsparg and the regency and their measures; he censures Colocotroni for a conspiracy to overthrow the Government, and his condemnation as highly unjustifiable, and speaks with contempt, and even sneeringly, of Mr. Masson, who conducted the trial. He takes every opportunity of decrying the English, and Mr. Dawkins, the resident, and his friend Mavrocordato, "whose sole object," he says, "from the moment of his arrival in Greece, was to throw Greece (of course for a weighty consideration) into the hands of England, to which it would be very welcome as a valuable addition to the Ionian islands, Malta, and Gibraltar."

We do not mean to say that the author has no ground for the censure which he passes on many measures of the regency, its too lavish expenditure of the money advanced by the allied powers, its maintaining a military force on a very extravagant scale, with a number of officers sufficient for a corps of 10,000 men, while the real number of men was only 4,000, the almost exclusive employment of Germans, &c., but there seems to be a hostile feeling, which renders it difficult to discover when we can rely on his having spoken impartially. He adverts in high terms of praise to the good intentions of the young king, but is extremely surprised at two measures which have been adopted since the king assumed the government; these are the appointment of Count Armandsparg to the post of Chancellor of the kingdom,

with a salary of 40,000 drachms ; and the removal of Colletti from the post of minister of the interior. These two thoroughly antinational measures he attributes to the king's counsellors, who have done him no service by their recommendation. "The highest place next to the throne should be filled by a Greek. And what real merit entitled this foreigner to it? The loan of sixty millions of francs has been spent during the two years that he has been president, and without any real advantage to the country. Let this suffice !" For a more correct idea of the affairs of Greece, we would refer our readers to the work of M. von Maurer, reviewed in our thirty-second number. We might quote a few pleasant anecdotes and well-written passages, but we have already devoted more space to the work than we intended. As we think it highly probable that it may be translated into English, we cannot refrain from expressing our hope, that the translator will have the good taste entirely to omit some passages most outrageously offensive to decorum, where scenes are mentioned without one expression of abhorrence, the bare remembrance of having even witnessed which should cause the cheek to burn with the blush of indignation and shame.

We will conclude, by stating that the author does justice to the Greeks in respect to their calm fearlessness of danger, and to their temperance and abstemiousness, the latter, it is true, in very civil terms ; when speaking of their vegetable diet, including turnips and all sorts of weeds, he quotes as a proverb, that "A Greek grows fat where an ass starves."

- ART. X.—1. *La Battaglia di Benevento: Storia del Secolo XIII.* (The Battle of Benevento: a Tale of the Thirteenth Century.) Dal Dottore F. D. Guerazzi. 2 vols. 12mo. Parigi. 1835.
2. *La Madonna d'Imbevvere.* (Our Lady of Imbevere.) Di Cesare Cantù. Milano. 1835.
3. *Giovanna Prima, Regina di Napoli: Storia del Secolo XIV.* (Joanna I. Queen of Naples: a Tale of the Fourteenth Century.) 12mo. Milano. 1835.
4. *Scene Istoriche del Medio Evo d'Italia.* (Historic Scenes of the Middle Ages in Italy.) 8vo. Milano. 1835.

It were needless here to reiterate our former professions of the interest we take in the progress made by Italians in that branch of light literature which is held to be more especially and peculiarly dedicated to the recreation of the gentler half of the human race, and which assuredly often proves acceptable to women who would shrink, in humility or mental indolence, from severer studies. It is a branch in which the literature of Italy was singularly deficient, although abounding in works of entertainment, works of extraordinary wit and fancy, inasmuch as that wit and fancy have been allowed to run riot in such directions as preclude the works in question from constituting the amusement of females, the preservation of whose purity of mind is an object of sedulous care. This is one chief cause of our interest in Italian novel-writing; which interest, albeit not so lively as to induce the reading, or even the reading, of every new Italian work of fiction, has nevertheless drawn attention to every new writer who, with any degree of success, attempts the line; and upon the present occasion we have thought a cluster of four such writers sufficient to claim the allotment of some few of our pages to an examination into their merits.

Yet, in thus grouping the four works, the titles of which head this article, we have been mainly influenced by respect for the opinions of our Italian brother-reviewers, who are pleased, though of course speaking of them separately as they were published, to call them all Historic Novels—a designation that, according to our system of literary nomenclature, can be claimed only by the first couple. The last two are decidedly neither historic novels, nor historic romances; nor are we, in fact, acquainted with any comprehensive or generic denomination which the canons of criticism, a sort of Herald's College of Literature, could assign to them. They belong not, as far as our knowledge extends, to any recognized and established literary genus; but neither can they be considered as conjointly discovering or founding a new one, for they are as dissimilar to each other as to all hitherto admitted classes or orders of literature. Each is as completely *sui generis* as the ornithological quadruped rejoicing in a duck's bill and an unrememberable name, or any other of the zoological anomalies of Australia.

The respective merits and demerits of the component parts of the heterogeneous lot may, however, be deemed by the reader of more importance than their scientific classification or nomenclature; and to that we now turn. They were first introduced to us by the eulogics

upon them by their compatriot reviewers—eulogies of which the exaggeration cannot but appear superlative to the countrymen of Sir Walter Scott. We were prepared for disappointment when we should read them, and therefore were not by that disappointment blinded to the real merit that entitles them to our notice; to say nothing of the claims resting upon the originality of species of those two which may rather be termed novelties than novels. We shall say something of each in its turn, though we cannot of course give an analysis of, or extracts from, each, beginning with the last-mentioned brace, respecting which we flatter ourselves that our readers may feel some curiosity, and which, we confess, are more attractive in our eyes than mere novels, that offer more promise of future than positive present excellence.

Signor Giacinto Battaglia, himself the editor, we understand, of a well-reputed Italian periodical, (*L'Indicatore*, 'The Indicator,') as also a contributor to the witty *Figaro*, seems to be perfectly aware of the nondescript character of his *Giovanna Prima*, since in his—what shall we call the preliminary pages that are neither preface, advertisement, dedication, nor any other of the ordinary prefixes? let it be—address to the reader—he says, "This is neither a story nor an historical romance; it is a book, nothing more than a book, and God knows what a book!"

The reader may ask, is it not biography? and the question will be best answered by stating the nature of "the book." The author has taken the history of Giovanna as he found it in Giannone, without apparently troubling himself to seek additional information in less generally known or graver historical sources; but he has written only of the last few years of her stormy reign and existence, merely referring now and then to her youth. This alone proves his work to be no *Life* of Giovanna. Neither is it a novel, for he has not added a single fictitious incident to idealize or heighten the interest of the matter of fact, thinking probably that the plain tale of the fate of the unhappy queen, plotted against, dethroned and murdered, by her unprincipled and ambitious nephew, Carlo di Durazzo, to whom she had been as much a mother as an aunt, is abundantly tragic. But may not "the book," then, be called a *History* of Giovanna's Fall? No, courteous reader, no; a history it cannot be, for not only has the author invented conversations, as held amongst the various real personages and imaginary subordinates brought forward, to a degree so far exceeding the supposititious speeches and arguments put by old historians into the mouths of their personages, as to be inadmissible save in works avowedly of fiction; he has further imagined feelings as actuating his personages, and producing, or contributing to produce, the real events. This last invention, it will be allowed, excludes "the book" from the province of Clio, and it moreover appositely illustrates the objectionableness of such a nondescript species, or at least of this one. An ardent, jealous, and subsequently relenting, love is represented as the motive impelling the elderly Duca d'Andria to conspire against the queen, then past the mature age of fifty, and married to her fourth husband, that fourth husband being the object of the enamoured duke's jealousy. Such emotions, thus abruptly presented to us, are absolutely ludicrous, although possibly we might have slightly sympathized with

them had we seen the rise and growth of the noble conspirator's passion. But the growth and development of passion is no object of Italian dramatists and novelists, who prefer painting it at its height, in all its most startling violence—a taste belonging, we apprehend, quite as much to the southern temperament as to the prevalent revolutionary appetite for strong excitement. Perhaps, however, the desired end might, upon the present occasion, have been attained with less expenditure of patience and metaphysics, by giving, in this same way, two portions of Giovanna's life—its beginning and its close. Had the author painted the misery of the youthful queen with the brutal husband of her girlhood, Andreas of Hungary; the mode in which she incurred the suspicion of complicity in his murder,—of which Battaglia assumes, and we firmly believe in, her innocence, although for reasons that we have no time to urge here,—the long persecution of which that suspicion was rather the pretext than the cause;—and the splendour of her court after she had, upon a regular investigation, been formally acquitted by the pope;—the reader might better have understood the jealous duke's feelings, and would certainly have felt more deeply for the hardly treated and often-wedded queen.

But enough of Giovanna Prima and Signor Battaglia. Indeed it may be asked why we have at all noticed a work so full of fault. We have done so because, notwithstanding the faults, we discern in the author sufficient talent to render criticism a hopeful, if not a pleasing, task. He may not always conceive characters justly, but such as he conceives them he paints them well: in Giovanna, for instance, the union of queenly dignity and masculine fortitude with the most tender feelings; and his sketch of Margherita, the fond, innocent, and trusting wife of the crafty usurper Durazzo, little as we have of her, is not without touching. His bad characters please us less, as tending to caricature, though *Isernia* is not ill done. We should like to see Battaglia, with due labour and preparation, attempt the legitimate historical novel. To biography he seems to us less adapted; gladly, however, if he will force us to recant this opinion, shall we make the *amende honorable*.

But we must not quite dismiss Signor Battaglia without making one observation upon his language. We are well aware that all continental languages are just now in such a course of progression as renders dictionaries of some few years standing nearly unserviceable; but Signor Battaglia appears to be a radical reformer, who, not content with adopting, borrowing, or devising new words, uses old ones in new senses, with a boldness that we have not remarked in any other Italian writer of the day; as, for instance, to take one out of many, he constantly employs the verb *chiarire* where we should have looked for *dichiarare*, much as if we should substitute to clear for to declare, and say he was cleared a rebel. Our criticism on language must, however, be of course advanced with due deference to the judgment of Italian critics.

The *Scene Istoriche*, the only one of these four works published anonymously, is, as before intimated, a production as dissimilar in character to *Giovanna Prima* as to such an historic novel as *Ivanhoe*. It is, we think, a better conceived species, and we shall be glad to see more Scenes, although Historic Portraits or Sketches might have been a more

appropriate title, inasmuch as the nameless author's graphic powers far transcend his dramatic. He has selected for the subjects of his Scenes four historical personages of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and has so painted or sketched them as to produce pictures illustrative of their times. These personages are a friar, a traitor, a baron and a prince.

The first of these, the friar, by name *Frate Giovanni*, a Dominican, we have long considered as one of the most remarkable moral phenomena of the Middle Ages; but, having no room for the particulars of his history, we must refer our readers for the motives of our admiration to Sismondi's able and interesting, though, to use an American epithet, somewhat lengthy, history of the Italian republics. Here it will be enough to say that, amidst the unbridled passions, the incessant wars, private and public, which distracted the petty republics and petty principalities of Italy during the thirteenth century, *Frate Giovanni* went about preaching peace and Christian charity, and, by the sheer force of his sacred eloquence, compelled the fiercest nobles, the most unruly democracies, the most virulent factions, to make peace; and the women, it is averred, to reform such parts of their toilets as offended the moral or economical sense of their enthusiastic monitor. But adequately to delineate *Frate Giovanni* would require, besides a master's hand, some portion, if but a single spark, of his own earnest eloquence; and we have said that our anonymous scene-painter, though by no means wanting in talent, is deficient in dramatic, and we may add, in oratorical, genius; ~~wherein this fine best chosen~~ is not the best executed, of his Scenes. ~~It is in the law~~ that the drama or portraiture is incomplete. Our author neither now bids to us the change unfortunately wrought in the successful preacher's mind by the absolute authority to which that success elevated him, nor the final result of his exertions, though we have an intimation that the peace he effected was short-lived. We speak not this as derogatory to his merits, for, upon the admitted principle that half a loaf is better than no bread, we allow the shortest peace to be better than uninterrupted war. But there is a mean employed by the friar to effect the peace, respecting which we are more dubious. He is represented as prevailing upon a lovesick maiden to sacrifice her passion, and marry as was requisite to obtain her family's assent to the peace; and we think we are entitled to require of the author who acquaints us with this hazardous experiment that he should inform us of its result; and, if the enamoured Italian's virtue chanced to fail in the long-enduring trial to which the enthusiastic friar exposed it, that he should further inform us whether *Frate Giovanni* felt remorse for having driven a frail fellow-creature into temptation, or rested content upon the rectitude of his intentions.

We turn from *Un Frate* to another *Scena*, less intrinsically interesting, but highly characteristic of the times, and in which the author has been far more successful—we mean *Un Barone*, in which we are presented with the death of one of the lawless robber-barons of the Middle Ages. As there is no story, we need give little more than extracts.

“During the first half of the fourteenth century, the Lord of the Castle of

Pietramala, and head of the potent family of the Tarlati, was the terrible Pier Saccone, a keen partizan in the political factions of the Tuscan towns, a fierce Ghibelline, and the most formidable of the country nobles, those perpetual enemies of the free communities. * * *. A daring, indefatigable captain, Pier Saccone was likewise the most sagacious contriver of stratagems and surprises, and the most dexterous leader of a skirmish. At upwards of ninety years of age, he still fought gallantly on horseback at the head of his soldiers, despising the inclemency of the season, the hardships of a camp; he would ride night and day to achieve a surprise, or to ravage and pillage an enemy's domains.

* * *

"Pier Saccone had now completed his ninety-sixth year, and at this advanced age suffered from no malady, no infirmity. His bodily vigour seemed to be invincible, but his spirit to be enfeebled, his indomitable energy to be failing. He seldom quitted the family rooms, no longer visited his horses, no longer loaded his own weapons, or took care that his foot-soldiers and men at arms, who swarmed at Pietramala, kept theirs in proper order. He spoke seldom, and then harshly and abruptly; society, even that of his sons, seemed irksome to him, and he no longer smiled at the sallies of his fool. Only Arrighetto di San Paolo, the most trusty minister of his stratagems, the most approved and wary master of military guile, was always permitted to bear him company. This sudden change, at his advanced age, was considered as a sure sign of approaching death.

* * *

"In the castle of Pietramala there was a spacious hall, in which the Tarlati family was wont to assemble, where guests were received and banquets held, and where, after the tables were drawn, the inmates of the castle passed the long winter evenings together, warding off listlessness by a game, or some more serious occupation. Here, for the most part, while the ladies busied themselves with embroidery, the men formed a circle round the immense hearth, telling stories, laughing and shouting at some of the fool's, or boasting each of his own feats of arms.

* * *

"On the 15th of February, 1356, the snow fell fast upon the Appenines, and the inhabitants of Pietramala seemed to be sunk in lethargic despondency. Pier Saccone sat before the fire in a vast arm-chair; Arrighetto di San Paolo stood beside him, and the wife of Marco Tarlati, the eldest son, was seated a little further off, by a window. The wrinkled face of the aged Baron was pale, his bending body leant heavily against his chair, his bald forehead hung low, nor from under his bushy grey eyebrows was seen the glitter of his flashing eyes—they were closed. * * *. Suddenly Pier Saccone raised his heavy eyes, turned them first to the window, then to Arrighetto, sighed, and said, 'What a miserable day! What a melancholy, intolerable winter! I feel the frost in my very bones!'

"My Lord,' replied Arrighetto, 'after the snow will come sunshine; after winter, spring; and you will be stout again.'

"Stout again?' rejoined the surly old man, as if offended at words that denoted a suspicion of his debility. 'Stout again! Dost think me enfeebled because I remain sitting here? * * *. But this year's snow is quite intolerable. * * *. Come, Arrighetto, come, say something to cheer me.'

"I was thinking, Messer Piero,' said Arrighetto, 'that this snow, which so annoys you, would be mighty useful to any one who had a surprise to attempt; for in this rough weather every mouse will be in his hole, asleep and unsuspecting; and how softly softly the soldiers would tread on the snow, unheard, and be in the nest before a soul was aware of them.'

" 'Thou art the cunningest robber I know,' returned the Baron, trying to smile. 'But thou sayest well; I know how well thou sayest; for here is a great thought brooding,' and he pointed to his forehead.

"He tried to rise, but, finding it difficult, called to his daughter-in-law to give him some comforting drink. Having drained a large pitcher of pure Montepulciano, (an Italian wine,) he appeared to recover his natural warmth."

With the aid of Arrighetto's arm, the drooping veteran now achieves a walk through his castle, rating his troopers by the way for their neglect of their unfurnished arms, and reaches his stables.

"There he patted and caressed the proud front and ample chest of his favourite charger, who neighed for joy on recognizing his indomitable rider. * * * But, as he left the stables, the over-wearied old man fainted in the arms of Arrighetto and his sons, who carried him back to his arm-chair by the hall fire. * * * All surrounded him; the sons supporting their father's head, the daughter-in-law bathing his temples with spirits, the chaplain feeling his pulse, and awaiting the return of his senses, to offer the old lord spiritual comforts.

"Rest and heat gradually revived the aged Ghibelline; little by little he opened his eyes, rolled them slowly around, and perceived where he was, and how anxiously his children and friends were tending him. At first he looked upon them affectionately; but to this kindly emotion succeeded irritation at the consciousness that life was failing within him, and that those who surrounded him knew it. Angrily he asked why they were all pressing upon him. * * * 'Old Tarlati is not yet in the death-throe, Sir Priest,' said he to the chaplain. 'They have deceived you, if they called you in my name. Other business than death and ~~death~~ have I. Pier Saccone is alive, and those shall soon know it who are little thinking of him.' But another draught of Montepulciano, Bice, to his daughter-in-law, 'for I am still very cold.'

Old Tarlati now dismisses all but his eldest hope, Marco, no youth we should imagine, and Arrighetto, to whom he gives instructions for surprising, according to the suggestions of the latter, a castle belonging to the Bishop of Arezzo, that prelate being of the hostile family of the Ubertini. Marco obeys; and, accompanied by Arrighetto di San Paolo, leads forth his band, no one knows whither. The old baron refusing to go to bed, the household sit up; and, as the night wears away, the impatient planner of the enterprise despatches messenger after messenger, including his second son, Lancilotto, to look out for tidings of the secret expedition. At length—

"the doors of the hall opened, and the two sons of Pier Saccone entered. * * * Marco Tarlati was pale, and humbly he advanced towards his wrathful parent, seemingly not daring to look up at him. Beatrice was advancing to embrace her husband, but, seeing him in such evident distress, she stopped half-way, confounded and disheartened. Amidst the silence and confusion of all present, Pier Saccone raised his haughty front, and said, 'Marco, if thou returnest a conqueror, why comest thou not to thy father's arms?'

"Marco advanced a step, then paused, as in perplexity and affliction. Pier Saccone now looked at him more sternly; then, dropping his head and extended arms, said, with a sigh, 'I understand; thou comest home defeated.'"

In fact, Castel di Gresso had proved far more strongly garrisoned than was anticipated, because the reverend bishop, disdaining as boys the probably grey-headed Marco and Lancilotto Tarlati, was preparing to profit by Pier Saccone's expected death.

"In accents faltering with rage, the baron resumed: 'The Ubertini have then triumphed over the Tarlati?'

"Marco, now taking heart, replied: 'Father, we found them two-fold our numbers, and were repulsed.'

"'And Arrighetto, where is he?' resumed the old man. 'Would he hide his shame from me?'

"'Arrighetto!'—Marco began, but dared not go on: Pier Saccone insisted.

"'Well; what of Arrighetto? Where is he?'

"'Arrighetto,' said Marco, in unsteady accents, 'was slain in the affray.'

"'Arrighetto slain!' yelled Pier Saccone, in a choking voice, 'and thou returnest alive to Pietramala?' * * * Suddenly he bowed down his head, inwardly and moaningly murmuring, 'Woe's me! The honour of the Tarlati is gone! Woe's me!'

"This said, his frame appeared to be nervously convulsed, and, with a violent and universal shudder, the dissatisfied veteran folded his arms upon his breast, remaining silent and motionless as a corse, and giving no other sign of life than the breath which painfully heaved his bent chest. * * * All present fancied him dead; and Marco accused himself as the cause of his father's death. * * * The priest attempted to feel the baron's pulse, but he snatched away his arm, hollowly but wrathfully uttering, 'Away, all of you! Let me not have so many witnesses of the Tarlati's shame. Away!'

"All withdrew, save the sons, the daughter-in-law, and the chaplain, who remained at a distance, watching the old baron, as he sank into his former silent immobility. * * * The chaplain drew near, and saw that he slept. * * * At length, Marco softly approached his father. He stooped down to look at him, and saw his eyes no longer closed in sleep, but wide open, fixed, extinguished. His shriek called his brother, his wife, and the chaplain to his side. Pier Saccone was dead!"

We now come to the works which we acknowledge as legitimate historic novels; and for one of these, *La Madonna d' Imbevère*, a few words will suffice, although its author, Cesare Cantù, is both a writer of decided talent and one of our Italian brethren. Let not the reader however suppose that, in revealing this fact, we are betraying the disclosure of confidential intimacy; we know no more of Cesare Cantù than any reader of the *Raccoglitore* may; for be it known to the British public, that Italian reviewers censure not and praise not incognito, but more frequently sign their articles than put them forth anonymously. *La Madonna d' Imbevère* is a short feudal tale, designed, it should seem, to explain the origin of a merry-making, still annually held in honour of the Blessed Virgin, on a certain day of September, in the neighbourhood of a sylvan chapel, consecrated to her as Our Lady of Imbevère. It is a pretty and interesting but very slight tale, displays most of the faults of continental feudal tales—of which we are about to speak more at large—and affords little or no picture of the painters of the age. It might almost induce a suspicion that Signor Cantù, our esteemed brother, has not studied the character of the times that he professes to delineate very assiduously, certainly not *con amore*.

• *La Battaglia di Benevento* is a work of loftier pretensions; and its author, Dr. Guerazzi, appears to possess in a very considerable degree the power, one of the most essential to a novelist, of giving an individual reality to his characters, as he conceives them, and in like manner to his scenes, although neither are touched off so succinctly and dramatically

as to be, in the taste of the present day, striking. Still we think that Dr. Guerazzi, like Cesare Cantù, if he will endeavour to correct those faults which, though seemingly inherent in, are, we trust, not inseparable from, the continental school of the historical novel, may prove as successful an historical novelist as any of his now living and active competitors. *

The faults to which we allude are,—1st, The taking an unfair view of the times meant to be depicted, by omitting, we apprehend not seeing, the good that mingled with and relieved the undeniable evils of feudalism; 2dly, An exaggeration of everything, faults, virtues, manners, feelings, character, and especially energies,* almost amounting to caricature; 3dly, A minuteness in describing and dwelling upon the *matériel* of the age, carried to such an excess, that these descriptions, instead of merely furnishing the scenery and costume of the drama, the back-ground of an historical piece, assimilate the novel to a still-life picture, with a few figures superadded; 4thly, A sort of baldness, a want of poetry, of imaginativeness and idealizing in the dialogue, and even in the conduct of the personages—a fault, by the way, which is yet more striking in modern Italian comedy;—and, lastly, a strange deficiency in the high tone of moral feeling which renders fiction, that is not professedly didactic, instructive, and often a valuable instrument in the great work of the cultivation of the human heart.

Turn we now from this consideration of the school in general to Dr. Guerazzi, who, by the above-enumerated faults, grievously deteriorates the effect of his real talents. A very brief statement of the story, or rather of the nature of the story, of *La Battaglia di Benevento*, with a few extracts from one scene, will, we think, sufficiently illustrate both the merits and demerits of the novel, and with these we shall, for the present, take our leave of the living novelists of Italy.

The portion of history selected by Dr. Guerazzi is one replete with political and romantic interest, namely, the overthrow of Manfred, King of the Two Sicilies, the legitimated son of the Emperor Frederic II., by a combination of domestic treachery with unjust foreign invasion. Manfred has been most oppositely depicted by Ghibelline and Guelph historians, and our novelist aspires to blend and temper these opposites into one romantic whole; he adopts almost every atrocious accusation brought against Manfred by his Guelph revilers, including parricide and fratricide, merely softening down the charge of incestuous adultery into a simple matter of *crim. con.*; whilst he, at the same time, invests him with the Ghibelline halo of genius, refinement, and heroism, exhibiting him as a great and good man, steadily and resolutely struggling against the flood of overwhelming calamity, and, what is perhaps yet more morally anomalous, as an excellent and idolized husband and father. The love-tale superadded to, and well interwoven with, the cabals and treasons that enabled Charles of Anjou to conquer Manfred, is the passion of the Swabian-Sicilian monarch's foundling, or at least nameless page, Rogerio, for his daughter, the Princess Yole. The page proves,

* M. de Balzac makes an army march *night and day*, an effort that we think even Napoleon would hardly have required without post-horses and carriages.

in the end, to be a natural son of the royal Lothario, Manfred, by the deceased Countess of Caserta, and to have been reared by the outraged husband with the fiendishly vindictive purpose 'of making the son the instrument of his revenge upon the father; in which the count so far succeeds, that Rogiero is duped into becoming the willing medium of communication between the traitorous nobles and Charles of Anjou; though, being afterwards partially undeceived, he fights stoutly for the father of his beloved Yole. Of such a story it is needless to say that the catastrophe is death; though it may not be so superfluous to relieve the reader from any apprehension of unconsciously guilty happiness in the loves of the half-brother and sister, Rogiero and Yole; Manfred once indeed takes their hands to unite them; but, struck by some unexplained feeling, changes his mind, and tells them their union is impossible. We will now give the promised extract, though the character of our Doctor's writing is ill adapted to be appreciated by extracts. The scene which we select shall exhibit Manfred's remorse, and his character in some other points, or rather Guerazzi's management of their exhibition.

"Manfred—I know not whether he were virtuous—he was great. Disinherited of power by his father's sin, he had devoted his every thought to acquire power;—between his hand and the sceptre were four lives, all sacred (father, brothers, nephew); he had put forth his hand and grasped it. * * *

"Alone, in a spacious apartment adorned with the effigies of his forefathers, Manfred sat upon a Saracenic couch, his face buried in the pillows;—but for an occasional panting start, he would appear to be asleep. * * * Now he rises impetuously, takes a couple of strides and pauses—he points his right hand upon the table—rests his weight upon the left leg, across which he throws the right, resting the extremity of the foot upon the pavement—his eyes are fixed immoveably upon the ground—his lips quivering—~~the~~ blood passes over his face like a sea-wave, whence now it appears on ~~his~~ now deathly pale. He turns in terror—strains his gaze on that part of the chamber which the silver lamp upon the table scantily illumines, and prepares for flight; then, calling up his courage, he advances—recoils—rushes desperately forward, and touches the object of his alarm. It should seem that the indistinct light, to his excited imagination, converted all objects into insupportable phantoms."

The king extinguishes the lamp, and a dreadful thunder-storm arises:—

"A flash of lightning—the eyes of Manfred are unconsciously turned towards the portrait of his father Frederic. The red light seems to kindle the picture with momentary life: the eyes roll, glistening in blood; the lips move for words of fire. Woe to Manfred had that vision lasted longer than the flash—his brain must have turned, his heart have burst. * * *

"A sweet prelude upon a lute soothingly reached his ears. His soul heeded it not. * * * The tones were accompanied by a voice melodious with secret sadness;—it awoke all the bland recollections, all the soft affections, that dwelt in the heart of Manfred; his head slowly sank into his hands, he wept. * * *

"In a remote apartment Queen Helena, having dismissed her ladies, sat with her children, Yole and Manfredino. Together they had prayed for pardon and for peace; and, as their orisons ended, the storm had begun. The noble Helena concealed her sense of the inauspicious omen, and playfully strove to encourage Yole, who clung to her, and the boy Manfredino, who, seated on

* Is not the style of this description characteristic of a nation in which the graphic arts reign pre-eminent?

a stool at her feet, had placed one of her hands over his eyes, that he might not see the lightning.

"A door opens, and the eyes of all three are fixed upon the spot—Manfred appears, clad, contrary to his custom of always wearing green, in black mail, so that his person is lost in the equally black void, of the open door. His face was disordered and pale, his hair stood on end, the eyeballs glared immovable, amidst the horribly dilated white of the eye; he seemed still under the influence of a frightful dream. With loud shrieks, his children, dreading that some great calamity had befallen him, rushed towards their father.

"I will defend myself!" exclaimed Manfred. "Would you assassinate your father, as —? Is it for you to condemn me? Crime expiates not crime. Must vengeance be eternal in my house?"

"Father! Husband! Father!"

"These words must indeed be powerful in the heart of man, since they had force to recall Manfred from his agony of terror, and make life delicious in the aspect of his family. Little Manfredino had clasped his left leg, the kneeling Yole had clasped one hand, which she covered with kisses, and Queen Helena was inviting him to her bosom, as to a secure asylum. Overpowered with fondness, he raised and kissed his children, then flew into the arms of his affectionate wife.

"When he had thus tasted the cup of joy, Manfred said, 'In truth I believe, ye dear ones, that fate sends me anguish, in order that I may afterwards inebriate myself with your caresses. But heard I not music here? I came to be soothed with harmony.'"

Yole sings a melancholy ballad; then Manfred sings—improviso, we conceive—one of crimes similar to his own, and drops exhausted into a seat. His wife and children encircle him in loving silence.

"A low knock at the door recalled them from this painful state. Manfred motioned with his right hand to his family to resume their places, passed his left over his brow, as though to remove all traces of suffering; and thus restored to regal majesty, he said, in a steady voice:

"Come in.—How, is it you, Alberico?" he added, seeing the master of the esquires, who, presenting his head at the half-opened door, seemed desirous of further encouragement to enter—"Come in boldly, Sir Alberico."

"Sir King," said the master, coming forward, and bowing round to the royal family—

"Well, Alberico, what is the matter? What would you?" asked Manfred in kindly accents, for he now felt the necessity of securing the attachment of his followers.

"Sir King, a knight has presented himself at the palace-gates, who earnestly desires to speak with your Grace. I told him this was no fitting hour to disturb you; but he insists, alleging that his business is urgent, even importing life and death."

"His name?"

"He will neither tell it, nor show his face; he is clad in foreign armour, but bears no weapons of offence."

"Who asked you of his weapons? Where is he?"

"In my apartments, that he might be the less seen."

"Helena, Yole, Manfredino, fare ye well," said Manfred. "Ye see what the glory of a throne costs. It claims even the few happy minutes which every other man may enjoy to satiety in the bosom of his family."

The summons is from a knight (Rogiero), who, remaining unknown,

comes to reveal a plot, and conduct the king to surprise the conspirators. To this agreeable avocation, however unkingly in our eyes, Manfred dedicates the remainder of the night, and fails, inasmuch as the conspirators understand their business, and have means of escape undreamt of by Rogiero. And it was necessary that they should thus escape, or Manfred, contrary to history, must have remained King of the Two Sicilies. The scene of their escape, and Rogiero's disappointment, is dramatic enough; so is a subsequent one, when the ringleaders boldly attend the council summoned to consider of the means of discovering the unknown conspirators. But, as before said, and as shown in the preceding extract, Guerazzi produces his effect by such numerous small touches, in the obsolete Richardson style, as give incredible reality to his personages, but are most unfavourable for extracting. Besides which, we have already given to this group of Italian historical novelists all the space we had allotted, and can spare them.

ART. XI.—*De Paris à Naples, études de Mœurs, de Marin, et d'Art.*

Par A. Jal, Chef de la Section Historique au Ministère de la Marine.
Paris. Allardin. 1836. 2 vols. 8vo.

M. JAL professes to have "*la monomanie maritime*;" in fact, his predominating passion is for anything naval. No spectacle, to him, is to be compared with the sea and the vessels which sail over it; no ceremony is so attractive as a launch; though an ardent admirer of the fine arts in general, no picture is so interesting as that which represents a ship, or a port, or a sea-fight; his antiquarianism is employed upon the same objects, and the figure of an ancient hull, the description of the rigging of a Genoese man-of-war in the days of her republic, an old Venetian gondola now-painted, are things not to be passed over. The sea and the coast guide him in the choice of his route, and, when he arrives at a port-town, the spot at which we find him commencing his operations is invariably the quay. With every one, therefore, who has the *monomanie maritime*, or any tendency that way, this book will be an especial favourite. But the merits of the tour of M. Jal from Paris to Naples are by no means confined within so narrow limits—as an artist, and as an artist of no little taste and judgment, paintings and buildings and nature all come under his observation. People and their manners are by no means neglected, nor does our traveller disdain to admit into a corner of his journal the inns at which he stopped, the hosts who governed them, or the cheer which he found there.

Indeed these latter are by no means uninteresting points in a traveller's memorial, for they will generally furnish us with a key to his feelings and his humour, at certain times when he may show more than usual complacency or peevishness, almost as infallibly as the weather-cock points out the direction of the wind. Many a hearty John Bull have we known, whose sudden passion for foreign adventure has been stifled, who has actually been driven back at once from his enterprise,

who has retreated with fallen crest, at the first dish which, the, to him, new world, has offered him. Not that we think the gaiety of a Frenchman would be damped so easily, or by such a cause. M. Jal, indeed, furnishes us with a signal example of the contrary, as the few extracts which we intend to give will abundantly prove.

M. Jal, attracted, as we have already stated, by the sea, entered Italy by Toulon and Monaco. We cannot follow him through, but we will not pass the former name without casting a glance at the village of La Garde, its pig-sties and its traditions. The grunting of the inmates of the former of these attributes will be more familiar to the ears of our English readers—we say *English*, because our journal itself is a most extensive traveller—than, apparently, to those of M. Jal. We give this passage, also, as a fair specimen of his general style, of his pleasant method of mixing pictures of the present with *les souvenirs* of the past—of his happy assemblages of views and portraits and legends.

“La Garde is a miserable village, built on a rock which commands the plain, the ancient domain of the barony of this name. From the top of this rock, where are the ruins moderately curious of the castle and of the church, we have a view which extends to the sea, and which possesses the severe beauties of a tolerably grand style. The inhabitants of this place are poor and dirty, God knows! They ground all the annual prospect of their kitchen on the forced fatness of a pig, which each of them breeds in a little nook, that the poor animal cannot leave. There is nothing more singular than this multitude of little sties receiving light and air from the top, like pits, and almost all made in the cellars or other low constructions of the ancient castle or of the houses which depended upon it. These numerous piggeries, almost unperceived, and commonly revealed to those who pass by the grunting of their tenants, give to La Garde a peculiar character of its own.

The barony of La Garde belonged to the sister of the Marquis of Argens. The gentleman philosopher died there; the poor baroness was less fortunate! She had frequent discussions with her brother on the subject of the opinions which he laboured to propagate, and of whose terrible consequences she had presentiments. ‘You will end, you and your M. de Voltaire, by bringing some sedition upon us; one day our peasants will refuse us the tithes, and the next day they will dispossess us.’ ‘Bah!’ replied the marquis, ‘you are always in fear! The present state of things will last as long as we shall.’ It did, in fact, last as long as he did; he died in the bed of his ancestors; the bells of the chapel tolled at his funeral; his eulogy was pronounced over him; all the gentlemen and peasants of the barony followed his body to its last home; but the baroness of La Garde had prophesied accurately. During the period of Terror, she was dispossessed; her goods were confiscated, and she was mercifully allowed to go, old, poor, and deserted, to die in an hospital, where public charity paid for her bed and her moderate pittance! The remembrance of this circumstance rendered me sad when I visited the remains of the castle; another tradition came to enliven me. This legend is one of which the inhabitants are yet vain. They related it to me as follows. Like all the castles of the country, that of La Garde was built to defend the land against the incursions of the Saracens; often attacked, it always tired out the constancy of the besiegers. The bravery of the inhabitants saved them from slavery; but once it was to the presence of mind of one of themselves that they owed their safety. Surrounded for several days, closely pressed by a numerous army which had vainly tried to scale the walls, La Garde was upon the point of surrendering

for want of provisions. A single calf was all that was left for the garrison; it was scarcely enough for a single repast; what was to be done? A soldier contrived a stratagem; he caused a note to be written in terms somewhat as follows: 'You want strength to take us; perhaps it is hunger which weakens you; here is wherewith to recruit it. Every morning we will throw out for you so much provisions, for we will only owe to God, to the Virgin, and to our courage, and not to your fainting, our success in the unjust struggle in which you have engaged us.' This letter was attached to the neck of the calf, which was thrown down to the Saracens from the rampart. These latter, deceived by the stratagem, and despairing of reducing a place which possessed such ample provisions, raised the siege and left the country."—vol. i. p. 87-90.

We have not room to accompany M. Jal through his journey. One of his first serious annoyances was the post-house at Le Luc. Not that the house was disagreeable; the host was an example for all hosts; the dinner appears to have been most satisfactory. Our traveller—a Frenchman—was for once treated with too much singing.

"When I returned to the hotel of M. Jourdan, I know not what fly was in the ears of its inmates, but they did nothing but sing; it was an insupportable uproar. A great lout of a stable-boy uttered in the broad dialect of the place licentious songs; a girl who was washing the pots, but who had fortunately a very correct and very pleasing voice, was singing new airs of the operas-comiques; a countryman was singing; Madame Jourdan was humming; the little Jourdan was also saying his song; but all that was nothing; what was most annoying, was a handsome songster with a terrible voice and great pretensions, with his trillings and his cadences, and his great bursts of voice, a Gascon *commis-royageur*, who Rossini-ized till he was out of breath. If we had not been already overcome with ennui, with this abominable gaiety, would have been enough to make us downright dull. We supported, for two hours, this cross-fire of airs and vaudevilles and operas in all tones and in all movements, sung false or correct,—a din diabolical enough to have driven away a sentinel, a beggar, or a lover, the three kinds of men who are most blessed with patience and resignation."—vol. i. p. 102.

M. Jal left Le Luc, cursed the town, and was satisfied. We pass over the vivid description of the uninviting "public" which he found at the village of Estrelle the following morning, and of the hag who officiated as hostess, to tell the horrors of a breakfast at Mentone, in the little state of Monaco.

"While the *facchini* were putting the baggage on the coach, we were placed at the most singular, the most detestable, breakfast that I ever saw, and I have seen many bad ones. The table was laid under a wooden shed, in a part of the garden where the strongest smell was certainly not that of the bloom of the lemon-trees. The hostess of this place, who did not expect so many visitors, (we were fourteen), made haste to put the frying-pan on the fire, to prepare the classic *frittata*, which was soon served to us. The good dame, among other excellent qualities which without doubt she possesses, and which must constitute the glory and the happiness of her husband, has that which renders people economical; we perceived it, for she used in her omelette the smallest number of eggs possible, no appearance of small herbs, and of oil just enough to hinder the eggs from burning. She placed beside this kind of tough paste, which was indifferently recommended by a certain taste of the nest rather distinguishable, the skeleton of a biped of the family of the gallinaceæ, offered under the pompous name of *polaistro rostò*. This roasted chicken was so lean, so dry, so anciently cooked, that in truth it might pass for a parody;

it had already, without doubt, for several days presented this idea to many travellers, for it had escaped untouched from these encounters. We had the courage to attack it; it is impossible to tell what resistance there was on its side, and what perseverance on ours. Never was there a rougher attack; never with more gaiety. We breakfasted very ill, but we laughed much; which caused great pleasure to our hostess, who feared very much that we should have taken the joke in another tone. As she found us good fellows, and moreover as she wanted an excuse for swelling the bill, she brought forward a bit of veal, on which a party of wasps had lodged; they disputed vigorously with us their prey, which, with some tolerably good oranges and a little cheese, was the most substantial part of our repast. To pay was the last act of the farce; our female Vêry demanded fifty sous each, insisting more especially, to justify this exorbitance, on the high price of poultry, and the good quality of her chicken. This was impudent! but the Italians are not wanting in such effronteries. We were astonished, and we protested; she insisted, without paying the least attention to our reproaches; at last, half willingly and half by force, she yielded and we escaped for two francs each. She had thus twenty-six francs for what, at an extravagant estimate, was not worth more than eight."—vol. i. p. 130.

The inns are not the only disagreeables of travelling when they are bad; the coaches as well as the coach-men sometimes cause trouble enough—we give but a short example.

"Night brought us to Novi, where we ought to have arrived in the morning. We had travelled slowly, and I made a complaint to my lord Cardinal (Cardinal was the name of the driver), who gave me a long and handsome argument to prove, 1st, that his horses were good and strong; 2ndly, that his horses were too strong to carry us quick; 3rdly, that if our baggage had been heavier, and our persons also heavier, we should have gone quicker, because his horses were used to draw heavy burdens. I confess that I did not take very readily the propositions of our driver; nevertheless, from politeness, and also because arguing ever so solidly against this paradox would not have made the sun recede, I yielded."—p. 386.

And now let us bestow a hasty glance upon M. Jal's second volume. He begins it at Milan, of the interior of whose celebrated *duomo* we have the following vivid description.

"The interior of the church appeared to me very fine, very noble. The vaults are painted, but it requires long habit and an excellent eye to discover this deception. Francis Brambilla, who was a skilful man, laboured much on the decoration of this sanctuary; there are some excellent sculptures by him. A fantastical statue of St. Bartholomew flayed, carrying his skin on his arm, is the work of Mark Agrates. This statue, which has been sharply criticized, appeared to me a fine piece, notwithstanding the horror which it inspires. It is a learned study, which, it is true, would perhaps be better placed in an academy of drawing, or at the university, than in a church; but, after all, why should it not be presented to the view of Christians, familiarized with the ideas of martyrdom, just as well as a St. Denis walking without his head, or a St. Lawrence or a St. Sebastian writhing amid the convulsions of agony?"

"It was the octave of St. Charles, the great saint of Lombardy; so the tomb of Charles Borromeo, the patron of Milan, was decked out and resplendent with light. The crowd of pious visitors are descending into that subterranean chapel; let us follow them.

"Ten tapers of wax are still burning on the altar, which the archbishop has just quitted after having said mass there. What pomp! what riches!

what labour! Oh! Charles, whose device was so modest, how ill they honour thee! True, I read '*Humilitas*' written every where on that drapery; but that drapery is all of purple worked with gold! Thy body, embalmed, reposes on a cushion of velvet, in a robe of gold, in a cage of the finest, of the most wonderful rock-crystal, attached to brilliant walls of the purest metal! Over thy mitred head hangs a crown worth alone the principality of Monaco, the republic of San Marino, and, perhaps, one or two of the ancient margravates whose sovereigns were so proud. See there a cross of emeralds, which excel in beauty and size those with which the poetic imagination of eastern story-tellers embroider the robe of the calif beloved by fortune; a brilliant cross which the bankers of Europe would accept as a pledge for a loan for the benefit of a dethroned monarch, and which a royal hand deposited in thy sepulchre, dazzling as thy glory before God. The crozier which they have placed in thy left arm, would be sufficient for the endowment of an hospital for orphans: the altar on which thou reposest is of silver; the roof of thy little temple is of silver; the bas-reliefs which represent the incidents of thy life, sanctified by great works of an enlightened faith and of a never-failing charity, are in silver. There is over thee, under thee, about thee, the value of five or six millions of money, which gleams to my eyes by a magical effect of reflected light: and on the walls they have written *Humilitas*! * * *

"At Milan and in the whole country, they speak with the greatest love and the most profound respect of Saint Charles and the Borromei, who were near having a second saint in their family; I allude to the Cardinal Frederick Borromeo, who missed his canonization because it costs dear to enter paradise by permission of the papal chancellery. It cost the Borromei too much for Saint Charles; they dared not undertake the same business for Saint Frederick." —vol. ii. p. 5—10.

Milan is celebrated, among many other things, for its *Fantocchini*.

"I was weary, and had need of rest for my eyes and head: in the evening, I had recourse to a childish diversion, I went to see the *Fantocchini*. The puppets of Milan are as celebrated as the Cathedral, the shrine of Saint Charles, the 'Supper' of Leonardo da Vinci, the gates of Saint Ambrose, and the arch of the Simplon—which I did not see, and I do not know why, but I have not the least regret;—the *burattini* of Genoa, and all those with which we had been regaled at Paris, were truly quite another thing. The dolls of Girolamo perform the drama quite as well as our actors of the theatre of Saint Martin; they dance exquisitely. The piece which they declaimed this evening was a grand romantic drama, intitled, *Prince Eugene of Savoy at the Siege of Temisvar*. An amorous intrigue proceeds from catastrophe to catastrophe, and, divided into six acts—six acts, you understand, and not five, like the imperfect dramas of Moliere, of Corneille, and of Racine—gives all the interest to the action of the piece, in the midst of which Girolamo, the great buffoon, the famous Girolamo, moves, kicks about, and jokes in the costume of a corporal, half-killing the good people of Milan with laughter at his rough brogue. A ballet played between the acts astonished me most, although the eloquent speeches of Prince Eugene had tolerably surprised me. The dancing of these wooden Perrots and Taglionis is truly inconceivable; there is not one of these puppets whose talents would not excite emulation in many of the dancers of Naples, of London, or of Paris, who obtain lucrative engagements. Horizontal dance, side dance, vertical dance, all the dances possible, all the *figure* of feet and legs which you admire at the Opera, you will find also at the theatre *Fiando*; and when the doll has finished her dance, when she has been well applauded, when the *st-st-st* is heard in the pit, the slight whistle of admiration which precedes the enthusiastic cry of *fori! fori!* that recalls the *artiste*;

she comes from behind the scene, makes her bow with an air, places her little hand on her heart, and does not retire until she has completely parodied the great singers and the proud dancers of the Scala. If she is called again, she complaisantly returns. If she is not called again, she is more philosophical than Mademoiselle Malibran; she sheds none of those tears of pettishness which they say the illustrious *artiste* always sheds when she is not obliged, after a representation, to come forward again more than three or four times." —p. 43.

Before leaving Milan we cannot pass over the following account of the present aspect of its society and of the state of public feeling, which appears to us so just and so natural.

"It was never intended to be a part of my plan to see society; too many objects lead to too much loss of time, and my hours were, as I may say, numbered. Before one is really admitted, several days are necessary; the warmth of a first reception is no rule for the future; invitations do not come on one's first arrival, so that it requires a long residence in a town before we can form an idea of its society. I shall therefore have nothing to say about the domestic character of the Italians; all I know of it is from the account which was given me by Italians themselves, when their kindness was not scared by my curiosity. At Milan everybody's house is closed against the world; there is no visiting but within the range of the nearest intimacy; the Milanese fear to open their houses to others, lest they should no longer enjoy liberty at home; the Austrian occupation would extend itself from the city, where it has the character of mistrust which distinguishes every occupation by an enemy, to the parlours, where it would be more uneasy and not less tyrannical; there would be a German officer in every house, at the corner of the fire, as there is at the corner of each street a sentinel in a yellow and black sentry-box, so soon as the *couvre-feu* is rung. The effusions of friendship, political speculations, words of hope for a better future, the regrets of a patriotism always curbed, would not be more easy in the private circle, than in the public places, gossipings, or assemblies of people. They would have Austrian arguments in all liberal conversations as they have cannon in the public places; they would have spies, and that which is as fearful to a Milanese, witty and sprightly as he always is, they would have dull companions. Thus no one opens his door, for fear that it should give passage to an Austrian; they abstain from social intercourse, in the apprehension that a German should immediately interpose himself between two friends, and between their thoughts. They see one another, and make their salutations to each other, on the public promenade; they converse together in the boxes at the theatre. Thus the Milanese seldom amuse themselves; it is true they oblige the Austrians to abstain altogether from amusement, and in this manner they take vengeance for the presence of their guards.

"I have often heard say in France, particularly since the revolution of July, that the Italians regret and desire the French; this has been imagined merely by our vanity. The Italians render justice to the passage of the French imperial administration over their provinces; they are grateful for the ameliorations which it introduced among them, but this is all; they are no more desirous of French at Milan, at Venice, and at Verona, than they are of Austrians. Perhaps they would disagree less with us than with the Germans, because the antipathies are less profound and the affinities of ideas more numerous, but they would not be our friends. The Germans are heavy rulers; we are insolent conquerors; we will make everything French where we place our foot, whether it be at Algiers or at Rome. The Austrians suffer the people to remain Italians beside them. They know that very well, at Milan; and thus if they desire the French there,

it is not to have them as military guests for twenty years; they would be glad if they would come and effect a constitutional revolution, if they would defend and consolidate it, and then, as speedily as possible, quit the Italian territory. This, you may be assured, is the manner in which Italy loves France, the manner in which she wishes for the French. Let us then, be less proud of the sympathies of people of whom we talk so much! People see in us good revolutionary instruments; we must go and deliver them, and make war for them; but always on condition that we pay the expenses: we are no doubt an excellent people, a chivalrous people, not at all selfish, loving liberty and running willingly after adventures; but it must be agreed, at the same time, that we are the people most used by others. We ruin ourselves by this noble Don-Quixotism, to which we have so well accustomed nations who suffer and want the energy and unity with which revolutions are effected in three days, that I have heard the Italians say with all coolness, that after 1830, France failed in her duty in not conquering liberty for Poland, and Italy! *Assez* we went to seek our neighbour to arrange our affairs! Let us then go and drive the Austrian from Lombardy and the Venetian States; let us go and oblige the Prince of Modena to be humane; let us go and deliver Genoa from Sardinia, and the Marches from the yoke of the Church, and for our labour we shall not have a single 'thank you!' from the native of Ancona, from the Genoese, from the Modenese, from the Venetian, or from the Lombard; we shall pay the costs of our interventions, and if, by chance, to repay ourselves, we take some little province, if, for example, we rejoin Nice to the old district of Provence, they will cry, 'Look to the conqueror! stop thief!'... The trade of political gendarme, carrying the 'Ho there!' wherever there is a quarrel between sovereign and people or between people and sovereign, appears to me a trade of sentimental dupes. It has been our trade quite long enough, I think."—vol. ii. p. 48—53.

Our space tells us that we must close our extracts from this really interesting book—though we had marked out for insertion some dozen more, out of which we have some difficulty in selecting one for our last. Venice by moonlight is a grand picture, but we pass it over to give a not less feeling picture of Venice by day-light.

"I traversed the canals for some time, to see by day that Venice which had so struck me by moonlight. My disappointment was great, I assure you; I felt an oppression of the heart like that with which one is seized at the view of a lofty fortune overthrown; the ruins of power are an afflicting sight. Venice is a queen who has lost her crown, a queen who weeps at the point of death. Her last days are sad; she has still beauties, but degraded beauties; we see that she was powerful, strong, magnificent; that her noble lovers had covered her with gold and with lace; but her lace is torn, and Sansovino, and Titian, Minio and the Lombardi, no longer live to give her their fantastic embroideries, their elegant designs; but the gold has disappeared from her diadems, and her treasure can no longer give them the pomp of former days: but she is poor, weak, exhausted; and this faintness and this wretchedness who is there that can cure it? Alas! all those palaces which totter, all that marble which is crumbling to dust, all the remains of that ancient pomp which the East yielded to Italian Venice, all those cupolas on which lead appears where once glittered crowns of sequins, form a very deplorable spectacle! Bells hung at the balcony of Carlo Zeno or of Morosini, a truckle-bed under the ceiling where Byron came to renew the orgies of another epoch, fortuneless and suffering families in the houses inhabited formerly by luxury and fortune! Think you not that this is something lamentable and disenchanting? And yet these comparisons of a present full of misery with a past full of grandeur, are not

without a melancholy charm which casts a very peculiar tint over this most original city. I have looked much at Venice, I have seen her under all shades of light, and I am confirmed in the thought which I always entertained, that Canaletto is the only one who has represented well the aspect and the ~~tone~~ of the waters, the sky, and the buildings of Venice. Almost all painters exaggerate them; they invent a colour to represent the quay of the Sclavonians, the palace of the Doges, or the great canal; they overstrain red, blue, yellow, orange, and violet. Antonio Canaletto on the contrary is simple, true; he appears a little grey to us Parisians, who only know the Venice of the romances and spirited paintings of Bonington; but he is natural, excellent. He is a faithful and scrupulous portraitist, and as poetical as he ought to be. M. Joyant, a young French artist, who lives at Venice, appears to have a real talent for painting this fallen majesty; his first attempts, which I reproach only with a little heaviness in the touch, are already very good. Another painter, who has fallen into the sin of exaggeration, M. Delacour, is seriously studying Venice, and will certainly take from it the ~~mauve~~ of purple with which he has dressed it in his first painting. He will understand that to go further than Canaletto is a falsehood, and that if he is permitted still to throw a few gems on the brow of the ancient mistress of the Adriatic, these last reflections of her glory ought to be handled with discretion. The sun on the bricks of the ducal palace is no longer red at the present day as it was three centuries ago; nature seems to take a part in the mourning of the city: this is what now we cannot help observing."—vol. ii. p. 140.

We must leave M. Jal, much against our inclination; for we would willingly have given his anecdotes of Don Miguel at Genoa, and many others. We leave him however with feelings of much satisfaction: his book is a real addition to our works on Italy. The descriptions of Toulon, with its convicts,—of Genoa, with the remains of its republic,—of Venice, with its sea and its gondolas and its palaces,—are the best things of the kind which we have seen.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

No. XXXIV.

DENMARK.

THE Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries at Copenhagen, founded for promoting the publication of ancient Northern, and more especially Icelandic monuments, and for the elucidation of northern antiquities, have commenced an undertaking which can scarcely fail to find numerous supporters in this country. It will be entitled *Antiquitates Britannica et Hibernica*, and consist of a collection of accounts elucidating the earlier history of Great Britain and Ireland, extracted from ancient Icelandic and Scandinavian manuscripts, and other historical sources; with a Latin translation; geographical and archaeological notes, fac-similes, and maps. Among the contents of this work, which will extend to three or four royal 4to. vols., it is intended to include: *Jatvæddar Saga*—a history of King Edward the Confessor; the *Sagas* of the Archbishops of Canterbury, Dunstan, Thomas, and Anselm; *Orkneyinga Saga*, history of the Orkney and Shetland islands, and partly of Scotland, from A. D. 865 to 1231; Snorre Sturlese's celebrated *Heimskringla*; those portions of the *Landnæma Bok*, a history of the earliest colonists of Iceland, as relate to natives of Britain; extracts from many other *Sagas* and *Annals* of the Kings of Norway and Denmark; also of Icelandic Warriors, Scalds, and other distinguished men, who, during the middle ages, were connected with the British islands. The impression will be restricted to 360 copies, and the work will be published by subscription.

The same Society is engaged in preparing, on a similar plan, a work relative to America, by the title of *Antiquitates Americane*, or a Collection of the Accounts extant in ancient Icelandic and other Scandinavian Manuscripts relative to Voyages made to North America by the Scandinavians, in the tenth and following centuries,* with the Latin and Danish versions, notes, maps, and plates. This work, which has been in progress for several years, and will leave the press before the end of the present summer, will consist of one volume royal 4to. which will also be published by subscription. In the prospectus of this work it is remarked,—“What serves in no small degree to enhance the value of the ancient writings, is the great apparent probability, amounting indeed almost to a certainty, that it was a knowledge of these facts that prompted the memorable expedition of Columbus himself, which terminated in his discovery of the New World—for it is a well authenticated fact, that the great navigator visited Iceland in the year 1477, on which occasion he could scarcely fail to obtain some information from its inhabitants, particularly its clerical functionaries, with whom, according to the custom of the times, he probably conversed in Latin, respecting the voyages of their ancestors to those regions.”

* For some account of these early Icelandic discoveries by Swedish literati, see *For. Qu. Rev.* vol. xiii. p. 318, *et seq.*

FRANCE.

In the course of last year there appeared in France 6700 works in French, German, English, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, Greek and Latin. The number of copper-plates and lithographs amounted to 1049, and that of the musical publications to 250.

In the royal printing-office at Paris there are types of fifty-six oriental dialects, including modern and ancient characters, and sixteen of European nations which do not make use of Roman letters. The whole of the presses of this establishment are capable of working 278,000 sheets in a day, or 9266 volumes of thirty sheets each. The number of hands employed in it is 350.

"La France Littéraire," by Querard, a work compiled with extraordinary industry and care, has advanced to the seventh volume, which comes down to the letter R. It contains not only the literary works of French authors, but also those of foreigners who have written in the French language. It furnishes valuable and interesting particulars concerning works that are but little known and their authors, and is particularly rich in notices of works of eminent writers, making mention at the same time of the different editions, translations, commentaries, refutations, &c.

M. Guizot has been nominated a member of the French Academy. The ex-minister is at present engaged in establishing a new journal, which is to have the title of "L'Europe Politique et Littéraire." He means to superintend the political department himself; the literary will be conducted by Victor Hugo.

M. Fauriel has completed his "Histoire de la Gaule Méridionale sous la Domination des Conquerans Germains," in 4 vols. 8vo.

M. de Sainte Beuve has announced a "Histoire de Port Royal," which is expected to be a very interesting work.

M. Michelet, who has lately been prosecuting his researches in the archives of Toulouse, and studying the monuments of that city, is continuing his History of France.

The French journals have announced an extensive literary undertaking to be carried into effect by means of shares, under the auspices of the most eminent banking houses. This is a work with the title of "Pantheon Littéraire, Collection universelle des Chefs-d'œuvre de l'Esprit humain," to consist of 100 thick volumes, so printed as to contain the quantity of 1000 ordinary ones, at ten francs each. The general conduct of this enterprise is committed to the learned M. Buchon, to whom the public is indebted for an admirable French national Chronicle.

A new edition of the works of Victor Hugo is in the press, which chiefly excites attention from the circumstance that several of the dramas, particularly *Hernani*, are there first printed as they were written by the author.

M. Silvestre, of Paris, has lately sold by auction several very important libraries. The recent sale of Heber's books, by Silvestre, produced a sum total of about 25,000 francs.

A well-conducted journal, entirely devoted to the drama of all countries, under the title of *Le Monde Dramatique*, was last year commenced at Paris. It is a handsome and cheap work, filled with plates, lithographs, and woodcuts. Among the former are fac-similes of the works of Retsch on Göthe, Schiller, Shakspeare, &c.; and among the former will be found excellent copies of the works of Callot. Mr. Richter, of Soho Square, is the agent of this publication in London. The first volume is completed, and the work is to be restricted to twelve.

M. Silvestre has just published, in an extremely handsome volume, the curious ancient Mystery of St. Crispin and St. Crispinien, edited by Descaulles and Chabaille. The important "Chanson de Roland," edited by M. Francisque Michel, is nearly ready for delivery. A most interesting notice of it, by Raynouard, appeared in the last number of the *Journal des Savans*. The first volume of Wace's *Brut*, edited by Le Roux de Lincy, and published at Rouen, by Frère, has reached England; the second volume, with the plates and introduction, is promised in the course of the present year.

M. Silvestre promises a work, to be published in parts, entitled, "*Le Livre des Légendes*," to be edited by M. Le Roux de Lincy. In this work, we are told, will be collected all the traditions, and all the fables, in which the peoples of Europe have believed, principally during the middle ages. Extending the common acceptation of the word *legend*, M. Le Roux de Lincy will assemble together under this title all the stories, which are acknowledged to be false, concerning the personages of the Old and New Testament, as well as of ancient and modern history: all fables relating to countries, rivers, forests, mountains, and other objects of nature; all stories of giants, fairies, spirits, and the other strange and chimerical creations of the mind of our credulous forefathers. The first *livraison* has just reached us, a handsome and interesting octavo of 286 pages, containing an introductory dissertation on the nature and classification of legends in general, and treating of them under the heads of 1, sacred legends; 2, Legends relating to men celebrated in ancient and modern history; 3, legends relating to people and towns; 4, legends relating to countries, forests, mountains, and waters; 5, legends relating to precious stones and plants; 6, legends relating to animals; 7, the supernatural world; 8, giants and dwarfs; 9, elves; 10, fairies; 11, loup-garoux. An appendix of inedited documents relating to early superstitions is extremely curious. The first part gives us reason to hope much from this work, and we heartily wish it success.

We have just received from Paris the catalogue of a collection of books and manuscripts, which, particularly those relating to the early history and literature of Spain and Portugal, and of their colonies in all parts of the world, forming the larger portion, are the rarest, most valuable, and most interesting, that we have ever seen offered for sale. It is entitled *Catalogue des Livres et Manuscrits de la Bibliothèque de feu M. Ratzel*, and contains 2720 articles. They will be sold by M. Silvestre on the 3d of next November, and the twenty-six following days. Catalogues, we believe, will be to be had of Mr. Pickering, of London.

We have also just received the first volume of M. Paulin's Paris edition in 12mo. of the Great Chronicles of Saint Denis, which is published by Techener, as one of the series of the History of France by contemporary writers.

M. Em. Souvestre has completed his work entitled "*Les Derniers Bretons*," (begun last year) by the publication of the third and fourth volumes. The information which it furnishes concerning the commerce, industry, and agriculture of Bretagne presents a picture that is equally faithful, entertaining, and instructive.

A translation of part of "*Les Chants du Crépuscule*," by Victor Hugo, into English verse, by Mr. George W. M. Reynolds, has been published at Paris.

An Italian Journal, conducted by natives of Italy, and destined to make known the intellectual advance which is taking place in that country in art and science, has been commenced at Paris with the title of "*L'Italiano*."

Messrs. Michaud and Poujoulat have commenced the publication of a collection of "*Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de France*," from the 13th to the end of the 18th century, with introductory remarks on the character of each author of the memoirs, and the age in which he lived. This work will appear in parts, two of which will form a volume, and it is intended to be completed in about 25 volumes 8vo.

Messrs. Gosselin and Furne, who have purchased the copyright of M. de Chateaubriand's "*Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise*," which is nearly ready for publication, and of his French translation of *Paradise Lost*, have announced that no part of the expected memoirs of that writer will be given to the public before the expiration of three years. The same booksellers are preparing a complete edition of his works, in 25 vols. 8vo. with 30 plates.

M. Hany has presented to the Museum of Boulogne a medal, now extremely rare, struck by Napoleon to commemorate his intended invasion of England. On the obverse is seen the head of Napoleon, crowned with laurel, with the inscription, "*Napoleon, Empereur*;" on the reverse Hercules slinging in his arms a monster, half man, half fish. Around this figure is the inscription, "*Descente en Angleterre*." Round the edge are the premature words, "*Frappé à Londres en 1804*." Such an evidence as this certainly seems to prove that the threat of invasion was not a mere bogbear set up to terrify us, as some have conjectured.

Of Dupressoir's "*Voyage pittoresque dans la Grande Bretagne*," with text by Al. Decamps, the third livraison has appeared.

Of the "*Ancien Bourbonnais*," the plates to which have been engraved and lithographed, under the direction of Chenavard, the 15th and 16th livraisons have been published. They contain ten large plates, six of which are lithographs. The text is by Allier.

Vicomte de Forestier has commenced an extensive work by the title of "*Alpes pittoresques—Description de la Suisse, du Tyrol, et de la Savoie*." It will be published in three divisions, according to the countries; the first of which will contain about 75 livraisons.

The first numbers of the long expected "*Voyage pittoresque et archéologique dans le Mexique*," by M. Charles Nebel of Hamburg, are published. Among the lithographic plates in the first is one representing the pyramid of Papantla, called *el Tajin*, an extremely remarkable monument of Mexican antiquity, here first described by the author.

The first volume of "*L'Égypte et la Turquie de 1829—1836*," by Messrs. Cadalvène and Breuvery, with maps and plates, has made its appearance. This volume relates to Egypt and Nubia. The work will consist of 4 volumes and atlas.

A work has been commenced with the title of "*Musée des Antiquités Égyptiennes, ou Recueil des Monumens Égyptiens, Architecture, Statuaire, Glyptique, et Peinture*," with explanatory text by M. Lenormant, assistant keeper of the Royal Cabinet of Medals. It will be completed in ten livraisons.

The first volume of "*Mémoires de la Société des Antiquaires de l'Ouest*," illustrated with thirteen plates, has been published at Poitiers.

A "*Description pittoresque et statisque de Paris au 19me Siècle*," by M. Lagnonnerge, is in the course of publication, in 4to. It will consist of 100 numbers, each containing two lithographic plates.

Rugendas' *Picturesque Voyage to Brazil*, with text in French and German, is now completed in 20 folio numbers, containing 100 plates.

The announcement of a new edition of Norvins' well-known "*Histoire de Napoléon*" has induced the Count de Masbourg to assert, in a letter to the editor of the *Temps*, that the statements in that work relative to Murat are almost all distorted or erroneous. Count Masbourg, formerly minister of King Joachim, announces that, as soon as circumstances permit, he shall publish *Memoirs of the Life of his former sovereign*, accompanied with authentic documents, which has long been prepared for the press; in order to refute the false and incorrect accounts, the unjust accusations, and the calumnies against the unfortunate prince, which are to be found even in respectable historical works.

Some hitherto unknown letters of Voltaire's to different persons have recently been discovered in a town of Burgundy, which throw new light on various incidents in the life of that remarkable man; for instance, the adventure at Frankfurt. A considerable portion of these letters relating to the writer's dispute with the President des Brosses are interesting, as illustrating the characters of those two eminent persons. These letters will shortly be published by Levavasseur.

At a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, M. Brochant presented a general geological map of France, and read a memoir containing the details of the operations which he undertook for the purpose of making it. This map is on the scale of $\frac{1}{1,000,000}$. The engraving is not yet finished.

In 1817, M. Beuchot began to prepare a new edition of the works of Voltaire, in 50 duodecimo volumes, and, though the undertaking was suspended, he prosecuted his researches and studies for this object, the results of which he is now about to publish. M. Clugenson, member of the Chamber of Deputies, who had himself undertaken a new edition of Voltaire, has been induced to relinquish to M. Beuchot the whole of his valuable correspondence. The editor has taken care to mention, in each of his prefaces, the principal sources from which the new information furnished by him is derived.

GERMANY.

THE Leipzig Easter Fair Catalogue for the present year contains 4,003 either wholly new or new editions of books, maps, &c. If we deduct 442 articles published abroad, there remain for Germany, including the German cantons of Switzerland and Hungary, and those parts of Prussia not belonging to the German confederation, 3561. Among these are,

Books and pamphlets of a literary, scientific, or miscellaneous nature	
in the German language	3004
— ancient languages	189
— living foreign languages	504
Novels	158
Dramas	50
Maps, collective or single	98

Of this number 172 are translations from foreign languages (among the novels alone 47) and 297 periodical works. In the last catalogue 496 publishers were enumerated; the present comprehends 530.

An Augsburg paper states that on a moderate calculation ten millions of volumes are annually printed in Germany, and as every half-yearly fair catalogue contains the names of more than 1000 German writers, it may be assumed that there are now living upwards of 50,000 persons who have written one or more books. The total value of all the books published annually in Germany is estimated at from five to six millions of dollars.

In the year 1722, Leipzig contained 19 bookselling establishments and 13 printing-offices: it has now 116 of the former and 22 of the latter.

One of the most extensive printing establishments in Germany is that of B. G. Teubner of Leipzig and Dresden, who, in his printing-offices and type-foundries employs 142 persons, and keeps 26 presses going, besides a printing-machine.

Mr. Kemble, the learned and accomplished editor of that noble monument of Anglo-Saxon romance, the poem of Beowulf, has printed in German, during his late residence at Munich, a very interesting tract on the Mythic Genealogies of the West-Saxon Kings (*Ueber die Stammtafel der Westsachsen*), in which he examines the character and attributes of the names which occur in them previously to the period of the establishment of the Saxons in this island. He has shown, we think clearly, that the Kentish men are Frieslanders.

Professor Sillig of Dresden has undertaken the editorship of Böttiger's posthumous and minor works. The first of these publications will be the second volume of the *Kunstmythologie*. The elder of Böttiger's sons is preparing for press a Life of his father, and a selection from his incredibly extensive Correspondence.

Weidmann of Leipzig has published the first, second, and third volumes of the works of Adelbert von Chamisso. The first and second contain the author's Voyage round the World. The publication of the fourth, which completes the collection and comprehends the curious story of Peter Schlemihl, has been delayed on account of the plates.

Engelmann of Jena and Heidelberg has commenced a collection of lives of the most eminent Germans in all ages, under the title of "*Allgemeine Deutsche Biographie.*" It will consist of 48 parts, of 6 sheets each, illustrated with a portrait on steel: four parts will form a volume, so that the work will be completed in 12 volumes 8vo.

A society has been formed at Bonn, under the direction of A. W. von Schlegel, for the purpose of erecting to the memory of Beethoven, the celebrated artist and musical composer, a monument worthy of his fame in that town where he was born. To this end, the committee solicit contributions from his numerous admirers, and hope that musicians and managers of theatres will afford their assistance by means of concerts given for this express purpose. The publishers of this Journal offer to take charge of any contributions raised in this country for so laudable an object.

M. Ziegeler, printer at Blankenburg, has produced a Bible printed from iron stereotype plates.

Deiters of Münster has announced the publication of a singular performance with the title of "*Historical Account of the Origin and Operation of the new Medal struck in honour of the immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and generally known by the name of the Miraculous Medal, together with Devotions for Nine Days; with an accurate representation of the Medal. Translated from the 5th enlarged French edition,*" (Paris, 1835,) 12 sheets 12mo. He adds: "About 75,000 copies of this work have been sold in France within a year and a half."

ITALY.

THE total number of political, literary, and scientific journals existing in Italy amounts to 188. Of these 26 are published at Milan, 11 at Venice, 8 at Trieste, 13 at Turin, 5 at Genoa, 4 at Modena, 7 at Florence, 9 at Rome, 27 at Naples, 20 in Sicily, 2 in Sardinia.

Lucien Buonaparte, prince of Musignano, is engaged upon a work entitled "*Iconografia della Fauna Italica,*" a work so judiciously planned, carried on with such perseverance, and the plates of which are executed with such care, as to vie with the most celebrated productions of any country. It appears in parts, each containing six coloured plates in 4to.

Dr. Viviani, professor of botany at Genoa, is proceeding with his work on the edible fungi of Italy, "*I Funghi d'Italia e principalmente le loro specie mangerecce, velenose, e sospette.*" It is published in parts, each containing 10 coloured lithographic plates in folio.

Count Luigi Serristori of Florence, the author of several geographical works, is now publishing a "*Statistica d'Italia*" in numbers. The first and second comprehend the Sardinian dominions and the island of Corsica, and the third and fourth embrace the duchies of Parma and Lucca, the principality of Monaco, the republic of San Marino, and the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. The other Italian states will follow in like manner.

M. Joseph Micali, the well-known author of the "*Storia degli antichi Popoli d' Italia*," a work so highly appreciated abroad, that the writer was presented in a very short period with seven orders by the sovereigns of France, Austria, Prussia, Sardinia, &c. has recently returned to his own country from a tour through Italy, France, England, &c. and is now engaged on a *History of the Commercial States of Italy in the Middle Ages*, for which he had begun to collect materials before he undertook his former work.

"*Le Antichità di Pesto e le piu belle Ruine di Pompei, descritte, misurate, e disegnate da Francesco de Cesaro*," which has just appeared at Naples, is a work equally interesting to the traveller and the antiquary with those of Mazois, Clarac, Millin, and Gell, and at the same time an excellent substitute for them all, as far as relates to Pompeii. The antiquities of Pastum, the temples of Neptune and Ceres, the Basilika, and the other important architectural remains, are accurately represented in 10 copper-plates, and carefully described in the accompanying text. In like manner, 44 plates are devoted to Pompeii, and its most remarkable edifices.

Stella of Milan is publishing, by the title of "*Lombardia pittoresca*," a monthly work illustrative of the ancient and modern monuments and edifices, remarkable scenery, towns, and natural curiosities of Lombardy. The illustrations to the plates are by Professors Cantù and Mich. Sartoris. Each number contains 4 plates, and 25 numbers will form a quarto volume.

The great work "*Le quattro principali Basiliche di Roma*," (the Lateran, the Vatican, S. Maria Maggiore, and San Paolo fuori della mura,) edited by A. Valentini, has advanced to the 10th number. It will be completed in 46.

Fea, the celebrated antiquary, has printed for private distribution a work with the following title: "*Ristabilimento, 1. della Città di Anzio e suo Porto Neroniano; 2. della Città di Ostia coll' intero suo Teverone*."

Maestro Paganini is at present residing at his villa near Parma for the purpose of recruiting his impaired health. He has declared in the Italian journals that all compositions which have appeared in other countries under his name are spurious, and that he has hitherto published nothing but 24 capricci for the violin, 6 sonatinas for violin and guitar, and 6 quartets for violin, guitar, and violoncello; but that he intends soon to publish the whole of his works.

RUSSIA.

The art of printing was introduced into Russia much later than into other countries. Till that period the characters were painted on parchment or birch-bark. Among the nations of the Slavonian race the Bohemians were the first who were acquainted with printing. The New Testament was the first book printed at Prague, in 1475. In 1553 the Czar Iwan II. Wassiljewitsch, indignant at the numerous blunders which disfigured the Sacred Scriptures, gave orders for the establishment of a printing-office in Moscow. With great difficulty printers were induced to go thither from foreign countries; and at length, in 1564, the first edition of the New Testament, now extremely rare, was produced. A century and a half later, Peter the Great invented a new alphabet, which was cast, according to his directions, in Amsterdam. With these new characters the first Russian newspaper was printed

in Moscow. Every month a number, containing from four to six duodecimo pages, printed in small type, on coarse half-sized paper, was published. Some years afterwards a press was set up at Petersburg for printing ukases, and soon after that commenced the Petersburg Gazette and the calendar. It is probable that the art of engraving on wood found its way into Russia at the same time as printing; for the New Testament, printed at Moscow as above mentioned, was embellished with numerous cuts, all of which, however, denote the first rude essays of the art.

A History of the Russian Navy, comprising Lives of the most eminent Russian Admirals, is publishing in parts.

A translation of Dumont d'Urville's Voyage round the World, revised and with notes by Admiral Kiusenstern, is announced.

The publication called the "*Dorpat'er Jahrbücher*," which contained much valuable information relative to Russia, has been succeeded since the beginning of the present year by a new periodical under the title of "*Das Inland*," edited by Dr. von Bunge.

During the last few months, five printing-offices, a lithographic printing-office, and five booksellers'-shops, have been established in Moscow.

Plato Suboff has recently published the first two volumes of "*Victories of Russian Warriors in the Countries of the Caucasus, from 1800 to 1834*," with biographical particulars, maps, plans, and views. The work is to consist of 9 vols.

A new novel by N. Stschukin, who acquired considerable celebrity by his "*Travels to Jakutsk*" and his tale of "*The Exile*," is exciting a great sensation at St. Petersburg. It is entitled "*The Waterfalls of the Angura*." With a simple plot are interwoven a description of that country so frequently visited by volcanic convulsions, and pictures of the mode of life of the Baraits, and particularly of their hunting parties, which evince the accurate local knowledge of the author.

Iwan Slenin, one of the most respectable booksellers of Petersburg, died in the early part of the present year, aged 47. He published, among many other important works, the second edition of Karamsin's History of Russia, and the finest edition of Krilow's Fables.

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